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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND**

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Portrait of Lord Coleridge aet 57
From an oil painting by E. W. Eddis.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1910



✓LIFE & CORRESPONDENCE OF
JOHN DUKE LORD COLERIDGE
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

WRITTEN AND EDITED
BY
ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME I



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1904

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TO
AMY LADY COLERIDGE
THESE MEMORIALS
OF HER HUSBAND
JOHN DUKE LORD COLERIDGE
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND
ARE INSCRIBED
BY
HER COUSIN
ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE
OCTOBER 1904

PREFACE

I AM indebted to many persons, friends or representatives of friends, of the late Lord Coleridge, for the right to publish in these volumes letters to him which remained in his possession, and letters from him which passed into their hands at once, or, afterwards, came into their possession.

My thanks and acknowledgments, on this score, are due to the executors of Cardinal Newman ; of Cardinal Manning ; of the late Master of Balliol ; of Dean Stanley ; of Lord Blachford ; of Mr. James Russell Lowell : to Mr. Richard Arnold ; Lord Acton ; Mr. Charles Chauncey Binning ; Mr. Arthur Benson ; Mr. J. A. Bright ; Lord Brampton ; the Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen ; Mr. John Brown (of Edinburgh University) ; Miss Edith Coleridge ; Mr. Richard Dana ; Mr. Coningsby Disraeli ; Mrs. Drew ; Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff ; Miss Hawker ; the Earl of Iddesleigh ; Mrs. Lake ; Lord Lindley ; Mrs. Prichard ; the Marquis of Salisbury ; Sheriff Shairp ; Mr. Goldwin Smith ; Mrs. Temple ; Lord Justice Vaughan Williams ; Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. ; Mr. Ellis Yarnall ; Lord Young.

I have received valuable assistance, and information, from the Editor of the *Guardian* with regard to Lord Coleridge's contributions to the paper.

Mr. Arundel Esdaile, of the British Museum, has

greatly assisted me in reading the proofs in slip, and in verifying references to books quoted in the text or in the notes.

Among those who have assisted me in preparing and completing the notes, I desire to mention the names of Miss Hastings and Miss Peacock, and Mr. Bailey Kempling.

Papers by Lord Lindley, Lord Justice Mathew, and Mr. Goldwin Smith will be found at the end of the second volume. It is difficult to overestimate the value and importance of these contributions to the Life of Lord Coleridge. I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to the writers.

I have received from Sir Francis Mowatt, G.C.B., and from Mr. W. P. Courtney, author of the *Bibliographia Cornubiensis*, &c., advice and assistance in the preparation, and with regard to the materials, of the work, which, I trust, I may be permitted to publicly acknowledge.

I would add that my warmest thanks are due to Mr. Egerton Baring Lawford, Master of the Crown Office, for constant and unvarying assistance in the arduous and difficult task of sorting and arranging the vast collection of letters and papers placed at my disposal.

Of these, the great majority remain, and, perhaps, will always remain, unpublished. Even the names of many correspondents, some of them old and valued friends, others of greater or lesser note in Church, or State, or the world of letters, are not mentioned in the following pages. Their name is legion, and I am compelled to make a selection, and then only to give excerpts from the selected letters of selected correspondents.

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The letters or parts of letters now published are, either of direct biographical importance as a record of events, or, indirectly, bear witness to and illustrate the mind, the tastes, and the character of the man by whom or to whom they were written. I can but hope that, after long and careful consideration, I have made a good selection.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

October 18, 1904.

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CHAPTER I

A DEVONSHIRE IDYLL

St. Mary Ottery, my native village.

CHARLES LAMB.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE was born in London, at No. 7, Hadlow Street, December 3, 1820. He was the second child and eldest son of John Taylor Coleridge, who was born July 9, 1790, and died February 11, 1876, when his son was fifty-five years of age and in the fourth year of office as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The mutual relations of father and son were so intimate and so peculiar, the parental tie was so unusually close and remained so long unbroken, that it is necessary to preface the son's life with something more than an outline of the early years and character of the father.

The two lives are, in a measure, inseparable and both lives remain to be written.

John Taylor was the son of James Coleridge, a Captain in the Army, and his wife, Frances Duke Coleridge, born Taylor. After his marriage (February 27, 1788), Captain Coleridge, who had retired on half-pay, settled, in the first instance, at a house in St. Peter's Street, Tiverton, and, secondly (1796), at Heath's (or Heath) Court, Ottery St. Mary.

Five children, James Duke, John Taylor, Bernard Frederick (*d.* 1806), Francis George and Frances

Duke (Lady Patteson), were born at Tiverton : a sixth son, Henry Nelson, was born October 25, 1798, and a seventh and youngest child, Edward, was born May 11, 1800, at Ottery St. Mary.

The late Master of Balliol (Benjamin Jowett) used to say that there were as many Coleridges as there were Herods, and that it was impossible to remember how they were related to each other. If the reader will bear in mind that James, the father of John Taylor and grandfather of John Duke Coleridge, was the progenitor of most who bear his name, and that the sole exceptions are the descendants of James' nephew, William Hart Coleridge [Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands,] and James' youngest brother, the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, it may help him to thrid the maze.¹ If he seek to know more he will find a genealogical table at the end of the second volume.

James, who may be regarded as the second founder of the family, was the third surviving son of the Reverend John Coleridge (1718-1781), a self-made man who began life as Master of a village school at Clyst Hydon, took orders, and, after eleven years' service as Master of Squire's endowed school at South Molton, was appointed, September 6, 1760, Master of the King's or New Grammar School at Ottery St. Mary, and, about the same time, Vicar of the Parish and Chaplain Priest of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Of the Vicar's father, woollen draper, or woolstapler (his son entered him-

¹ The descendants of William Hart Coleridge in the male line are his grandson Rennell Coleridge of Salston, Ottery St. Mary, and three great-grandchildren ; the descendants of S. T. Coleridge are his grandchildren, Edith Coleridge, Christabel Rose Coleridge, Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and four great-grandchildren.



**COLONEL JAMES COLERIDGE, GRANDFATHER OF JOHN DUKE
(LORD) COLERIDGE**

A Pastel Drawing in the possession of the Right Honble. Lord Coleridge, K.C



self on the books of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, March 18, 1748, as "filius Johannis textoris"), nothing is known save that he lived at Crediton, and that before his death he was "reduced to extreme poverty." The sole authority for these facts or, rather, "dim traditions of times too remote to be pierced by the eye of investigation," is the poet who knew but little and recorded the little he did know, as a poet should, with a view to poetic rather than historic fidelity. It may, however, be taken for granted that "Johannes textor" was a son of the soil, and that if he could claim kinship with those Exeter Coldridges or Coleridges whose wills are preserved in the diocesan registry, he was a poor relation. There is a village named Coleridge three miles to the west of Lapford Station in the North of Devon, a Hundred of Coleridge in the South, and an ancient building named Coleridge House not far from Kingsbridge, but whether John of Crediton or the other mid-Devon Coleridges came from the Parish in the North or the Hundred in the South is uncertain. They were not of sufficient importance to have been name-givers, and the inference is that they were emigrants and brought their name with them. A time comes when even "the low beginnings" of a prosperous family are eagerly sought after and inquired into, but, at first, and before the prosperity is a *fait accompli*, there is a conspiracy of silence. If Captain Coleridge could have pointed out "the hole of the pit whence he was digged," he kept his knowledge to himself. His personal record was fine and honourable. He was educated in his father's school, and, after a few months' apprenticeship to an Exeter tradesman (an ironmonger,

according to his brother Edward, who was pleased to add that "the iron had entered into his soul"), he obtained a commission in the sixth regiment of infantry through the influence of a Mr. John Hamilton.

His son John Taylor Coleridge, in an unfinished chapter of family history, records the "natural pride" with which his father maintained that on joining his regiment eight guineas sewed into his waistcoat, and speedily repaid, constituted the sole allowance of pocket money he received from home, at once his outfit and his patrimony.

An elder brother, who held a command of Sepoys in the East India Company's Service and had amassed money, helped him to buy his steps, and, in his twenty-ninth year (February 27, 1788), he was married at St. Mary Arches Church, Exeter, to Frances Duke, younger daughter of Bernard Frederick Taylor of Islington, merchant, and his wife Frances, born Duke, the youngest surviving child of George Duke of Oldhalls, Colaton Raleigh, and co-heir of her brother Robert, who was one of the last male representatives of his family in the direct line.

There is a tradition that the marriage took place against the wishes or without the assent of the lady's family. Miss Taylor, at least on her mother's side, was of gentle blood, and must have been already in possession of substantial means. James Coleridge, apart from the fact that he was an officer in the army, could offer his wife but little beyond good looks and a good character. In any case the opposition could not have been serious, for a Mrs. (or Miss) Duke stood sponsor to the eldest son James Duke

Coleridge, and John Taylor was named after a godfather, his maternal uncle George Taylor.¹

Be that as it may, the marriage of James Coleridge with Frances Duke Taylor not only laid the foundations but built up and established the position of the elder branch of the family. The Dukes of Otterton, Budleigh Syon, Colaton Raleigh, Duke's Colaton and other manors, belonged to the second order of Devonshire gentry. They are not in "Prince's," but they were of ancient descent. A Nicholas Duke was sheriff of London in 1192, a Roger Duke was seventh mayor of London; an ancestor was high sheriff of the County of Devon in the reign of Elizabeth, and, in the time of the second Charles, a Duke of Otterton corresponded with and was on terms of the closest intimacy with his neighbour a Rolle of Bicton. In later times they intermarried with Walronds and Rolles and Ayres, and Yonges and were seized of rich and numerous estates.

George Duke of Oldhalls, Colaton Raleigh, who had married an heiress, Dorothy Ayer, daughter of Marshall Ayer of Fen Ottery, was the father of one son, Robert, and five daughters, Dorothy (Mrs. Doidge); Elizabeth, who married John Yonge of Puslinch-on-Yealm, the great-grandmother of the authoress Charlotte Mary Yonge; Sarah, *d.* unmarried; Anne, *d.* unmarried; and Frances, who married Bernard Frederick Taylor. On the death of Robert² Duke, the estates devolved, in the first place, on his

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge was named after a godfather, a tradesman of Ottery St. Mary. Uncle and nephew were both called Taylor, but the nephew was not named after the uncle, or the uncle's name-giver.

² See Polwhele's *History of Devon*.

uncle Richard Duke, and, secondly, on his cousin John Heath, henceforth known as John Duke, and, as John Duke died *sine prole*, they reverted to Robert's right heirs, viz., his four sisters. Frances Taylor, the youngest of the co-heiresses, was the mother of three children, George Duke who died unmarried, Dorothy Ayer, who married Henry Langford Brown of Combe Satchfield, and Frances Duke Coleridge, who, on her sister's death in 1830, inherited the second moiety of her mother's fortune.

James Coleridge turned his wife's money to good account, bought a small estate, devoted himself to county business, and to the raising of companies of Volunteers. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers, a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Devon, and Chairman of the Committee of Expenditure, and his sons, who had been educated at Eton and the Universities, started in life as the sons of a county gentleman of reputation and standing, and with prospects and ambitions beyond their surroundings and circumstances. On his father's side John Taylor Coleridge was "uncontaminated with one drop of gentility,"¹ but his mother came of a different stock and transmitted an hereditary strain.

James Coleridge gave up his house at Tiverton and moved to Ottery St. Mary, August 27, 1796. His new property, Chanter's House according to the title-deeds, Heath's Court as it had been re-christened by the townsfolk, consisted of a small but compact dwelling-house almost abutting the

¹ "The time may come in which it will be useful to prove myself a genuine *sans culotte*, my veins uncontaminated with one drop of gentility."—S. T. Coleridge to Thomas Poole, Feb. 1797.

north-west corner of the churchyard, once a portion of the Collegiate buildings inhabited by the Chaplain-priests, and some thirty or more acres of meadow and farmland. One room known as the Convention Room, then and now the dining-room, witnessed a meeting between Cromwell and Fairfax.

House and land were, no doubt, a good investment for a portion of his wife's money, but he had other reasons for settling at Ottery. His mother had found a permanent home under the roof of her son Edward, who had recently married a cousin, Anne Bowdon,¹ and was, I believe, at this time an assistant to his brother George, the newly appointed master of the King's School. George after a long bachelorhood was married to a Miss Jane Hart, who, some fifteen years before, had been betrothed to an elder brother William, and, with her, came, as a life-long inmate, her sister Sarah, the widow of another of the Coleridge brothers, Luke Herman, who had died at the age of twenty-four in 1790. A little knot of kinsfolk was gathered in and near the old home, and it was, doubtless, with the desire to renew old associations, that James resolved to plant his roof-tree where he had spent his childhood and boyhood and his father's name was still honoured and remembered. A day had been when the family had been minished and brought low, and now that their well-being, and his, seemed to be assured, he would take his place in their midst as a man of substance and position, "bringing his sheaves with him."

A younger brother who "stood apart," but marked

¹ His first wife was a widow, a Mrs. Wagg. She is buried in the cloisters of Salisbury Cathedral.

the scene, has celebrated this drawing together of the clan :

A blessed Lot hath he who, having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
To the same Dwelling where his Father dwelt ;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees, and climb that lap
On which first kneeling his own Infancy
Lisped its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend !
Thy Lot, and such thy Brothers too enjoy,
At distance did ye climb Life's upland road,
Yet cheer'd and cheering : now fraternal Love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live !¹

The elder boys James and John were placed, at once, under their uncle's care. More than thirty years afterwards, in recording the death of his "Aunt Luke," John Taylor Coleridge relates an anecdote of his childhood. "To me at one period of my life she was as a mother—when James and I first went to school at Ottery we slept in a bed by her side in the Bell Chamber. William Coleridge slept in a crib on the other side, and (such was the simplicity of the time) my dear uncle (George) used to come in every morning and ring the bell in the room to rouse the school." George Coleridge, who had watched over the tumultuous youth of his brother Samuel and bemoaned his errors and shortcomings, now turned with renewed hope to the education of his nephew whom he designed from the first for a distinguished career. So long as he was under his care he gave him of his best, and, after he went to school and college, corresponded with him on points of scholarship, and, in all ways, trained

¹ Dedication, to the Reverend George Coleridge. "Poems by S. T. Coleridge." Second edition, 1797, p. vii.

him in the way he should go. To his uncle George¹ he owed much, and he repaid him with unbounded devotion. Perhaps, too, he owed to "this dear good excellent man," as he called him, his one defect, an over-anxious temperament tending, at one and the same time, to self-depreciation and a slightly censorious attitude to the world in general.

John Coleridge was removed to Eton, June 13, and elected on the foundation in August 1803. Dr. Goodall, the genial and courtly Provost of later days, was headmaster and "his excellent friend and relative," Charles Yonge, the father of Charles Duke Yonge, was his tutor. Of his Eton days I know but little, but his letters home and to his uncle George have been preserved and bear testimony to a scholarly and strenuous youth. The "annals" of a collegier at Eton, an hundred years ago, were simple though not monotonous. I have heard Sir John Coleridge say that most days he had to fight for his dinner, and that never, or hardly ever, did the number of plates and the number of boys correspond. Of the mutton he said nothing. Once, too, he fought for an hour with a schoolfellow, Horace Mann, the descendant of Walpole's friend and correspondent, and so, I have been told, was almost at his last gasp, when Goodall interposed and stopped the fight. Whoever won or was on the point of winning, it was a famous fight and has its place in history.²

¹ To quote his own words: "There (Ottery School) the boy remained till 1803, and to his excellent training received under his uncle, a most conscientious teacher of unceasing industry, accurate learning and excellent taste, he attributed in great degree whatever success or reputation he attained in future life."—*The Judges of England*, by Edward Fosse, F.S.A., 1869, ix. 172.

² My informant with regard to Coleridge's approaching discom-

He was superannuated for "King's," and, accordingly, as a *pis aller*, sat for and was elected to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, April 21, 1809. Here, as he somewhat quaintly testifies, he "had the singular felicity of enjoying the friendship of Charles Dyson, John Keble, and Thomas Arnold." His university career was one unbroken triumph. He won the Latin Verse prize—(his subject being "Pyramides Ægyptiacæ"—see "Etoniana," 1865, p. 95)—June 11, 1810; was placed in the First Class in *Literæ Humaniores*, April 13, and elected a Fellow of Exeter College, June 30, 1812. In December of the same year he was appointed Vinerian Scholar, and, May 24, 1813, won both the English and the Latin Essay Prize.¹ In 1814 he travelled on the Continent with Charles Dyson and Nathaniel and Noel Ellison, and passed some months at Geneva.² I gather from allusions and reminiscences in his diaries that when at Geneva he fledted the time merrily, if not always as discreetly as his later standard of conduct and propriety demanded.

future was the late Rev. Charles Noel Mann, who possibly took a filial view of his father's prowess.

¹ The subjects were "Etymology," and "The Moral Effects of the Censor's Office at Rome."

² Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff reports an incident of this Swiss tour which Lord Coleridge must have found recorded in one of his father's journals: "He [Lord Coleridge] told me that Whately called Keble, whose portrait is over the chimney-piece in the room which I am occupying [at Heath's Court] a 'caged eagle,' and quoted a saying of Madame de Stäel's to his father which was new to him. Sir John had gone on a visit to Coppet, when the Continent was opened after the Great Wars, and remarked to his hostess that none of the changes in France had done much for personal liberty—the citizen as against the State was almost as helpless as before the Revolution. 'The difference,' she answered, 'between you and us seems to be mainly this: you are a proud people, and care for liberty, we are a vain people, and care for equality.'—*Notes from a Diary*, 1904, ii. 2, 3.

His faults, if faults they can be called, were venial, and I doubt not that then, as always, he did well and finely. But youth and age are alike inevitable. He had already in 1812 entered at the Middle Temple, and in the latter end of 1816 he began to practise as a special pleader. He was called to the bar June 26, 1819. He was married August 27, 1818, to Mary, second daughter of the Reverend Gilbert Buchanan, LL.D., Rector of Woodmansterne in Surrey and Vicar of Northfleet in Kent. Her loyal and punctilious husband does not record her age, but she was, I believe, a year or two his senior.¹ Her father was a well-beneficed clergyman, possessed of some private means and she herself had "expectations" from an uncle which were soon realised. She was a tall, elegant woman, of a refined but frigid demeanour. She was sufficiently well educated for her position, and could, to some extent, appreciate the influences and the aspirations of the family and society into which she was entering. But from the first year of her married life to the end of her days she was an invalid, a real, and, what was worse for herself and others, an imaginary sufferer. Nervous and highly-strung, she made life extremely difficult to an over-taxed, over-conscientious husband who was given to balance one duty against another, and to take all things to heart. Nothing could be more admirable or, in its way, more pathetic than his untiring devotion to a wife who must have tried his patience to the uttermost. To judge from her letters she gave him all the love she had to give, and, unquestionably, in public and towards society, she comported herself

¹ She was born March 13, 1788, and died March 8, 1874.

with dignity and a certain air of distinction. And in some of her letters to her children, as they advanced in years and station, there is an overflow of maternal affection together with a touching and almost excessive humility and self-depreciation. But she was neither a happy nor a happy-making woman, and she possessed a remarkable faculty for implanting a sting in a seemingly innocent remark. The first Lady Coleridge was not a *persona grata* to the family at large, but she had, at least, one champion in her eldest son, who repaid his mother's fondness and partiality with admiration and with love.¹

The third volume (the first which has come under my notice,) of John Taylor Coleridge's MS. diaries opens with a retrospect of the year 1819. It was the second year of his married life, and one child, Mary Dorothy Frances, "an unmixed blessing," was now six months old and it was time to forecast and lay plans for her future education and upbringing. Financially it was not altogether easy to make both ends meet, but he was able to supplement his modest fees earned on circuit and at sessions by taking pupils at Chambers and by writing for the Reviews, *The British Critic*, and, thanks to Southey's recommendation and influence, *The Quarterly Review*.

On January 1, 1820, he sums up the gains and losses, the joys and sorrows of the previous years and strikes a balance. The following sentences, which are extracted from a longer and more detailed

¹ At her death her son wrote in his diary: "Her affection, her generosity, her kindness in a thousand ways, were wonderful. To me she poured out for more than fifty years a stream of love always fresh, always the same. always abounding."

narrative, depict the man as he then was, and with little change or development, remained for fifty-five years of duteous, humble, honourable, and successful livelihood. "Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve," but "the ordering of the good man," his virtues, his self-discipline, a mind set upon leading the higher life, suffered no check, no stay, and "knew no shadow of turning."

The year that has just passed away has been full of trials and events for me; during the first half I was in continual anxiety and distress on account of my dear wife's illness. . . .

My child has hitherto been an unmixed blessing to me. She is healthy, intelligent and pretty; how strange are the feelings of a father! even now I can hardly fancy sometimes that I am really one. I must begin and will do so even at this early period to prepare myself for bringing her up properly.

In the former part of the year my profession languished. I had no pupil, and little to do: in June I was called to the bar, went the summer assizes and had no brief. On the circuit I was more successful, and at the Michaelmas sessions I reaped an uncommon harvest, and laid the ground, I trust, for future success. . . . In London of course I do little. . . . In November I got a pupil. Upon the whole I am well satisfied, for I think I have made great advances in general professional skill and knowledge.

At home I have employed myself a good deal in writing for the Reviews . . . a review of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam" in the *Quarterly*; of Hallam's *Europe*, Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," and "Waggoner," *Lettres sur le Bonheur*, James Coleridge's "Sermon," and Evans's "Statutes" in the *British Critic*; and I have written some others which have not yet been published. These have been written more for profit than anything else (for, if I could, I would rather read than write), but I cannot charge myself with having indulged an unchristian spirit in any one of them. . . .

Independent of professional reading, and that which is necessary for reviewing, it cannot be supposed that I have done much in the way of study. Somewhat I have read to my wife, and I have got on in divinity a little.

My dear relatives and friends, thank God, have all been

preserved to me; my father in health and activity and spirits of body and mind. . . . My uncle George continues well, but, somehow, our correspondence has slackened. He is uncommonly kind when we meet, and this slackness shall not be for the future. My school and college friends too, all kind and flourishing.

These are a heap of blessings! My own heart has, I hope, not gone back in the path of improvement; I think my temper is softened, and that I have more habitual and practical reliance upon and submission to God. . . . Still, in many things, I am as deficient as ever, especially in fervency of devotion. Nor am I satisfied with my *religious* management of my servants.

The chapter or paragraph ends with a prayer for divine assistance and an invocation—"especially bless my wife and child."

In this record or testimony there is nothing piquant or original or even markedly intellectual, but it has the note of sincerity. The writer was, even then, a finished scholar, a man of letters, a popular and promising lawyer, but he is careful for none of these things in comparison with self-government and duty. There was, perhaps, a lack of nerve-power in his physical and mental constitution which depressed his actual attainments below their promise and apparent capacity. The burden of conduct weighs heavily on his spirit as well as his conscience. He takes himself and his career and his family too seriously, and there is a deficiency or, rather, a "fearful minus quantity" of humour. When he was a boy at Eton, George Coleridge cautioned him not to be led astray by the influence and example of his uncle Samuel. But there was no danger. John Taylor Coleridge was not a genius, but he was a man of parts and worth, a good man and true, who won the double guerdon of attaining what he merited and meriting what he attained.

Since this chapter was written I have found, in Lord Coleridge's handwriting, a sketch of his father's character, intended, no doubt, to find a place in some future biography or memoir. If it had been printed it might have been altered or modified, but, when the truth is so beautiful, surely the truth may stand. It is said that "love is blind." Say rather that it perceives all things, but looks again on whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

J. D. C. on J. T. C., *December 31, 1876.*

It is not easy, perhaps it is not possible, for a son to estimate aright the character of his father. Certainly where every best emotion of the heart was called forth to the utmost by him it is not possible to be impartial. In the character of my father the difficulty, however, is for any one who knew him well to find fault. I lived with him in an intimacy uncommon between father and son—an intimacy prolonged till I was long past middle life and he a very old man. I was, indeed, brought up in the belief that he was perfect. Every one treated him with respect and even reverence as far as I knew, and my mother was loyal to him always, and taught her children to think his opinion always right and his conduct always good.

I never knew so good a man—not one who seemed to me so entirely to live by principle and in the presence of Almighty God as he. If he was angry, and he was sometimes, it was because something he loved on *principle* was assailed, or he thought so; and his wonderful sweetness of temper generally, and his placability, when he had been offended, I never saw approached.

He has bequeathed to me his journals and I have read them with care. . . . Intellectually the journal does him injustice. He was an abler man than any one who read only the journal would believe. It is true, I think, that there was a smallness in his aims in life and a want of dash and venture in his course which prevented his being a great or a striking person. But till he became a Judge he was a poor and struggling man, and his shyness and diffidence kept him back in society and in the Profession. It required conflict, even if loving conflict, of opinion or the presence of strong feeling to rouse his powers of speech and argument,

which were, especially the latter, very great. He was one of the closest and acutest reasoners I ever met, and reasoning differs from argument. All this you do not see in the journals. In them he is always writing in one of a few strains of thought, those chiefly grave and self-examining ones, and it affords no measure of the reach of his thought or the variety and extent of his accomplishment. His scholarship was admirable and great to the very end. I mean what was called scholarship when I was young—knowledge of Greek and Latin, but, besides that, he was a very good French and Italian scholar, reading both languages with perfect ease; of German and Spanish he knew only a little. He had read largely our own great writers, and his taste was formed upon them.

But he had little power of taking in great impressions in these things, and, in art, though he admired and heartily admired all that was fine, he admired a great deal that was not so.

His creed in literature admitted of no "development." Keats he never cared for; Tennyson, with much difficulty, I got him to admire moderately. I could never gain a hearing for Browning—he could not "construe" him, he said, and he was blind to his power and insensible to his depth. In religion it was the same. Anglican divines and Anglicanism were his notion of perfection—he never heartily appreciated Newman, and spoke of poor creatures as his equals because they wrote *Anglicanism*. So in Art. It is true that he delighted in Boxall when others did not; but he hung his room with wretched photographs for which the fire was the proper receptacle.

But of his intellect, though very considerable, I hardly ever think; nor of the form of his religion, which was narrow and bigoted enough. His character was, I really think, perfect, his princely generosity, his large *boundless* charity, his tenderness which was never weakness, his noble trust in others, his severity to himself, his unfailing sweetness, his thorough unequalled *angelic* goodness made such a man as I never knew before or since, and of whom I do not believe, before God, there have been many equals.

This is not a character, but I set down some things which come at once to the mind, and which now that they are fresh I record in the first words which occur to me.

CHAPTER II

LALEHAM

The child is father of the man.

WORDSWORTH.

To her father's grief and disappointment his "little Madge," the object of so many hopes and fears, died in her tenth month (April 2), and it was not till the birth of a second child, a boy, that he succeeded in putting his grief aside. A father, oftener a mother, will occasionally put on paper a description of a favourite child, or record an anecdote or striking saying, but, as a rule, common sense or a merciful indifference forbears to edit the *memorabilia* of the nursery. It was not so with John Taylor Coleridge. For his own sake and for those who might come after him he was at pains to record with something like scientific accuracy the physical and mental traits of his first-born son, almost from the day of his birth. For other than scientific purposes a little of such talk goes a long way, and, indeed, the entries in the Diaries are far too numerous and too particular to be quoted in full, but a few sentences will be read with interest from the light which they throw on the personality and character of the child's child, the man who was to be, and because they contain a singular disproof of the vulgar error that love is prejudiced and that indifference is impartial and far-seeing.

Diary. Vol. iii. p. 74.—Sunday morning, at 23 minutes before 6 this morning (December 3, 1820) Mary was delivered of a fine boy. . . . Thank God for this blessing! May my child grow up to do Him honour and service!

December 9.—My boy flourishes excellently well. He is large in size, strong and straight-limbed. . . .

December 16.—My boy's improvement is visible every day, and one can hardly fancy when looking at his formed and intelligent countenance that he is not yet a fortnight old.

1821. *August 3.*—My darling boy improves daily and visibly both in health and intelligence. This last is, I dare say, in a great measure owing to the company of so many other children [the parents were staying with Charles Sumner (afterwards Bishop of Winchester) and his wife at Highclere] who draw him out, and make him exert himself. . . . He looks quite beautiful. Mrs. McNiven is drawing him and bids fair, I think, to succeed completely.

1822. *April 27.*—I found my boy much improved and grown, in full health and beauty. He knew me, certainly, after a little stare, and began to show me his sash and ribbons because he had been told I should bring him home some new ones. He has been much my companion when I have been at home ever since, and is a delightful one to me.

May 25.—Baby fell flat on his mother. The malefactor is quite well and merrier than ever, but not so tractable. We all spoil him a little, I fear.

August 20.—I find my boy exceedingly improved. He is growing fast out of babyhood, but is in a most attractive stage, with a very few words and a great many intelligible signs and sounds, strong upon his legs, full of life and most sweet and affectionate in his manner.

September 20. [The Journal records the birth of a second son who was christened Henry James.]

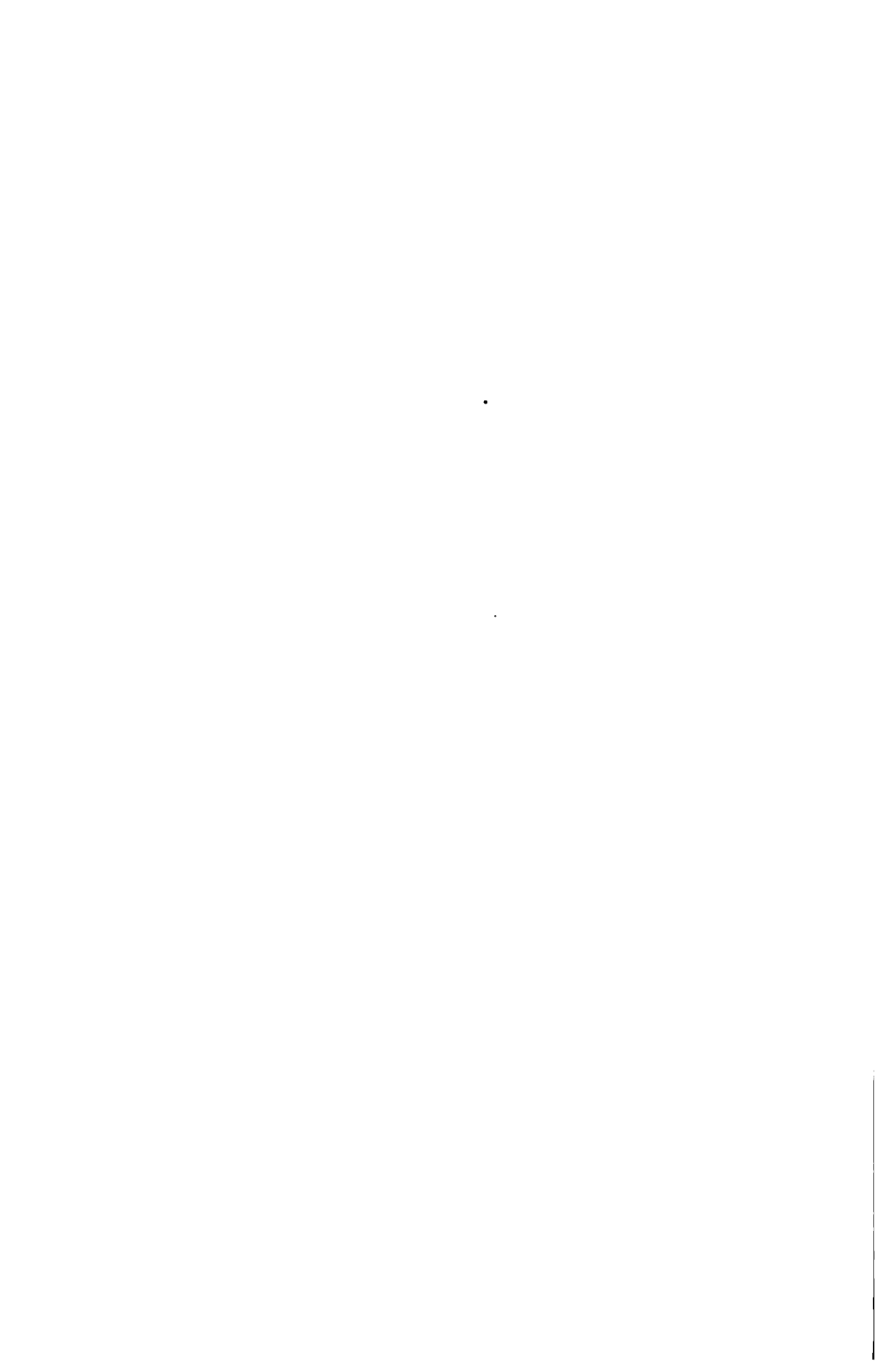
October 26.—Mary yesterday dined downstairs for the first time for many months. It was quite beautiful to see little Toto's [John Duke] delight when he found her downstairs. He crowed and laughed and kissed her over and over again and would not be separated from her.

1823. *September 12.*—Combe Satchfield [the property of Mrs. James Coleridge's sister, Dorothy Ayer Brown]. My work was interrupted by a battle which I had to fight with Toto, in which for the first time I had to whip him. It did not, however, conquer him and I was obliged to shut him up in the coach-house for a long time before he would



PORTRAIT BY MRS. MCNIVEN OF JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE

Ætat 9 Months



submit. He is a sweet-tempered but a high-spirited child, and, what I least like about him, it does not seem easy to attract his attention from the objects before him which interest him. I am anxious to see whether my conquest over him to-day will have produced an effect on him.

November 17.—I had last night very nice letters from home, one of Toto's dictation, blessed child, full of love and promises to be a good boy, with leave for me to play with his bricks.

1824. January 7.—Toto meets with such universal admiration that it will require some care to prevent him from being vain.

April 17.—My children are a perpetual treat to me. Toto said the Lord's Prayer to me yesterday perfectly. He is very quick but volatile and not easily impressed. He is beautiful in form, has grown more than three inches, a good deal in the last two months.

June 5.—Toto is a boy whom it will be difficult to manage; he has a rapidity which almost seems unfeeling sometimes, and which makes it hard to fix his attention. But he is very observant and shrewd and remembers everything. I was reading to him a few days since in Barnes' *Scripture History* the account of Enoch. Barnes says, "All good people will go to God!" He observed to me, "Papa, how full the sky will be!" and then, a moment after, looking at my books, "I suppose you will take your books with you: what would you do without your books?"

1826. December 3.—This is my dear Toto's birthday. . . . He reads and spells very tolerably and he is well on in the Latin Grammar. He writes very poorly and knows nothing of figures; but he has a more than common forwardness in the knowledge of books and things. He is sweet-tempered and affectionate, but rather overweening and very difficult to impress.

"Well," as the poet used to say, "it is a father's tale," or, rather, a portion or sample of a father's tale which is neither brief nor left half-told. These are but specimens of numerous entries which would have been more numerous still but for the various calls on the father's time and energies, and his long absences from home on circuit or at sessions. Over and above his contributions to literary periodicals,

he was engaged, in 1823-1824, in preparing a new edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and from December 1824 to November 1825, in the interval between Gifford and Lockhart, he was Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. It was no wonder that sometimes, to his sorrow and shame, he fell asleep after dinner or that the chronicle of "Toto's" excellences and misdemeanours fell into arrear.

After the autumn circuit of 1824 (September 27), and while his appointment as Editor was still uncertain, John Taylor Coleridge moved into a larger house, No. 65, Torrington Square. "It is very clean," he writes, "and comfortable, the furniture not abundant, but good and elegant; and the whole appearance very respectable, which poor old Hadlow Street had ceased to be. God grant that we may be happy and comfortable here, and pass blameless lives in it."

On November 27, 1824, he records the birth of a girl, "a nice fat little healthy-looking maid," christened Mary Frances Keble, after one of her god-fathers, John Keble; and, April 1, 1827, the birth of a nephew and godson, John Coleridge Patteson. In the course of the following summer John Coleridge resolved to send his little son to school. "His mightiness," as he calls him in a letter to Southey, was getting out of hand, and evidently required stricter discipline and more regular instruction than his father could secure for him at home. An old schoolfellow, John Lonsdale,¹ was consulted, and in accordance with his advice, it was resolved to send John Duke to a Mrs. Cantis of Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, who, with the assistance of her son,

¹ Afterwards (1843) Bishop of Lichfield.

a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, undertook to "ground children in Latin." Thither his father and mother took him on the afternoon of October 12, 1827. The child was almost too young to know what was befalling him, but the parents, who were "careful and troubled" about most things, went home sorrowing. "This is a great event in his life," writes his father. . . . "He bore parting very well, better than his poor mother, who is much upset by it, and it is an awful thing to think of, that so early in life the close tie of home should be broken. Henceforward he will never be with us but for short intervals; so soon does the separation of boys begin!" An awful thing indeed! but what, forsooth, are home ties compared with great professional success from generation to generation! He who wills the end must endure the means. Dearest is dearest all the world over.

The first plunge, however, was not into deep waters. Mrs. Cantis and her son, the Cambridge graduate, were not stern disciplinarians, and the only fear was that his "mightiness" would be too much petted and spoiled. Some little training and preparation he had already received at the hands of Sara Coleridge, the poet's daughter, who was engaged to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and spent the winter and spring of 1826-1827 in Torrington Square. It was an inherited instinct to keep letters, and the following, which he received when he had been just a month at school and before he was seven years old, was found among his papers at his death. The theme or *motif* of the letters is that "God made the country," or, at any rate, the parts round about Keswick, and that

little boys brought up in London were not so lucky as they might suppose :

9 GOWER STREET,
Thursday, Nov. 8 [1827].

MY DEAR TOTO,

You have never fulfilled your promise of writing to me ; and now I suppose while you are at school your time is not your own, but some day when you are at home with your dear mama in the holidays you must employ your pen in the service of cousin Sara, who used to scold you so often about "S's and T's." Indeed, if those letters had not grown more shapely and she had inspected your copies much longer, she would, at last, have turned into a fourth Fury, far more terrific than Alecto or either of her sisters, whom you will read about by-and-by.

My dear boy, when you receive this I shall be far away, but I shall always feel anxious to hear good accounts of you, especially in regard to the Latin and Greek. If *they* do not shine I shall be disappointed indeed.

You must persuade your papa to bring you some day or other to the Lakes ; it is a fine land for little boys and girls. All the gaieties and festivities that go on there, they can enter into and enjoy as much as grown people. We have no hot crowded parties, where the company sit up late and where there is nothing to amuse little lads and lassies, but we go on the lake in a nice large boat, take our dinner and tea-apparatus, land on an island or one of the bays or promontories, on the shores of the lake, pick up sticks to light a fire, and then sit upon stones or rocks and regale ourselves. Sometimes we take our dinner beside a pretty waterfall. You cannot think what pretty waterfalls we have in our country ! You *must* come some day or other, my dear little cousin, and become acquainted with Cuthbert Southey, who is the same relation to me that you are.¹ I shall be delighted to see you. Meantime,

I remain,

Your very affectionate cousin,

SARA COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, Esq.,
Kensington.

[Sealed in red wax "Sara."]

¹ Sara Coleridge was as much astray on the degrees of cousinhood

More than forty years after he received this letter, Lord Coleridge paid tribute to the memory of the writer. She had been "the teacher of his childhood, the friend and companion of his youth and manhood,"¹ and, as later letters remain to testify, her plea for religious liberty was a far-reaching and permanent influence in the thought and opinions of his maturity.

Of Mrs. Cantis and this "first school" at Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, the letters and journals say but little. The parents wrote very regularly, and the child, whenever the paper was ruled and he was set down to the task. His father would have liked to hear oftener, "to know what you are about, what you read, what you learn, where you walk and such things." The report of a drilling lesson, probably an "extra," and the acquisition of "a drum and trumpet" recall an incident of his father's first school at Ottery. "So you are turned soldier. I remember when I was a boy, the French were expected to come, and, in every town, the men came forward of their own accord, and became soldiers, and it was a very common thing for boys at the schools to be drilled, too, and made into companies. At my school we formed ourselves into a company with wooden guns, drum and fife, silk colours, and everything in gay order. At last we were such good soldiers that we were had before the General who commanded all the soldiers in Devonshire; tents were pitched for us, we marched and did our exercises, and then we had a good

as other folk. Cuthbert Southey, though many years younger, was her first cousin, John Duke Coleridge her first cousin once removed.

¹ Preface to second edition of *Phantasmon*, 1874.

dinner. It was a happy day for us all I can assure you. We dined in a wood, and sang, all of us, 'God save the King!'"¹

Another letter which belongs to the summer of 1828 ends with an appeal to the scholar that was to be. "*Vale, mi fili! sis felix, sano corpore, verax et diligens: ama patrem tuum amantissimum*, J. T. Coleridge." Let us hope that the Cambridge graduate was ready with a "construe," if the seven-year-old owner of the drum and trumpet drew breath too lightly to master the original. On the whole Kensington was a success. "What was done in Latin was done soundly," and if the "account as to application was indifferent," and "it was hard to fix his attention," he not only brought back an excellent report from Mrs. Cantis, but he did more, he deserved it. It is true of the majority that they "forget because they must, and not because they will," but of the few who are born free of the kingdom

¹ That seed, too, bore fruit. A lawyer, and the son of a lawyer, John Duke Coleridge never forgot that he was a soldier's grandson. Once again in 1861, as before in 1798, there were fears of invasion, and his patriotic and fighting instincts found expression in a "Volunteer Song":

"Rouse ye then for mortal fight!
Wake! put forth your glorious might!
Where in all the world beside
Will ye match our England's pride?
Where are maids and wives like ours?
Where are manhood's noblest powers?
Fight for Freedom's holiest cause,
For your altars, for your laws!
Hark, along the stormy Sea
Rings the voice of Liberty!"

It was set to an air by Mendelssohn, and, after the lapse of "more than forty years," I can recall the emotion which the words and the music inspired. Doubtless, I had seen and often heard of the writer before, but I associate this song with my earliest recollection of his name and personality.

of knowledge it is no less true that they remember because they must, and excel because they do not know how to fail. It was no parental fondness which induced the successful and industrious father to enter his yearling for the higher stakes in the race of life, but the indisputable fact that the child was a winner. He had "faults of a serious character." He was wishful to "stand well with people," he was timid and "apt to tell stories," but, on the credit side of the account, there was "a warm heart, a sensitive conscience and an excellent promise in his talent and disposition." In poetry the "child is father of the man," but in prose, in fact, the relationship is a procession rather than a descent. As a rule and except for a few fragments of autobiography the child is forgotten, and we can seldom see him in *his* habit as *he* lived; but in these journals a child sat, or, rather, walked and ran for his portrait, and the lineaments have been preserved.

But, now, a second and more important step was to be taken in the child's education. In due time and as a matter of course he would go to Eton, but in the meanwhile he must be sent to a preparatory school. Three-quarters of a century ago friends and relations interfered in other people's concerns to an almost incredible extent, and, before a determination was come to, "there was a good deal to struggle with." At length, and after much consideration and some dissuasion, John Coleridge did as he thought fit, and sent his son to Laleham "to Buckland's." The Reverend John Buckland, "Tom Arnold's brother-in-law," was "a good-natured, diligent and zealous man," and "besides

the necessary portion of Latin and Greek, likely to make the boy industrious, and steady, hardy and independent, and able to do something for himself." His wife, Fanny Arnold that was, would be sure to treat the child with due kindness and care, and if the *atmosphere* of Laleham was less evangelical than the Sumners could have wished, it was no great matter.

This time the mother stayed at home, and the father, who was starting for circuit, took Laleham *en route* for Winchester, and, this time, perhaps, it was the boy who suffered most at parting. He was gay enough at first arrival, but when his father rode off in the morning (March 2, 1829) he "left the child in tears."

Externally "Buckland's" has changed but little, and Laleham, save that Dr. Arnold's house has ceased to exist, "keeps the same." There is the school house, a many-windowed Georgian villa, the towing path, the Thames, and across the Thames the Abbey Meads and the tower of Chertsey Church, a mile to the south-west. It is easy to picture the leafless willows, and the wind-ruffled river on this "wild March morning" when the father rode off in quest of briefs at Winchester, and his eight-year-old son was left to face the schoolroom and the school-master, and the "burden and the mystery" of his fate. But, in 1829, there was still an "economy" of pathos, and the journal contains no reference to these picturesque surroundings.

Things went smoothly at Laleham from the first.

An early letter (March 23) is written in good spirits and is more than usually communicative.

LALEHAM

(P.M. March 23, 1829).

MY DEAR MAMA,

I am very much obliged to you for your letter. I suppose Mrs. Dyson has told you about the haunted house in Nasing parish, which amuses itself with turning all the things in the house upside down. I am very impatient for the end of the circuit, you may easily guess why. On Saturday all the good boys who say their lesson well on Friday dine in with Mr. and Mrs. Buckland, and I, being an *optime*, dined in. I hope the news will give you pleasure. Love to all at home. I must now tell you the names of my friends. Lonsdale, Lambert, McNiven, Blunt, Walls (*sic*), Tickell, Delafield, George Patteson.

Believe me,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

A few weeks later (April 21) his father writes : "Buckland speaks very highly of him, says he is well, good and happy, liked by his schoolfellows, and as quick as lightning." Of faults nothing is said save that he is inattentive in learning by heart, and, alas for human nature! "with the writing-master." So rapid was his progress that at the close of the year he was set to learn by heart seven eclogues of Virgil for a "prize task"! "I should be much obliged," he writes to his mother (November 2, 1829) "to you to ask Papa to buy me a new Virgil because my own is torn and I cannot learn my prize task, which I wish to do very much": and (December 2, the eve of his ninth birthday) "I have said my prize task. I am very glad that I learnt it at home. I am pretty well up with my class with my Virgil and Greek Grammar."

In my childhood there was a tradition in the family that "John Duke" could say by heart a thousand lines of Homer when he was ten years old.

I do not know if this Titanic prize task developed into the Homeric legend or whether the thousand lines were actually learnt and said a year later, but the earlier miracle is certainly authentic.

Two extracts from his father's diary, dated April 1830, give a pleasant picture of the Easter holidays of 1830.

Good Friday.—I brought John from Laleham. He is improving rapidly in manner, obedience and scholarship, and, if his life be spared, he promises to be a comfort to me and an honour to his family . . . his quickness and precision of reasoning are quite remarkable.

Easter Day.—John and I read the Corinthians i. 15. What a dear intelligent child he is! All the wonderful eloquence and beautiful reasoning he seems fully to comprehend and follow. He is really, even now, a reasonable, congenial companion for us.

Early in the following term scarlatina, or, rather, scarlet fever, broke out in the school, and, whilst he was still in the sick-room, he despatched a budget of letters to his father, his sisters and his nurse. "I am much obliged," he says to his father, "for your kind present of the life of Columbus. I was very much interested in the story and have read it quite through. There is one thing I cannot understand, that there is nothing said about his coming over to England, as I thought that he discovered America when Henry VII. patronised him. . . . I am rather weak from the effects of the scarlatina." A letter written from Brighton at the end of the summer holidays describes the public festivities on the accession of William IV. John Duke had "begged hard" to be kept back from school until the reception had taken place, had wheedled his mother into writing to Buckland, and, now, by way of mitigating his father's disapproval, had undertaken to fill

two sheets of foolscap notepaper with a detailed report of the loyal welcome which London-by-the-Sea had proffered to the sailor-king.

BRIGHTON,

(P.M.) *August 17, 1830.*

MY DEAR PAPA,

I am very much obliged to you for your nice dear letter. I am very well. I went with Aunt Sparrow yesterday and saw His Majesty King William the IVth arrive; and, afterwards, I went round with Thomas to see the illuminations. There were a great many transparencies and a great many W's, a star in the middle, and A. the other side, and, also, a great many W's IV. in the middle, and R. the other side, surmounted by a crown. . . . Do you not think it was very wrong of the two members, Sir Thomas Acland and Lord Ebrington to join and each of them to have two parties? I suppose it was impossible for Mr. Bastard to have gained his election with only one party against two. I have been several rides on donkeys, which I like better than anything else even better than a fly. I like Addison's Essays pretty well now, though I did not much relish them at first. . . . I must confess I have been very idle while I have been here, but I think it will not do me any harm at Mr. Buckland's. I hope you will perform your promise and come and see me before the summer is over, and I will do my part to be good enough to deserve it. Meanwhile,

Believe me to remain,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Esq.,

Western Circuit, Wills.

In the autumn of the same year it was arranged that the boy should go to Eton next election. Buckland was "proud of him" and regretted losing him so soon, but his Uncle, Edward Coleridge, afterwards Lower Master, was ready to receive him in his house, and he was well equipped for any Latin or Greek which Eton might demand or provide. Six

months later, when he came back from Laleham, for the Easter holidays, his father writes soberly, and, yet, with unconcealed delight and pride :

John came home to us yesterday in high health and spirits. He has really been brought forward famously; he is now reading Homer and Xenophon, being only ten and a half years old, and has a very great readiness in grammar and language, besides being in all respects a quick and thinking boy with a retentive memory. Moreover, he is, God be thanked ! a good and kind boy of good principles. Oh, if he does but realise his present promise !

Again :

July 3.—John came home with an excellent character from Mr. and Mrs. Buckland; he is a sweet dear fellow, and a very good scholar.

It is difficult to call up a mental picture of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge as a little boy. Then and always he must have been a conspicuous figure, a head and shoulders above his fellows, or as his cousin Derwent Coleridge once put it, "Duke by nature as by name."

In the summer of 1831 he was half-way between ten and eleven years of age, and half-way between 4 ft. 7 ins. and 4 ft. 11 ins. in height, a slim pale-faced lad with regular features, blue eyes, and all but golden hair.

Let him speak for himself. Whilst he was still young with almost the whole of life before him, he looks back and moralises his own childhood :

Those were happy times,
(I love to summon back the half-seen past),
When, seldom thwarted, and caressed by all,
My father's hope, my mother's boast and pride,
I lived my careless life.¹

¹ "Melancholica Quædam" (*Verses Written During Forty Years*), 1879, p. 33.

CHAPTER III

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye hallowed groves, and Muse-devoted bowers !
Ye classic halls, and ivy-mantled towers !
Garden of Hope ! that, clad in shade serene,
Appear'st as one that shall be and hath been !
Ye nurseries of many a holy name,
That shines character'd in the scroll of Fame ;
Thou demi-Paradise of innocent youth,
Of artless Friendship, unsuspecting Truth ;
(What Muse shall lend my song aspiring wings ?)
Cradle of Heroes—heritage of Kings ;
Mother of good and great, *Etona*, thy caress
Has blest our country's fav'rite children and will bless.

From " *Vos Valete*," in the *Eton Bureau*, 1842.

THERE have been Coleridges on the Eton School Lists for more than an hundred years. John Taylor Coleridge was elected on the Foundation of Eton College in August 1803, and thither followed, in due course, as collegers or oppidans, two of his younger brothers, his two sons, seven nephews, cousins of more than one generation, grandsons and a great-grandson. Of kinsfolk, his brother-in-law John Patteson (Mr. Justice Patteson) was a King's Scholar, his nephews John Coleridge Patteson (Bishop of Melanesia) and James Duke Coleridge were oppidans ; his son-in-law John Fielder Mackarness (Bishop of Oxford) came to Eton on the same day as, his contemporary in age to the day and year, John Duke Coleridge. His brother Edward, as boy

and master and fellow, was part and parcel of Eton for more than seventy years. Only the other day his nephew, Arthur Duke Coleridge, King's Scholar and Fellow of King's, sketched from memory a happy likeness of the Eton of "Sixty years since." The writer of these pages has neither part nor lot in this heritage of memories, and must trust to knowledge gained at second-hand, from word of book, or word of mouth, for note or comment *de re Etonensi*.

It has been said profanely, and, perhaps, with some exaggeration that the double system of tuition by the Master of a Form or Division in school, and tuition by the same master, or another, in the pupil room, is not to be understood of any but Etonians, and that they cannot explain it for the benefit of others. *Omne ignotum pro mysterio!* All schools and places of learning have catchwords of their own, but the Eton *Lingua Franca* has acquired a peculiar solemnity and importance. Doubtless a predestinating familiarity with these technicalities has been accepted as part of the necessary training of the official class. Be that as it may, there is a glory and a perennial charm in these "antique towers" which may not be expressed in terms of Keate and Hawtrey. The compulsion of great memories, the stimulus of fine and choice companionship, *these* can only be appreciated and realised by past or present Etonians themselves, but the *Genius Loci* has something to say to the visitor or stranger or the inheritor of other traditions and associations. There is nothing at Winchester or Harrow, hardly even at Oxford or Cambridge, which shows in comparison with the statelier simplicity of the great

College itself or the royal amenity of the playing fields. It is the good pleasure of Etonians, young and old, to christen these buildings and the parts adjacent by time-honoured names, but they *are* honoured by time and favoured by nature in themselves.

John Duke Coleridge was entered at Eton on July 9, 1831, the forty-first anniversary of his father's birthday. He was placed in the middle remove of the fourth form, lower than his father had hoped and expected, lower "than he might fairly have been placed." It is evident from his own letters and from the entries in his father's journal, that the change from Laleham to Eton was a change for the worse, that he missed the discipline and careful overlooking of the preparatory school, and was, at once, too forward and too unformed for the amount and character of the work, too precocious and, at the same time, too childish for the independence of a public school. His uncle had formed a high opinion of his abilities, and was unable to conceal his vexation at the carelessness of his nephew's exercises, his nonchalance and disobedience, and his "family love of argumentation." At home he was idle and quarrelsome, and at school he was extravagant, troublesome and disorderly. His father, partly because he was his father, but also because he was older and more tolerant, did not despair of improvement, but he was perplexed and sorely troubled. At length a happy thought occurred to him. He would threaten John Duke with a scriptural alternative, a threefold choice of pains and penalties. He would either "remove him into College," or "from the school to Rugby, or the Navy, or elsewhere." Here was

a peep into the Inferno, circle below circle, and for a time there was an improvement. "Yesterday," writes his father, on December 2, 1832, "we had letters from Eton that John had been sent up for good. . . . He seems to have been alarmed that I should take him from Eton unless he improved. He is by this time in the upper remove of the Remove, and not twelve years old till to-morrow,—young enough to be sure"; and, at the beginning of the next year, January 6, 1833, "John requires good discipline as to both mind and body, but he is a fine fellow in both." It was natural that the father should be anxious. The boy's talents were extraordinary, the promise of future distinction ample and certain, but, for a time, the growth and development of character did not keep pace with mental attainment or a natural and unfeigned love of learning.

His manners were so winning, his conversation so intelligent, that strangers flattered and made much of him, and it was the more exasperating and provoking when the "Admirable Crichton" was caught tripping at school, or kicked over the traces at home. On the whole, the "proud vain boy," as he calls himself, was skilfully piloted through the treacherous channel of adolescence. In one respect, perhaps, his father erred, through temperament, or as the exponent of a family tradition. The boy *was* proud and vain, and though sensitive and easily depressed, he not unnaturally thought a good deal of himself, occasionally behaved to his tutor and others with "cool impudence," and was by no means easily repressed or put down. His father, on the other hand, was diffident and genuinely

modest, and, moreover, had been trained to regard "humility" not only as a Christian grace, but a necessary ingredient in prudence and worldly success, and, instead of leaving the remedy to time and experience, he tried to make him humble by every means in his power. In the long run, advice is as often taken as neglected, and, in the long run, the outward and visible signs, if not the inward grace of humility, were dutiously and painfully acquired. The self-depreciation which in later life somewhat marred his oratory was, I believe, a genuine attempt not to think or speak too highly of himself.

Of his school life at Eton, until he entered the sixth form, an impression may be formed from a few remarkable sentences gathered here and there from "letters home" to his father and mother. It is only here and there that even a brilliant schoolboy has anything to say, or says anything which throws light on himself and his surroundings.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his* FATHER.

ETON

(July 14, 1831).

My *masters* in school are Pickering and Cooksley. Cooksley has told me twice I do very well. Once in (what is called) "Library" he said, "Very well, sir, sit down," and, to-day, he said, "Very good boy!" All this is, I assure you, excessively gratifying to me, and am quite sure you will be *very* happy when *I myself* tell you that I am very happy. . . . We have a great deal of fun. I am rather teased with everybody asking my name, but very little bullied.

ETON

(June 17, 1832).

I got dreadfully off on Montem day. I had a most excruciating headache, had to run all the way very fast to Salt Hill, when I came through I was so ill I could eat

nothing, and in coming back on the back of a carriage, just as I was getting off and had one foot on the ground; the carriage gave a jerk and I went clean down into all the mud, for it had been raining very hard just before. However, it happened, I think, very fortunately for me. for as soon as I got home, I just popped into bed and took a little nap for about three-quarters of an hour, and when I awoke my headache was quite gone. There were very beautiful dresses, and I longed to be a servant. There was no damage done, and it is said that Williams, the Captain, pockets near £100. The collection, altogether, came to £893, and the King gave a £100, the Queen £25. I am, however, exceedingly glad it is over, and I (being a lower boy¹ and consequently a pole-bearer) thought it a great bore.

(Oct. 20, 1833).

The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Kaye, was here the other day, to consecrate a new bit of burying ground, and it was a very nice thing to see. There was the Bishop, the Provost of Eton, all the Fellows, and two or three other clergymen. It was quite grand. The Bishop went away the same day, *without getting us a holiday*: all the boys said it was a great shame. I confess I did *not* see the shame of it. However, as he got us one when he came to the Confirmation, I suppose the boys expected him to do the same whenever he came. I have become very intimate with Goulburn *ma* and *mi*,² two very nice boys and just such as I should like to be, for although they are great saps they very often go out leaping, etc., etc.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his MOTHER.

(Spring, 1834).

Our subject this week for verses is *Fontium gelidæ perennitates*, which is on Fountains. Tell Papa that if when he comes round the circuit, he would buy me a Horace, it is all

¹ "The lower boys . . . wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, silk stockings and pumps, and carried thin white poles."—"Eton College," by H. C. Maxwell-Lyte, 1875, p. 460.

Praed, in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, vol. i. pp. 197, 198, in his description of "Montem," speaks of "Corporals in sashes and gorgets and guarded by innocent Polemen in blue jackets and white trousers."

² Edward Meyrick Goulburn, afterwards Dean of Norwich and Frederick Anderlecht Goulburn, afterwards Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, sons of Mr. Serjeant Goulburn.

I *want*. I should be much obliged if he would bring me the *Naval History of England*, which he promised to give me when we were at Budleigh Salterton. I breakfasted with Uncle Edward and Aunt Mary this morning because of Uncle Patteson. All the children were there and we were very much crowded. Coley,¹ with some others went to St. George's Chapel in the morning, and was obstreperous in his admiration of it. It is indeed a magnificent Chapel inside. He went to Eton Chapel in the afternoon, and excited great astonishment among the boys by the way in which he followed the singing of the *Magnificat*, Anthems, etc.

(May 24, 1834).

I have taken to reading Sallust and have read a good deal of the Catiline conspiracy, which I am very much delighted with, especially the speeches, which are exceedingly fine and beautiful. I have bought a life of Captain Beaver, which I have read through, and a life of Captain Cook with his voyage, by Dr. Kippis, which I have not finished yet. They are both very entertaining. I shall soon buy the Second Volume of Uncle Sam's book,² which, I suppose, is out by this time. . . . The Fourth of June will soon comewhen I shall be Middle Division, and up to Mr. Hawtrey, which I do not much relish, as he is terribly severe. I play at cricket a good deal, and am in two clubs, the Sixpenny and Lower Shooting Fields. I generally play in the Sixpenny, as there are not such excellent players there, and you have some chance of getting a good innings. In the Lower Shooting Field there is no amusement and no practice, you get out second or third ball.

(June 14, 1835).

MY DEAR PARENTS,

I do not know whether you would like it, but, at any rate, if you do not, you need not read the description of Montern I am going to give you as well as I can. . . .

On Tuesday morning last I and some other boys, seeing it would be a fine and very hot day, got up at half-past seven and went and bathed to make ourselves fresh for the day. We came back about a quarter to nine; at a quarter past I dressed myself, cocked hat, sword, sash, cane, etc.,

¹ John Coleridge Patteson, born April 1, 1827, was then seven years old.

² *The Postical Works of S. T. Coleridge*. In three volumes. London: William Pickering. 1834.

etc., and precious hot work it was, I assure you, getting on my boots and making myself proper. Then I went and loitered about in the school yard till a quarter to ten, when the Captain's breakfast was to begin, . . . and a capital breakfast of it we had, I can assure you—every sort of hot and cold meat, tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa, with lots of ices and two bands playing, making the old hall ring again. Then we went out at half-past ten into the school-yard, where we had to wait until a quarter-past eleven, till the King chose to come. During that time I was walking about with Adams and Erskine,¹ and saw quantities of other people that I knew. At about a quarter-past eleven the King came, which we knew by the band striking up "God save the King!" We were then about ten minutes falling into our places. We went round the school yard broiling in the sun till about twelve, when we, having cut our polebearers' poles, sallied forth to Salt Hill. On the march up here, as I had bathed before with my clothes off, so now I was bathed again with my clothes on, with what shall I say?—very ungenteel perspiration. I was very sorry now that I had bathed as (although it freshened me up at the time) I am quite sure it made me much more hot afterwards in the middle of the day. At last we got to Salt Hill pretty nearly dead. Here we went up on to the Mount to see the flag waved (a boy of the name of Long² was the Ensign). Well, then we went into Botham's and had dinner, which was a repetition, only a better one, of breakfast. Then we had some toasts and afterwards sauntered about the gardens till five. This was a dreadfully wearisome, tedious, uncomfortable time, because we were obliged to wait till five for Dr. Hawtrey to call absence on the Mount. At length five did come, and, after all, there was no "absence." Then I came to College in a carriage and had my tea; after tea I went on the Terrace and came down dead tired, and I shall never look forward to Montem again with half the pleasure I have, but still, I shall always think it tolerably good fun. I asked Money,³ the Captain, himself the day after Montem how much had been collected

¹ Old Etonians. Henry Trail Erskine, son of Thomas Erskine, Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, and William Adams, author of *The Shadow of the Cross* and other allegories.

² Frederick Edward Long, afterwards incumbent of Butterton, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

³ George Washbourne Money, a son of the Rev. William Money-Kyrle of Whetham.

and how much he should clear. He said exactly £975 and some odd shillings had been collected, and he supposed he should clear between £200 and £300.

(Feb. 8, 1835).

I got your letter and the books, and was very much obliged to you for them, particularly the Lucan, which seems to be a very nice edition indeed. . . . We have not yet had *your* holiday, and since we have not yet had it, I should like it to be postponed till you come here yourself. All the boys in my tutor's keep asking me if my tutor intends giving us a "sock" or jollification on the occasion, because those who were here at the time say he *did* give one when Uncle Patteson was made a judge.¹ . . . I went the other day to see the monument of the Poet Gray at Stoke, of which Smith who went with me made a little sketch which we have got. Mr. Osborne erected it to him, and his body lies *somewhere* in the churchyard, and, yet, strange to say, there is no one in the parish can point out where that celebrated man lies buried.

(Nov. 1, 1835).

I have finished the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, and my tutor said I had better ask you to send me down a good Sophocles. And, if you do, would you accompany it by Elmsley's *Scholia in Sophoclem*, which is a capital book, and which Cotton has lent me for the *Ædipus Rex*? I will give you the title-page: *Scholia in Sophoclis Tragoediis Septem e codice MS. Laurentiano descripsit Petrus Elmsley*. I also want you to send me my Lucan and Claudian for occasional reading, and, if you would be good enough, to send me that little Cicero in four vols. which you were so kind as to give me, I should be much obliged to you, and I will take great care of it. I also wish Mama would send me some more tea and coffee, as I have finished all I brought. . . .

I have been reading the life of Milton by Sir Egerton Brydges and the *Paradise Lost* attentively. I never thoroughly, I think, saw before what a truly splendid poem it is—so full of the *mens divini* in every line from beginning to end. I am going on with the *Paradise Regained*, which I never before read.

To a generation born and bred in the orthodoxy of athletics, the frequent allusions to books and

¹ John Patteson, 1790–1861, who was called to the Bar in 1821, was raised to the Bench, November 12, 1839.

classical studies will appear priggish and pedantic ; but it must be borne in mind that his father desired him to be explicit on these points, and that " out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He writes about Sallust and Cicero, about Lucan and Pindar, because he was *not* bored by them, but stirred and excited by " a first acquaintance " with poets and orators and historians. He was careless over his themes and shrank from the labour of correcting and polishing his verses, but he had already acquired, as if by magic, the power, rare as it is enviable, of reading the classics for his own amusement, because he heard and could respond to their message. His father sought to rouse him to emulation by recounting the wonders of old time. " I can hardly tell you," he writes, February 9, 1834, " how pleasant and useful it was to me to form the intimacy I did at Eton with your Uncle Patteson, the Bishop of Winchester and Mr. James.¹ We used to read together and talk over the subjects for our exercises, and confer upon all difficulties. I need not say how much happiness I owe to it since." I doubt if his son shared his boyish enthusiasm for the classics with any of his friends and companions at Eton, but it is certain that he set himself the " holiday task " of reading Greek and Latin authors for love and not from compulsion or for examinations. His choice, too, of standard works of history and travel for reading out of school, a pastime not over much encouraged by his father, is sufficiently remarkable. A boy of ordinary, or rather of extraordinary ambition, and entirely free from the

¹ The Reverend Edward James, son of the Headmaster of Rugby, Canon of Winchester, *d.* April 1854.

eccentricities of genius, he was none the less then and always the servant and lover of letters.

Other influences were brought to bear on the development of intellect and character. Soon after John Duke went to Eton, his father was appointed Recorder of Exeter, and, about the same time (February 14, 1832), he was made a Serjeant-at-law. Two years later, April 25, 1834, he was called within the Bar by King's Warrant of Precedence, and, on the death of Mr. Justice Taunton, he was raised to the Bench, January 27, 1835. Of his new dignities he says but little, but he takes care to interest the boy in some of his experiences, and to afford him an occasional glimpse of the amenities of an official career.

We had [he writes Feb. 3, 1834] a great treat last week in having Mr. Dyson back for some days, and Mr. Keble also for two nights. This last came up to make one of a deputation from the clergy, to present an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, expressing attachment to the Church. It was signed by nearly 7000 clergymen, and will, I hope, teach the Radicals that the clergy at least are not indifferent to the prosperity of the Church. We of the laity¹ are putting round a declaration of similar sentiments.

Both Mr. Dyson² and Mr. Keble enquired a great deal about you, they kept me up late each night talking over, sometimes old times, sometimes the present. These, again, are two of the friends of my youth, who are now a source to me of great pride and happiness.

Here is an account of his first circuit as Judge of

¹ "A strong confession of love for the Church has been called forth by the violence of her enemies. . . . The Lay Declaration is being very well signed."—E. B. Pusey to the Rev. R. W. Jelf, Feb. 10, 1835, *Life of E. B. Pusey*, 1894, i. 415, 416.

² For a sketch of the life of the Reverend Charles Dyson, Vicar of Dogmersfield, Hants, see *Memoirs of John Keble*, by Sir J. T. Coleridge, 1874, pp. 35-46.

Assize, and of his reception by his College and University.

OXFORD

(March 6, 1835).

I have got through my Reading business very agreeably, except that I was obliged to sentence two men to death for a highway robbery. There were so many of that particular class of offences that I thought I ought to make an example in an instance in which there was a good deal of premeditation and cruelty. I was very loth to do it, but I made up my mind and got through without breaking down. I rather think I shall after all reprieve the men, and send them abroad for life; but I have not quite made up my mind.

Yesterday we came here, and found your Uncle James now Doctor Coleridge,¹ who had taken this degree that morning. After opening the commissions, when we came to our lodgings we found the room full of Heads of Houses and the two proctors all in their full robes. Many, of course, I knew well, but we had to be civil and chat with them all, and, when they went, the Vice-Chancellor presented us each with a paper containing two pairs of beautiful white gloves, one bordered with broad gold lace, and tied with white silk strings. After them came the Mayor and Aldermen, and he presented us also with white and gold gloves, so that I am set up for some time.

Then I walked about with your uncles till it was time to go and dress, and we dined at All Souls' College in their beautiful hall, a table full, and very pleasant it was—very interesting, of course, to your Uncle Frank,² who was not a College man. After dinner the party retired to the Common Room. . . . These collegians live very comfortably, I may say splendidly, and their old halls are so beautiful.

Friday night.—I have had no time to-day to finish my letter, for I went from Church to Court, where I sat till just six, and then returned to entertain a large party of noblemen and heads of houses at dinner. . . . The young

¹ The Reverend James Duke Coleridge, D.D., the eldest son of Colonel Coleridge of Heath's Court, *b.* June 13, 1789, *d.* December 25, 1857. was Vicar of Thorverton and Prebendary of Exeter.

² Francis George Coleridge, fifth son of Colonel Coleridge, *b.* December 25, 1794, *d.* August 25, 1854, practised as a solicitor at Ottery St. Mary.

noblemen came to us in their splendid purple brocade and gold gowns, one of these was Lord Emlyn, whom you must remember at Eton. . . . To-morrow I have an immense dinner given to me at Exeter College, about sixty or seventy at the high table, and all the undergraduates of the College to the number of eighty or ninety. This is a very gratifying compliment to me, you may be sure, but I shall be well tired after my day's work in Court to have such a party to encounter.

A letter endorsed "May 8, 1836," contains another glimpse of official splendour, and incidentally depicts the faults, the pursuits and the perversities of a precocious youth always given to "thinking for himself."

I send . . . Arnold's Thucydides. I could have sent you the Oxford Duker which served *me* well enough to win my first class, but, in these improved days, I suppose you would turn up your nose at it, and say it was unreadable. However, I do not grudge you such a reasonable expense as that of a good edition of the Prince of Historians. . . . I do not *send* a Pindar. . . . I am glad you are reading these books. How I loved Pindar! Do ask your uncle to lend you the number in the *Quarterly*, in which are my reviews of Moore's translation, and your Uncle Henry's of Cary's. . . . Fortunate Puer! when I *left* Eton at eighteen and more, both of these authors were unknown to me. . . .

I own I see no reason why you should not be confirmed at Eton, you must be prepared for it there, and you must be there after it is over, . . . and, if you are brought into a proper state of mind, and contemplate the rite as seriously as you ought, which depends much on yourself, why are you to be prejudiced by the levity of any of your companions—if there be any at the time of celebration, and I should hope there will be less than you expect? On the other hand, there is some inconvenience, not to say impropriety, in having you away to be confirmed in London, on the ground of its being celebrated unsatisfactorily at Eton. . . . [I met the Bishop of London] yesterday at Lambeth. That was really a party and a dinner to see. We were between fifty and sixty all in full dress or uniforms, and we made no crowd in the drawing-room. We went to chapel and heard the Litany before dinner. Fifty of us

dined at one table in the hall, a noble room, everything magnificent, yet so much order and quiet that you could not forget that you were in a clergyman's house. And, in the midst of all the splendour and luxury, the Archbishop himself looking so meek and simple, so unconnected with and above these earthly matters that you seemed to feel their vanity. I was very much pleased. Some day, I hope, you will see the place yourself.

You say nothing about your boat. I hope she does not absorb you too much. You may, as you are pulling round the Lower Hope, not uselessly recall Virgil's simile of the Rower, as it aptly represents your position at Eton, where you have for some time had an adverse stream to contend with. I hope you have *got way* now; but you must not slacken your exertions yet; for the stream is always moving against an idle, a careless, or a reckless boatman.

It was, no doubt, of set purpose that Sir John Coleridge lifted up a corner of the curtain and encouraged his son to peep at the pomps and shows of rank and office; but in spite of his disapproval of the "Radicals" he had a "soul abune" the littlenesses of the great world or the externals of a position which he had won, and of which he was reasonably and moderately proud. A minute observer and passionate lover of nature, he took the keenest pleasure in revisiting old haunts, and of observing the effect of beautiful or romantic scenery on a fresh and enthusiastic spectator. Accordingly, in the summer of 1836, when it fell to his lot to go the Northern Circuit, the Judge determined to take his family with him. In the preceding April he had taken John Duke round by Coventry, Kenilworth and Warwick to Rugby, "delighting him much." "We came," he says, "into a party of old Rugbeians, and it was a delight to me to see my old friend Arnold so well and flourishing and so kind and simple-hearted." Holiday plans were

discussed, and it was arranged that when the Doctor went back to Rugby at the end of August, the Judge should spend the latter half of the Long Vacation at Arnold's newly built *villa*, or, as he re-translates the poor word, his *χώρα* at Rydal.

Foxhow has remained to the present day much as it was in 1843, when Dr. Arnold died, or ten years before when the house was built and the gardens designed and laid out by Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sara Hutchinson. It is not an historic mansion, or a "cottage," *sensu eminenti*, but it is a dwelling-place of "renown," a shrine of great and ennobling memories.

On this occasion John Duke got little more than a peep at lakes and mountains, for he had spent the first part of his holidays at Scarborough with his mother and the children, and had joined his father at Lancaster, where he was detained till September 9, by the "Great Will Case" involving a property called the Hornby Castle Estate, in which Wordsworth and Southey¹ were subpoenaed as witnesses, and were in attendance for some days.

The case took more than a week to try, "a large hole" in his vacation, and when he had given judgment he set off in his circuit britzka for Ambleside.

I walked [writes the Judge] out of the town, but my carriage with Mary and the children got cheered by the people, who were a good deal excited. We got here (Foxhow) through rain and in the dark between ten and eleven. This morning sun showed Mary and the children the beauteous spot they were in, and it has been a succession of raptures ever since. On Saturday we essayed with Mary and the family to mount to the top of Loughrigg, under which our house stands. We missed our way and

¹ See *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, 1850, vi. 297.

could not accomplish it: the children did. To-day (Sunday) Wordsworth lionized us over the Mount. Oh, what a spot it is! There is not a nook in it into which he has not thrown beauty and interest, and he has made the best advantage of every view to be seen from it. He showed me the little pool in which *were* his gold and silver fishes, the subject of two poems in his sixth volume, the wren's nest and the actual primrose that shielded it.

After church he took me and my boys a delightful walk up the Scandale beck to a farm called the Nook, and round through Rydal Park.

We take to each other, and a walk with him is a lesson in taste on all moral sights and sounds.¹

Only a few days of the holidays remained, but Coniston was visited, and, in the course of a three days' tour, Keswick, Buttermere and Patterdale.

In the evening [of Sept. 13] John and I went to drink tea at Southey's, where we found Sir B. Brodie and other people. Southey seems to me a good deal altered since I saw him last. His hair, undiminished, I don't know whether not increased in quantity, is grown completely grey. There is a tint² on his cheek, which I do not remember. He is very kind, and among other curious things showed us two volumes of Cowper's letters in the original, the Newton Collection. On Saturday (Sept. 14) John and I rode to Storrs. The return home by the side of the lake was the most beautiful evening drive I can remember. The setting sun had covered the mountains with a deep rosy colour of the richest hue; the lake was tinged with it, and then the moon rose, adding silver to it. John was in raptures.

On the 15th the two elder boys, John and Henry, started for Eton "in my circuit britzka, under the charge of Vance my butler," and "their departure

¹ See for a record of this visit to Foxhow, and for personal reminiscences of Wordsworth, a series of extracts from Sir John Coleridge's journal which were printed by the Bishop of Lincoln in his *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, 1851, ii. 300-315.

² Compare Carlyle's description of Southey in 1836 or 1837: "The singular readiness of the blushes; amiable red blush, beautiful like a young girl's, when you touched genially the pleasant theme and serpent-like flash, of blue or black blush . . . when you struck upon the opposite."—*Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle*, 1881, ii. 317.

produced a silence in the house." In all probability the lakes and mountains touched the feelings of a sensitive and imaginative lad more effectually than "mighty poets" who were getting into years, but the visit to Foxhow left its mark and helped to make the man. It is evident from a letter written from the inn at Stockport, the first sleeping-stage on the homeward journey, that a new influence had come into his life.

I kept looking back [he tells his father] upon the beautiful mountains all the early part of the journey. You must have had a fine day, as one could distinctly see the sun shining on Langdale Pike and little Under Loughrigg. . . . I took a last parting view of Lancaster Castle and the mountains, and most beautiful they were, as the day was very clear.

And in a letter from Eton, dated October 9, 1836 :

I am very glad you have been to Wastwater. . . . I wonder you have not yet attempted Fairfield,¹ which, I think, they used to call the highest about there. Wordsworth will not be out till September, which I am not sorry for, as I shall have no time to read him, or any one else, till the 12th of November, when the Essay is to be shown up. It is on the Crusades. . . . Give my love to dear Mama and tell her I rejoice to hear of her heroism, by sea and land. She would quite make a heroine of a romance, with the substitution of night and banditti for day and waterfalls, and the sea and Corsairs for the Lake and pleasure boats, a gloomy Chillon-looking kind of castle for Storrs and the Baron St. Hubert for old Colonel Bolton.

In 1836 it was natural for the young and ardent to "think in Byron," and, a year or two later, when the rhyming impulse came upon him, it was Scott,

¹ "Our Westmoreland house is rising from its foundations. . . . It looks right into the bosom of Fairfield,—a noble mountain, which sends down two long arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them while he looks down on them composedly with his quiet brow."—Dr. Arnold to Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, June 13, 1833, *Life of Dr. Arnold*, pp. 207–208, Ward, Lock and Co.

and Byron, and Southey, and Wordsworth or "my Uncle Sam," who helped him to beat his note of music out, and sent him into song. In the same letter (October 9) he makes an important announcement:

I was got into the sixth hour last Monday week, so that I am getting discouraged with all my efforts before to sit easy upon me. I expect on Tuesday. My speech is that of Voltaire's *Trédouze* in the presence of the readers of the *Capital* by Apollo, *Prothomachus* and the *Spoken*. . . . I have just returned from speaking to the *Spoken*, who flattered me in telling me I have a great voice and pronounce it well. I do not mind telling you this hoping that you will not misconstruct it as my *Spoken* and *Spoken* and *Spoken*.

His next letter (Nov. 11, 1836) is a proposal of what should be his election to "the" in *prophetic* of other *Spoken* day as public speaker and reader.

Give Page my love and tell her that as you would I am glad to see *Deliver* because I was married with her black bells. I am the willing that the *Spoken* is what we call our *Deliver*, and as it is a *Spoken*, we are willing, or willing to call during the *Spoken* of the work. I made last Saturday my *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* which I have received every day great *Spoken* *Spoken* which I shall not repeat to you. I make without any *Spoken* or *Spoken*, in *Spoken* with an *Spoken* *Spoken* of *Spoken* *Spoken* is one of the *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* which said to be *Spoken* is *Spoken* *Spoken*. I should think you had by this time heard enough of this although it may be very *Spoken* of my *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken*, I am *Spoken* *Spoken* at my *Spoken*.

In the following summer John and Mary Weston died. John West collected subscriptions for a marble bust by Chantrey, and when the bust was

¹ Henry Nelson Coleridge, *A. Weston*, p. 111, and *A. Weston*, p. 111. The *Spoken* was *A. Weston* *Spoken* *Spoken* of *Spoken* *Spoken*. *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken* *Spoken*. He was one of the principal contributors to the *Spoken*, and afterwards to *Spoken* *Spoken*.



Portrait of John Duke Coleridge act 16.
From a Water colour Drawing by Mr. Hawkins

placed in the Library composed an ode in honour of the occasion. It was *every inch* an ode. The King had looked favourably on Eton, as his father (if not his brother,) had done before him, and Eton was minded to show not only her loyalty but her gratitude. In a letter to his father, dated July 16, 1837, he describes the funeral service in St. George's Chapel :

We saw the funeral admirably and without the slightest crush, plenty of good room having been allotted us. The whole spectacle was exceedingly sublime and imposing, and the change from the military band and their wild-sounding music outside St. George's to the organ and the choristers within was inexpressibly touching. But they had, unfortunately, kept us five hours waiting, and the greater part of us were thoroughly exhausted and asleep before the service was over. The splendid anthem at the end, however, concluding with the Dead March, roused every one. The two most interesting-looking persons in my eyes were the Duke of Sussex and Wellington. I am longing to get away and see the cliffs and sea and all the delights of Devonshire.

In November he stood for the Balliol Scholarship, and was almost but not quite successful. A year later the prize was won, a little too easily, perhaps, for at the final examination for the Newcastle, in the spring of 1838, he failed to obtain either scholarship or medal. Whether the standard of the Eton examination differed from the standard of the examiners at Balliol, or whether on returning to school he was lazy and his work went back, he certainly allowed himself to be overtaken by some whom he had once left behind. It was a severe disappointment, and he took his defeat modestly and sensibly, but not without many self-reproaches. Three letters must suffice to illustrate the last two years at school.

EXETER COLL., OXON.

(Saturday Night, Nov. 27, 1837).

MY DEAREST FATHER,

The examination finished last night, to my horror, with a stiff paper of Greek Iambics. I never, as you know, was much of a hand at these things, but I was so regularly done up last night that I could not do them a bit. . . . This morning the scholarships were given out. A man of the name of Pritchard,¹ of no public school, got the first, and Tickell, a Rugby man, a very old and dear friend of mine, got the second. As Eton was fated not to have one I am very glad, indeed, of Tickell's success. There are few fellows I have a greater regard for, almost love. He was at Buckland's with me, where we were inseparable *cons.*; I was third, and the Master told me that they debated for a long time whether Tickell or I should have the second, and my Greek composition decided it against me. He was excessively complimentary, said he should admit me at once without any further examination; should I wish to be matriculated at once would make a point of keeping rooms for me; wished he had a third scholarship, etc. Pocock was sixth and Hobhouse ninth or tenth. I hope this is satisfactory to you. I assure you it is very much so to me, for I would much rather be where I am than have got one, and so have been forced into residence at Easter.

OXFORD OBSERVATORY

(November 24, 1838).

I was elected First Scholar yesterday, at a quarter before twelve at night, too late to put even a line into the post to tell you. Of course I am very much rejoiced, especially as the Master and every one tells me I was decidedly the first. I pray God I may be humble and unconceited like you. How I got it so easily I cannot conceive, for the examination was a very stiff one, and I answered my papers very little to my own satisfaction. Scott tells me that my English Essay was good, but "too declamatory," and that my style wants chastising. . . . Tell Uncle Henry and Uncle Patteson. I would rather have written to tell them myself, but I thought it troubling them for nothing when they can hear just as soon from you.

¹ Constantine Estlin Prichard, afterwards one of his most intimate friends.

4 MONTAGUE PLACE
(March 20, 1839).

I did not write to you early in the [Newcastle] Scholarship week, because in truth I had nothing to say, and since it has been decided I have no particular inducement. To say that I do not feel sold and disappointed would be to be guilty of the grossest hypocrisy, but I trust that I do not feel more than is right and proper. . . . I leave Eton altogether under the most completely cloudy auspices that ever man did. One thing alone consoles me, that I believe I have made several firm and faithful friends, and that, at all events, I have left few enemies. I am sure it would have gratified you to hear the way I was spoken of in Pop on Saturday, and the cheering with which everything was received. I got besides sixty-one leaving books. On the other hand, Hawtreys was barely civil when I took leave. On my honour I do not know why.

With my tutor everything is kindness, and, on my part, well-earned gratitude and I hope love. Such are the good and bad circumstances under which I leave. I fear the bad predominate. . . .

The "cloudy auspices" was, of course, a figure of speech, and the solid fact remained that he was a scholar of Balliol. But with John Duke Coleridge Eton, the "demi-paradise," was never a thing of the past. His uncle's house was always open to him, and it was seldom that a year went by when the Fourth of June or other solemnity did not invite his presence. He loved his old school too well not to perceive and to point out her blemishes as well as her charms, sometimes to the indignation of less critical enthusiasts. At the close of an article on Maxwell Lyte's *History of Eton College*, which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1877, he speaks out his full mind, but he speaks from the heart :

Friendships, the delight and honour of his life, memories, the treasures of the heart, the awakening of young imagination by majestic buildings and solemn services, the first sense of refinement in language, of beauty in form, of melody

in verse, which he there received and which he has never lost—all these echoes from a happy youth which still linger in the ear of age, and soothe while they linger—these are sufficient to account for the love of Eton in any man who knows it now, and who knew it when a boy. These men it is whom its vulgarities anger and its shortcomings distress. These men do not wish that it should flourish less, but that it should deserve to flourish more; and we, with them, should heartily rejoice if it would become, as it could become, the greatest intellectual seminary in the world, without ceasing to be the manliest and happiest of English schools.

CHAPTER IV

BALLIOL, 1839-1842

FAIR-HAIRED and tall, slim, but of stately mien,
Inheritor of a high poetic name,
Another, in the bright bloom of nineteen,
Fresh from the pleasant fields of Eton came :
Whate'er of beautiful or poet sung,
Or statesman uttered, round his memory clung ;
Before him shone resplendent heights of fame.

With friends around the board, no wit so fine
To wing the jest, the sparkling tale to tell ;
Yet ofttimes listening in St. Mary's shrine,
Profounder moods upon his spirit fell :
We heard him then, England has heard him since,
Uphold the fallen, make the guilty wince,
And the hushed Senate have confessed the spell.

Balliol Scholars. By J. C. SHAIRP.

AN Eton boy goes up to Oxford or Cambridge with mingled feelings, but more in sorrow than in pleasurable expectation of change and freedom. In recording one of his many revisitings to Oxford as Judge of Assize, Sir John Taylor Coleridge contrasts his present position as a personage of dignity and consequence with his feelings on a first arrival at Oxford, "at night, on the Bath coach, cold and cheerless, and, seemingly, without a friend." Thirty years afterwards his son passed from Eton to the University under very different circumstances, but with the same sense of loneliness and discomfiture. He had been a great man at Eton, surrounded by

"troops of friends," and now, for the first few weeks at Balliol, he was a freshman subject to the criticism and approval of his elders and betters, and noticed, or not, as they might please and determine. In 1839, Balliol had already entered into her inheritance, and was coming to be regarded as the home of "firsts in Greats." Dr. Richard Jenkyns, known as the "Little Master" or the "Mas," was Head of the House, and among the fellows and tutors were Archibald Campbell Tait, Robert Scott, Frederick Oakeley, W. G. Ward, Henry Wall, and E. C. Woollcombe. Among the senior scholars and commoners were Benjamin Jowett (who was elected a Fellow while still an undergraduate), Stafford H. Northcote, A. H. Clough, Constantine Estlin Prichard, E. A. Tickell, T. H. Farrer, William Rogers, and Arthur Hobhouse.

Frederick Temple, who was elected a Blundell scholar in 1838, and came into residence in May 1839, J. Manley Hawker, Charles Wellington Johnson (afterwards Furse), Edward Stuart, W. J. Farrer, and John Billingsley Seymour were contemporaries or came up to Balliol in the same year. Julius Shadwell, John Campbell Shairp, Matthew Arnold, and James Riddell date from 1840 and belong to Coleridge's second year at Oxford.

Balliol, as it now is, is almost a new college. Of the Balliol of 1839 nothing, I think, remains but the old hall, now the college library, part of the Master's Lodge, the Fisher Buildings, superscribed with their familiar legend "Verbum non amplius Fisher," and the shabbier half of "the new buildings" which face the Martyrs' Memorial. In 1839 the "Old Quad," which was spared so late as 1867, still

faced the Broad, the old chapel had not been sacrificed to Butterfield, but at right angles to the Fisher Buildings a block of "new buildings" had taken the place of "Rats' Castle," where, in 1794, Robert Southey "kept" and pantisocracy was talked into non-existence. Scholars and Commoners, all told, were eighty in number.

Perhaps I should remind my readers of one or two changes in University life which have taken place in the last sixty years.

Boating and cricket were, of course, then, as now, in the ascendant. Chances of bumping and of being bumped were eagerly discussed, and the "place on the river" communicated to absent and inquiring friends. But football was not, and of rackets there is no mention. Undergraduates took long walks "in twos," a practice still in vogue in the sixties, though walking parties were commoner, and they went in crowds, and with apparent regularity, to hear the University Sermons. Breakfasts and "wines" were on a small scale, but they ceased not, day in and day out. "Mods" (I once heard them spoken of by a lady as *Moderationes*) were not invented, and honourmen often took up both classics (fourteen Greek and Latin Books, Greek and Latin Compositions, History, Logic) and Mathematics for examination in the Final Schools. In Balliol then, as now, there was an hebdomadal essay, looked over, or, at any rate, initialled by the Master; and then, as in 1866-1870, there were "Catechetics" !¹

¹ "Catechetics" were answers to certain questions concerning Christian doctrine embodied in a course of lectures or sermons delivered on alternate Sundays in the College Chapel. They were

Oxford has been described as the "home of lost causes"! She has certainly been the nursing-mother of causes, and may even yet have other causes in her womb. The spring of 1839 was a critical epoch in that typical *cause* known as the Oxford Movement. It was the parting of the ways, when some began to "go out" from their spiritual home, and others would remain to rebuild the fallen places, and make good the breaches left by those who once had stood side by side with them, or led them to battle. It was a day of fear and of hope and of change, but, as yet, no one knew how much there was before them, or how great a change for good or evil was imminent. "Up to the spring of 1839," says Dean Church (*Oxford Movement*, 1892, p. 221), "Anglicanism, placed on an intellectual basis by Mr. Newman . . . could speak with confident and hopeful voice. . . . But a change was at hand. In the course of 1839 the little cloud showed itself in the outlook of the future; the little rift opened, small and hardly perceptible, which was to widen into an impassable gulf." The change is foreshadowed in Newman's correspondence. The letters written during the Long Vacation betray a different spirit from those which belong to the first half of the year. The famous letter to F. Rogers (Lord Blachford) in which he records "the first real hit for Romanism," "the opening of an uncomfortable vista, which was closed before," is dated Sept. 22, and, in a second letter dated Oct. 3, he argues on the assumption (not, of course, the conviction) that, on the question

compulsory, but the compulsion was formal rather than effective. Jowett allowed Catechetics to die a natural death.

of a possibility of grace being given to a schismatic church, "Rome is right!" Nevertheless, for another two years and more the Sunday afternoon sermons at St. Mary "led listening hearts along," and, among the listeners, a reverent and enthusiastic disciple, sat John Duke Coleridge. He came of a High Church stock and had been brought up on High Church principles. His father, who shrank from the violence of extremes, and believed himself to hold a middle course between his two friends, Arnold and Keble, none the less in his heart inclined to Keble. Whatever religious instruction he may have received at Eton in consequence of reforms attempted or instituted by such men as John Chapman, John Wilder, and his uncle, Edward Coleridge, was of a High Church complexion and tendency, and, in so far as a youth of eighteen could or would concern himself with theological questions at all, he was on the side of the Tractarians. But it needed neither early training nor inherited proclivities for a young and ardent spirit to be brought into captivity to Newman. The powers of the air combined to weave the spell and make it good. The "movement," the renascence of Catholicism, was an inevitable and all but irresistible influence. It flattered the intellect, touched and heightened the artistic sense, and last, but not least, set the authorities at defiance and seemed to put them to shame. Moreover, the effect upon conduct was palpable and not to be gainsaid. The professors and disciples of the "new learning" carried their doctrines into their daily life, and displayed as well as preached an outward refinement of manners, an inward purification of spirit. All this is told in

the books, in various histories of the Oxford Movement, in the lives and memoirs of the principal *dramatis personæ*, but, perhaps, there is no more abundant or convincing testimony to Newman's hold over Young Oxford than is to be derived from the letters of the young men who, consciously or unconsciously, were following their great leader. As time went on, John Duke Coleridge gathered round him a second "troop of friends," with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship, and who wrote to him during the vacations and when he was obliged to "stay down," owing to prolonged ill-health and suffering, in 1842. Among these friends were Temple, Shairp, Jowett, C. W. Johnson, Constantine Estlin Prichard, John Fielder Mackarness, John Billingsley Seymour, J. Manley Hawker. Their letters, which are perfectly free and natural, speak for the writers and speak well. They are redolent of Oxford and the schools, and they display, the gravity, and infallibility of youth; but of the constraint, the reserve, the morbid scrupulosity, the shadows cast by the new lights, there is little or no trace. The story of the movement as told in *The History of my Religious Opinions*, and by others, friends or apologists or critics, does not, in all respects, commend itself to blunter and less subtle interpreters and appraisers, but there can be no doubt that, with rare exceptions, the generation of undergraduates who sat at the feet of Newman were not only "touched with emotion" but were good "absolutely."

It was no wonder that a youth of parts and of some performance, who had been "monarch of all he surveyed," at Eton, and was more than half

persuaded "that whatever he did not know was not knowledge," was ill at ease in his new surroundings.

He was a spirit, a temper, peculiar to the time and place which at first he could not understand and was inclined to resent. To borrow a great phrase which I have already quoted, "a vista which had been closed before" was now open, and the subject was "uncomfortable." But he was soon overcome under the spell, to drink in the "new teaching," and to regard the new standard of thought and word and deed as the chief end and aim of his existence. He was, from the first, a person to be reckoned with, sure of a certain reputation, serious and argumentative, but, as his letters show, was careless, unformed, and, as he would have been the first to admit, quite wholesomely ignorant. A year later, and not only had he acquired taste and knowledge, and learnt to think and write as a student of letters, but it is plain that he had "got religion." The genius, the penetration, the sanctity, perhaps, too, the *cironeia* of Newman drew him under an irresistible spell, and never relaxed their

I do not think that in spite of some inclination and many fancies Romewards, his reason would ever have permitted him to follow Newman's teaching to Newman's conclusions, but, through a happy modification and change of doctrine and faith, he loved and honoured the man, and believed that he was "a teacher sent from God."

Newmanism, in all its bearings and with all its elements, æsthetic, ethical and spiritual, left its mark upon his inward being, qualifying and modifying the instincts, the faculties, and even the ambitions of the whole man. It was not altogether

a benignant influence, for it set up a division between the law of his conscience and the inevitable development of mind and character. But it is a "vain endeavour" to take *any* man to pieces and to "understand him altogether," let alone a man of genius; and it is sufficient to note that the gravity, the fixed resolve to lead the higher life, the narrow and somewhat contemptuous ecclesiasticism of Coleridge's youth and early manhood, were the outcome of those "dawn-golden times" when the Heavens opened and revealed the Church!

One function, perhaps the most important, of the biographer is to deploy his dates and to break up confused masses of persons and events. Time, like distance, groups the actors and the various features of a succession of scenes into a more or less harmonized composition. It is convenient, but it is misleading. If we would realise the past, we must break it into bits, and handle them piecemeal; we must think and speak by the calendar. John Duke Coleridge came into residence at Balliol in April 1839, but many terms passed before he had grown into his new surroundings, and taken his place among a notable group of distinguished "Balliol Scholars." His friendship with the Eton men whom he found at Balliol, and to whom he was considerably junior, T. H. Farrer, William Rogers and Arthur Hobhouse, was of somewhat later date. They were third-year men, and, apart from being old schoolfellows, practically out of reach of a freshman. He had no occasion to correspond with new acquaintances, even in the vacations, and the only letters of this period which have come under my notice are those to and from his father, and a few from old

school-friends whom he had left behind at Eton, such as Julius Shadwell and J. F. Mackarness.

One letter dated May 12, 1838 (1839), from one of his old fags, contains a precious record of the Oxford freshman as he appeared to the imagination of his juniors. "I have heard," he writes, "from several fellows that you are quite the dandy and sport a blue coat with a velvet collar, and chains innumerable, and that, to use your own expression, 'if gold chains and silk and satin make a man, you are made.''" If this is a true bill he should have had a fellow-feeling for "Old Shairp's" rainbow waistcoats, which he afterwards commemorated in kindly jest.

It is only fair to add that another correspondent, Julius Shadwell, promises to read Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* on his recommendation, and that another, his future brother-in-law, John Fielder Mackarness, records a peculiar and interesting experience which befell him when he was "up for the Balliol" in November 1838: "I have come to the conclusion that your voice is very melodious; your reading of Bishop Horsley's sermon is perpetually in my ears; I am reading him in consequence, but it wants the adjuncts which your tones seemed to give, when I heard him in your rooms at Oxford." I can remember a like occasion, in 1865, a first introduction to *The Blessed Damozel*, and to Browning's *Grammarians' Funeral*, but I have never heard "a Balliol gentleman," to quote a time-honoured phrase, read Bishop Horsley's or any other sermons.

He must still have been wearing the willow for Eton, as another sentence in the same letter suggests "The Provost told me the other day when I was

dining with him that he preferred our Eton Bells to the sound of Great Tom ; do you go so far as that ? ” But we may suspect that by this time he was suffering from no “ too real woes.” If we may trust to his own confessions and expressions of penitence, he wasted his time during his first year at Oxford, failed to get up his books, vacillated between classics and mathematics, read a little divinity, thought of taking lessons in German, and debated with himself whether he should not devote his spare energies to Sanskrit. Truth to tell, he does not seem to have submitted to the yoke, or set himself from the first to sacrifice everything for a First Class in the Schools. Unfortunately he lacked the stimulus of necessity. He was not extravagant for his means and position, but he could afford money for such refinements as line engravings of Madonnas and casts from the antique, and he could or would make time for reading the finely-bound editions of the works of poets, historians and divines which he had begun to collect at Eton, and then, and always, possessed and read. Unlike another west country lad, who came to Balliol at the same time and played the part of the industrious apprentice, he was not obliged to read by the light of other men’s candles.¹ But he must be judged out of his own mouth, for it is improbable that, apart from his letters home, there is any other record of his first term at Balliol.

BALLIOL, OXFORD,

April 15, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Here I am a freshman, as unsettled and comparatively speaking as miserable, as freshmen usually, I believe, are.

¹ There is a legend, a golden legend, that Jowett invited Temple

I fear this place will never suit me, and that my time here will not be either agreeable or profitable. You will probably say that it is just like my haste and presumption to express an opinion upon three days' acquaintance with a place. I think, however, that I have seen enough to form a judgment as to the style of the society, and the customs of the University. I fear they will never do for me. I don't like the form and ceremony that seems necessary for doing everything. Besides, I am never at my ease here. I have no one, whatever you may think, and however you may smile, I say, I have no one to whom I dare communicate what is passing in my mind. . . . Everybody, however, is very civil, some men rather peculiarly so ; but you know as well as I do that that will not do alone. There is felt a vacancy, a want of something which I was lucky enough to have all the time I was at Eton, and, latterly, to a great degree. All this is very sentimental and absurd, no doubt, but it is a sort of relief to have even written it, and I think I can guarantee you against its recurrence.

Now then for business. I have very good rooms indeed, for first rooms, and shall probably not change for some time.

All my books are come, but are not yet unpacked, and my pictures. This puts me in mind that as you said you would you give me the framing of your engraving, I wish you would have it done at once,¹ and send it me down as soon as it is ready, and also that you would dimitt my Venus de Medici and Apollo Belvidere, which have never been unpacked since they came from Devonshire. I have two jolly niches for them. . . . I am getting crockery, knives, and so on, of my scout, which every one tells me is the most economical way. He seems a very civil obliging fellow, but, I suppose, like the genus scout, he is a ravening wolf in sheepish apparel. We are to have a grand commemoration. I hear Grisi is engaged. Tait is my tutor and not Scott.² . . . I mean to court *mathesis*.

I wish, if you by chance see a cheap cast of Canova's Magdalen, you would buy it for me, provided you think it

to burn his midnight oil that " the poorer of the two " might eke out his own.

¹ His father replied that " like greater men " he must wait for the frame till he got it from the framer.

² Robert Scott, 1811-1887, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, 1835-1840; Master of Balliol, 1854-1870; Dean of Rochester, 1870-1887.

decent (I mean in execution.) I got my portmanteau. You shall hear again soon.

From your most affectionate and dutiful son,
JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

BALL. COLL. OXON.

May 7, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

As to what you say about my frame and waiting, I deny *in toto* that there exists anywhere a greater man than a scholar of Balliol, and, therefore, any reasoning from less to greater is, as your logic should tell you, utterly fallacious.

Now then as to my rooms. They are in the First Quad, "No. 2, two pair right," as the porter succinctly describes it, and, as I have before said, consist of a very good sitting-room and bedroom, one over the other, and a third, something between a cupboard and a room. I am in fourteen lectures a week, which you see is harder work than even at Eton. I am in Thucydides, Rhetoric and History with Tait, Acts of the Apostles with Scott, and composition with the Master, Tait, and Scott, all three; and Mathematics with Ward. I like Scott and the Master very much indeed. The Master is very kind and civil, and Scott is a man quite after my tutor's stamp, and therefore, of course, good. His manner is not so agreeable nearly. He is very sarcastic and contemptuous to those who offend or annoy him, and bitter to a degree upon anything that he thinks the least deviation from the straight course. But his heart is quite in the right place. He will do anything for you and mind no trouble or labour. You, perhaps, have heard that he is translating and adding to Passow's enormous Greek Lexicon,¹ and yet, in spite of this, with all his lectures, and only having the evening to himself, he will give one an hour whenever one likes to go, and give it cheerfully and kindly too. Then as to accurate and general scholarship, in critical acuteness and deep reading I should think there were few men of his age to be compared with Robert Scott. Altogether he is a very jolly bird, and the more I know of him, the more I respect and like him.

I don't much like Tait. He is a splendid Aristotelian, clearheaded, expressing himself beautifully, and a hard

¹ "We at first thought of a translation of Passow's work with additions."—Preface to *Liddell and Scott*, July 1843.

thinker, but he is very uncourteous, not a bit of a scholar, and altogether, in my opinion, too much of a Don.

I see by the papers that the Exhibition is not considered very good this year, and that Etty has another naked affair in it. How differently the present age paints naked figures from Correggio or any of those old birds! By the way, have you seen a beautiful print, engraved in line by Felsing from a Holy Family of Overbeck, one of the new Düsseldorf school. It is a most splendid thing. So grand and yet so beautifully finished, like Lionardo or Raffaele. These Düsseldorf men really are approaching the old masters. You know they went to Rome and instead of studying Raffaele himself, they studied the older painters upon whom he formed his paintings. I wish we had some such in England. Do look at the print if you see it. The engraving is a very fine one as well as the picture. Keble reads his lecture next Tuesday at half-past two. I shall certainly go and should have gone independent of your wish, which, however, is quite enough. All those who have heard him like the lectures very much. One on the Prometheus is greatly talked of. . . . I will write again. In the meantime,

Best love from your affectionate

J. D. COLERIDGE.

BALL. COLL. OXON.

May 26, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I received your letter this morning only. Tom Acland¹ was down here the other day and I passed a very nice evening with him at All Souls. He was full of education schemes and seemed to be quite looked up to by Scott, Sewell,² Tait and men of that sort. The Government measure will, I trust, defeat itself. I think, if I understand it, which perhaps I don't, it is the most iniquitous thing they have yet done. It seems *prima facie* completely unchristian.

Collections³ are drawing dreadfully near, and I am

¹ Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., 1809-1898, of Killerton, Broad Clyst; M.P. North Devon, 1865-1885; created a Privy Councillor, 1883.

² William Sewell, 1804-1874, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, 1827; Warden of Radley, 1852-1860.

³ "Collections" were terminal examinations to which Balliol dons attached some importance. They were enforced, but the ordeal

shockingly unprepared. However, I console myself by thinking that all when they first come up must be freshmen, and that all freshmen waste their first term. I like the Master and Scott very much, and Tait and I get on pretty well, but I don't like him. For one thing he is a Scotchman, and, like the generality of Scotchmen, prejudiced and unpleasant. Besides, he is *very* low church, and affects to vilipend Newman, a man worth fifty Tait's, if they were fifty times as good. I heard a beautiful sermon at St. Mary's to-day from Mr. Gresley (who has written a very nice book on the character of a churchman)¹ on the necessity of moderation in all things, particularly in religious controversies, and at the present time. I had the honour of breakfasting with Keble the other day, where I met Newman. I don't care whether he is right or wrong in his opinions, I know that personally I never saw so fascinating a man in a quiet way. He is so mild and so apostolic. I feel sure I shall be a Newmanite, when I come to be anything, and, perhaps, sooner than anything else.

My scheme about Stephen Hawtrey² was simply this. I wrote some time ago to my tutor to desire him to sound Stephen on the subject. He wrote me that he seemed to like the thought of it very much, if I could join his family in Guernsey. S. H. could, I believe, help me on in German, too, which Scott wants me to learn, "as," he says, "it would be so agreeable to read together next term." Is it not kind of him? Payne³ asked me to breakfast the other day, and I have heard Oakeley play on the piano, which, certainly, is most wonderful. . . . I was a very easy second without going the least hard in a sculling sweepstakes we had the other day. They would not let me start in my own boat, but in an Oxford skiff; else, I think, I could have won, but it was not worth while pulling hard for. When, O when, shall you decide about the house?

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

could be avoided. Jowett wished to make them "a progressive test of work, extending over the whole course." But the experiment was not a success.—*Life of Benjamin Jowett*, 1897, ii. 20, n.

¹ *Portrait of an English Churchman*, by the Rev. William Gresley, 1838.

² Cousin to Edward Hawtrey, Headmaster and afterwards Provost. He had recently been appointed mathematical master at Eton, a daring innovation on the earlier *régime*.

³ P. S. H. Payne, who died 1841.

During the Long Vacation he accompanied his father as marshal for the first half of the Western Circuit. There were numerous "Chartist Cases" to try, and, at Devizes, the Judge delivered a charge on which he was "much complimented." "It is not," he adds, "half what was in my head to say, through a fear of going beyond my line, and imperfectly executing what I wished to do, namely, stirring up the gentry on behalf of the lower orders, and more kindly communion with them." "Chartist Cases" must have given the marshal, who was a reader of Carlyle, and had already begun to consider political questions on their own merits, some cause for reflection.¹ During the "Winchester Week," the Saturday to Monday was spent at Hursley with that "amiable and delightful person," Sir William Heathcote,² and then it must have been that he laid the foundations of a friendship which was taken up on trust in the way of inheritance, and, in spite of difference of age, and divergence of politics, and of religious opinions, was continued for more than forty years.

Towards the end of July he deputed his marshalship to Stafford Northcote, and started for Guernsey. A son of the Governor, Sir James Douglas, was to go to Eton in September, and it was arranged that

¹ *Proceedings of the Oxford Union Society*, November 25, 1840. Mr. Coleridge moved "That the rise of Chartism was natural, and that its increase is to be expected." In connection with this subject it is interesting to note that about this time J. D. Coleridge inserted in his commonplace book a copy of Kingsley's *Poacher's Widow*, then entitled "A Rough Rhyme on a rough matter," and the Chartist songs which were published in *Yeast*. Of his dislike and disapproval of *Yeast* and of *Hypatia* we shall hear later on, but in pleading for justice to the Chartists Kingsley touched a sympathetic chord.

² The Right Hon. Sir William Heathcote, Bart., *vide post*, p. 226.

the Balliol scholar should coach the boy and be coached himself in mathematics by Stephen Hawtrey, whose family lived in the island. Nothing could have been more successful. Mathematics of a sort were read at intervals, and the "pupil teacher" won golden opinions from the Governor, from the Bishop of Winchester, then on a tour through the island, and even from his pupil himself, who reported to his new schoolfellows at Eton that the holiday tutor had never once lost his temper. Little did that pupil know of the feelings, relieved in letters home, of that long-suffering tutor. There were, however, alleviations. Mention is made of young ladies, or of "a still more formidable young lady." His father treated the subject with a painful and almost incredible levity. "I suppose," he writes, "it is not the first time you have been in love, and I daresay will not be the last by a score. I should advise you, if you are very desperate, to let off a sonnet or two. My dear good father always ordered doses of *glauber* salts; perhaps, for general constitutions, his was the best regimen. Your idiosyncrasy may require the sonnet also." Happily, however, the attack passed off without the exhibition of either remedy.

At the close of the Long Vacation (Michaelmas Day, 1839) Sir John Taylor Coleridge took possession of his father's house and property at Ottery St. Mary. His mother, the widow of Colonel Coleridge, died August 5, 1838, and, after some deliberation, the bulk of the real estate fell to her eldest son, James Duke Coleridge, the Rector of Lawhitton in Cornwall. In the course of the next year (1839) the Bishop of Exeter offered to collate James to the

Rectory of Thorverton, near Exeter, and as the upkeep of Heath's Court was somewhat beyond his means, he determined to resign his preferment in Cornwall, and to sell house and "policies" to his younger brother. The Judge, who had foregone Heath's Court without a murmur, though not without a sigh, and had made up his mind to build on a large scale on his farm at Ladywell, welcomed his brother's proposals, and on becoming "beneficial owner" congratulates himself as warmly as delicacy permitted.

Once more, I date [he writes,] from this place (Heath's Court, Sunday, October 6, 1839), and as the owner of it! When I quitted it last year, and wrote in this book on so doing, I little expected to have had my long-formed desires so accomplished. This has been God's will for me; I have in no shape stirred in it for myself, neither suggesting, advising, nor asking it of James. . . . I humbly hope, therefore, that I may receive it as a dispensation of good towards me, it may be of trial. . . . I will do all the good I can, and set as good an example. To-day, vi., as Sacrament Sunday—my dear sister [Lady Patteson] writes to me from Ipswich, and rejoices that I can begin a new career with that blessed rite.

Plans were drawn up for enlarging the house, and improving and adding to the gardens, and, as son and heir, John Duke was more or less consulted, and, at any rate, formed and expressed some very decided opinions. Henceforward the "making" of Heath's Court was an object and an ambition. He was not born at Ottery, and Heath's Court was not the home of his childhood, but, in spite of some characteristic gibes and some interludes of depreciation, he loved the "roof-tree" which his grandfather had set up, and loved it, increasingly, to his life's end.

I must leave him to tell in his own words the story

of his second term at Balliol and of the inception of the *Eton Bureau*, which was not launched on its brief career till 1842.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

Friday, August 30, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

. . . I like immensely the idea of grubbing up those shabby old apple trees and increasing "the grounds." I thought you contemplated pulling down the music-room. . . . All this, however, I suppose I shall understand better when I am with you. In the meanwhile, my dear father, may God grant you many and many a year to enjoy it. Don't be afraid to live. I'll promise not to covet or desire during your life.

I suppose you must have read the three great speeches in the Lords on the review of the session. How true it is, of some happy few, that the statement of their case is half their argument! How utterly Lord Melbourne failed before Lord Lyndhurst! A few very bitter, sarcastic, and well-expressed *tu quoques* seem to be all he had to oppose to the splendid speech against him. And, then, Brougham richer, if possible, than ever, and evidently impromptu. It must have been a rich treat for the listeners. . . .

As to Irish matters, what I told you in my last is being confirmed, either directly or indirectly, every day. I *fear* (mind, I only as yet fear, I am not sure) that I should vote for the Appropriation Clause. There do seem to be such gross and flagrant violations of every principle in the present system. I never can get over the fact of 900,000 getting the tithes of eight millions. Do tell me some reasonable argument to get over this. I am afraid that the argument that England and Ireland are one country, and that, therefore, it is perfectly fair, is put an end to by Brougham's pithy exclamation "Good God! What a contempt of physical boundary!" Is it not so?

BALL. COLL. OXON.

October 20, 1839.

I think I shall go for the Ireland, not of course having the remotest chance of success, but because *accurate* scholarship is what I am much in want of. I am in no science lectures this term, rather upon the strength of my going up for this scholarship. I am in Agamemnon lectures with Scott, which is really delightful, in Thucydides with him,

and in history and divinity with Tait, so that I have the cream of both of them and like it much.

I have nearly finished Benvenuto Cellini. It is a very remarkable work, I think, in many ways. In the first place it is the account of a real genius struggling against innumerable difficulties, and certainly very manfully and successfully. Such an account is always interesting. Then the remarkable way in which the Roman religion allows him to console himself for his many murders is very striking. I have not yet finished, and he already has killed his dozen men or thereabouts. With all this, he is devout after his fashion. His murders sit perfectly easy on his conscience, and he is constantly impressing on his readers the somewhat startling fact that he is rather a good man than otherwise, and, beyond all question, a decided favourite with the Almighty.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his MOTHER.

BALL. COLL. OXON.

Saturday, November 3, 1839.

Of course you came by steam from Mr. Dyson's and have long ere this declared eternal war upon all turnpike road travelling. At all events steam is getting the highest patronage. Think of the Queen, not the little radical, but the Tory Dowager, going by steam. Has not that converted you? . . .

I am very sorry to hear that you could not go to Killerton. Tom Acland is up here, and was very kind to me when I met him the other day, sorry I could not come to him and the like. Herman Merivale *unbeared* himself for five minutes, which I looked upon as a great thing. His political lectures were, I understand, exceedingly able and good. I could only go to one and was very much pleased with that.

They are founding, or rather they have founded and are going to build, a Modern Language College just opposite the new-buildings end of Balliol, when they are to have professors, and so on, and some people are very sanguine as to their expectations of good results from it. One thing is certain, it will be a capital thing for the rooms in Balliol which look that way. They have been beautifully restoring St. Mary Magdalen Church, and if the new college is a handsome building it will make Balliol one of the nicest colleges in Oxford, in point of prospect. We Balliol men therefore earnestly desire the success of the new college. Thus is it ever. . .

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

BALL. COLL. OXON.

Nov. 26, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

. . . Would that I could give anything like a satisfactory account of myself, but I fear I cannot. Something I am doing, but only something, in fact lamentably little. . . . But I am really unsettled. I am bandied about by any strong mind from one determination to another, so that I may compare myself to a wave of the sea, or a shuttlecock, or, in short, anything which moves as others move it without much discernment of its own in the matter. . . .

In the midst of all this an answering chord in both our hearts was struck by Northcote, the other night, when he was sitting here with me. I had often thought when I was at Eton, and occasionally since I have been at Oxford, how nice another "Etonian" would be. We discussed this, and as Mackarness was coming up from Eton to stand at Balliol, we fixed on him as Editor of the embryo work and opened our communications with him when we saw him during the examination. The bait took, and the thing was in a dark, unpractical, visionary sort of way sketched out. Last night Farrer came here, and I, with Northcote's sanction, opened the design to him and asked him for his opinion and advice. He pointed out the danger of our writing young. . . . He strongly recommended taking your advice both as to the principle of young men writing at all, and as to the particular case of your son J. D. C. He had, to-day, the same talk, with the same results, to Northcote, and he, too, wishes to know your opinion. I need not say that I myself eagerly desire it and shall implicitly abide by it, whatever it may be. I believe we shall settle nothing for certain till we hear from you. . . . Though my reason is convinced, yet let me say that, as yet, all my feelings are on the side of the scheme. I should like it *Diis modo juvantibus*.

I heard Pusey again yesterday. He preached for Newman in the afternoon service. A most beautiful display, infinitely more to my taste than the sermon he preached before the University at Ch. Ch., though that was very good. Hampden preached in the morning—such a contrast I think I never heard or saw, but it was carried in my mind infinitely in Pusey's favour.

At the close of the year, December 26, 1838, his father passes judgment on him. "I must . . . speak

well of John. He is a real comfort to me, and a very pleasant companion, but I am *very* anxious about his Oxford career. He is surrounded by snares in his own conversational talents and general knowledge, his desultory habits of reading, and his ability as a speaker. He is also . . . far too fond of argumentation ;" and again, a few days later, January 2, 1840, " John is, I think, turning out a well-informed and well-conducted man, at the least, and I have good hopes that he will even go higher than that . . . faults he has still, and his very good qualities are, in some respects, snares to him ; but my mind is upon him, he has excellent friends at Oxford and a tutor quite alive to his defects, whom he has a great respect for."

His " ability as a speaker " is the keynote of the theme. It is evident that whatever else he might resolve to attempt, or school himself into attempting, his gift of speech would compel him to perfect and to employ himself as a speaker. No doubt the fame of his oratory at " Pop," and of speeches delivered on the Fourth of June, had gone before him, and would inspire him with the ambition of capturing a more critical audience. Despite the proverb, he was a born orator, but, none the less, he set himself to finish what nature had begun.

In a commonplace book begun at Eton and continued at Balliol and after, I find amongst Greek and Latin verses, College essays, &c., extracts from Cicero, from Bacon, from Webster, from Newman, to be learned by heart, and, if possible, assimilated. He formed his style deliberately, taking infinite pains to acquire a command of language and a certain peculiar refinement of utterance. A memory that

never failed him, and a certain quality of voice came to him as free gifts, but the management and modulation of tones, and the last, the greatest art, to conceal his method, and to declaim in public as he would speak in private, were the rewards of industry and perseverance. The silvern speech was "a miracle of rare device."

He does not seem to have taken any conspicuous part in the debates at the Oxford Union till the end of his second term. On November 28 he spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave trade, and on December 5 against a motion condemning the "recent admission of Papists to the Privy Councils." His advocacy on both occasions was characteristic, and, to judge from his father's comments on his "reputation," he scored a success. It was not, however, till the third or fourth debate of Lent Term, 1840, that he won his first triumph as a speaker. At this time a party question had arisen with regard to parliamentary privilege. In a "Report of the Inspectors of Prisons" published in 1836, Hansard had included some scathing comments on certain obscene and scandalous works issued by John Joseph Stockdale (*e.g.*, the *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*), and had been sued for libel, with the result that the plaintiff had ultimately obtained a verdict in his favour. A second trial took place in 1839, and, as the case went against him, Hansard pleaded that the publication, which had been printed by an order of the House of Commons, was privileged. The plaintiff appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, and the Judges, Lord Denman, Mr. Justice Coleridge, and Baron Platt, granted a rule which was afterwards made absolute, that the Sheriffs were to put the

verdict into execution and obtain costs from Hansard. The House of Commons, that is, the Whig majority in the House, at once committed Stockdale to Newgate, "without hearing him," so writes Mr. Justice Coleridge, "and on evidence taken behind his back;" and, a few days later, imprisoned the Sheriffs and their subordinates. Party feeling ran high. The Radicals were all for privilege, whilst the Tories were concerned for the liberty of the subject. With the judges there was a flutter of speculation with regard to their own position and probable fate. "I would not," he writes, "retire a step I have taken. One thing, however, does mortify me, and that is the public apathy in a cause which touches English Freedom so nearly. I fancy the Commons might have sent us to Newgate, and the world would have risen, dined, and gone to bed with much the same complacency."

At the Oxford Union, Thursday, February 27, 1840, a motion was brought forward "That the recent proceedings in the House of Commons in professed vindication of their privilege is utterly subversive of the true principles of the Constitution." Mr. Coleridge spoke in "the affirmative;" and, if we may judge from a paragraph in the *Morning Post* (March 3), with considerable effect:

Among the most powerful opponents of arbitrary privilege was Mr. C., the son of a learned judge, who gained one of the Balliol scholarships at the last election. He is one of the most promising men in Oxford, and is at least the "star" at the Union, if we may judge from the crowded state of the house when he is expected to speak, and the sudden clearing away when he sits down. His appearance is very prepossessing, and his voice is full, clear and exquisitely musical. He has, perhaps, too little variation of tone, and scarcely any action. His arguments are neatly

put, his ideas frequently of extreme beauty, his language generally well chosen, though he sometimes hurls a poor Latin word into the middle of an English sentence, where it looks like a most uncouth stranger. The numbers in the division were fifty to nine in favour of the motion.

It is worth noting that this "promising man" was just nineteen years and four months old when he had earned this public recognition of his talents, and that as long as he lived he had only to open his lips to be listened to with pleasure and admiration. It was the remarkable beginning of a great career. A reputation which had travelled beyond Oxford was certain to command attention in Oxford itself. At the end of the summer term (July 5, 1840) his father, who had regretted, or tried to regret the paragraph in the *Morning Post*, now speaks with some enthusiasm of his son's position and prospects: "John came home on Thursday in good cue. . . . It is evident that he has attained to much consideration at Oxford, and has high reputation for ability and general knowledge. He is reckoned the best speaker there, has been elected without his own knowledge into a select society of elder men, he and another being the only undergraduates." This was the "Decade" celebrated once for all by Lord Coleridge himself in his *In Memoriam* notice of John Campbell Shairp.

There was a society called the Decade in those days (a Balliol scout long since gone to his rest persisted in embodying the external world's judgment on it by always calling it the Decayed) which I think did a good deal for the mental education of those who belonged to it, of those of us, at least, who came from public schools, where we were taught to construe, to say by heart, to write verses, and Greek and Latin prose, but where our minds were allowed to lie fallow and to grow on, unclouded by thought, in an atmosphere of severe and healthy unintelligence. Who has the books of

the Decade I do not know, and I cannot pretend from memory to give a list of its members. But amongst them, Shairp found when he joined it, Sir Benjamin Brodie (the second Baronet), Deans Church, Lake and Stanley, Bishop Temple [Temple must have been the second undergraduate member, in July 1840], the present Master of Balliol [Jowett], Arthur Clough, Matthew Arnold, James Riddell, John Seymour, I think Lord Lingen [a mistake], Constantine Prichard, Theodore Walrond, Canon Butler, and a number more whose names have faded from a memory decaying, or perhaps, like the club, decayed. We met in one another's rooms. We discussed all things, human and divine. We thought we stripped things to the very bone, we believed we dragged recondite truths into the light of common day and subjected them to the scrutiny of what we were pleased to call our minds. We fought to the very stumps of our intellects, and I believe that many of us, I can speak for one, would gladly admit that many a fruitful seed of knowledge, of taste, of cultivation, was sown on those pleasant, if somewhat pugnacious evenings.¹

The first year at the University had gone by without much evidence of any severe application to what his father calls the "Oxford Course." During the summer term he had taken part in three debates at the Union. In the first, as in duty bound, he had upheld the Conservative party; in the second, with some inconsistency, he had voted for the introduction of the ballot; and in a third he spoke up for one of the "gods of his idolatry," Cicero. But all that remained of the "flying terms" in the way of University distinction was a general reputation for cleverness and ability. His position as a Balliol scholar, a distinguished member of a distinguished group, was by this time fully established. The old Eton friends were coming up to the University, and he was making new friends of a different and dissimilar upbringing, who were to enter into, and to

¹ *Principal Shairp and His Friends*, By William Knight. 1888. Pp. 411, 412.

form a part of his future life. From Eton (in 1839) came Charles Wellington Johnson, Edward Stuart, J. B. Seymour, and W. J. Farrer, "the old Eton party again"; and, in 1840, there was a fresh batch of Etonians, Julius Shadwell, J. C. Keate, and Alfred Pott, then spoken of as the "Etruscan Vase," and, later, as Archdeacon Pott. Others, too, who were not of Eton, J. Manley Hawker, J. C. Shairp and Matthew Arnold, came up in 1840, widening and completing the circle of friends. The Annus Mirabilis of Balliol scholars, the zenith of the golden prime, must have been the year 1841, a day later than the Balliol of Tait and Stanley, of Lake and Jowett, and many days before the Balliol of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, of Donald Owen, and T. F. Freemantle, of Blaydes (C. S. Calverley),—the Balliol (or *Balliolised* Oxford) which Clough's unspeakable, enchanted Bothie "made famous."

It was the year before Arnold died, the year before Newman gave up preaching at St. Mary's. In the Church, men's hearts were failing them for fear as to the evolution of the Tractarians, and, in the State, the increase of Chartism was unsettling fixed beliefs and awakening a spirit of inquiry. There is no record of the Table Talk at the Scholars' Table in Hall at Balliol, nor, it would appear, are the books of the "Decade" extant, but there was plenty to talk about, and we may be sure that no one talked more vehemently or more eloquently than the "slim youth" from Eton of demure, but withal "prepossessing appearance." Church matters were nearest to his heart, if we may judge from the following letter to his father which belongs to the end of 1840 :

BALL. COLL. OXON.

October 19, 1840.

. . . I saw the Master of the Temple¹ at our University sermon and at Newman's service yesterday. I should think that a month's residence in Oxford would do him all the good in the world ; certainly, it seems to be generally allowed that he failed completely in his encounter with the Tractarians as he called them. I had a very interesting walk with Balston when I was at Eton. He is reading for Orders and his views and feelings on this most important subject as well as others are very remarkable. Indeed the whole set of rising young masters at Eton present a striking contrast to the set now going off the stage, my tutor alone excepted, very much to the disadvantage of the elder set ; and it is very curious to see how the young men themselves trace their first impressions of duty and the necessity of obedience and high principles to the great lights of Oxford. Whatever may be their errors, if they have contributed to Christianize (as indirectly it would appear) the first school in England, no one but must be highly thankful and grateful to them. . . .

I have come back here with the usual ante-terminal resolutions which will no doubt end in the usual post-terminal list of futilities. The pavement of Hell will, I fear, be increased by me, as it has already so often been. . . .

Shadwell and Seymour are up here, and Mackarness comes to reside on Wednesday, so that we shall be quite the old party again.

So far his sole achievement is the faculty of brilliant speech. He finds it pleasant to indulge this faculty both in public and in private, but his heart is in the development and prevalence of the principles and practice of the counter-reformation—the *Credo in Newmannum*.

¹ Christopher Benson, 1789-1868, was a Canon of Worcester and Master of the Temple. "He belongs to the broader evangelical school, and in a series of discourses upon Tradition, etc., preached at the Temple, he criticised the . . . Oxford movement." He is credited with the invention of the name or byword "Tractarian."
—*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*

CHAPTER V

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

TIME was when undergraduates sat for fellowships, and before he was half-way through his reading for Greats, Coleridge began to consider his future prospects and to weigh the merits and demerits of the several colleges. Nothing would induce him, even if he had the chance, to join "the aristocratic whist-club" at All Souls, and to offer himself at Balliol would be the height of presumption, but, possibly, when he had taken his degree he might be successful at Exeter or Merton. A fellowship at Merton was the height of his ambition, and as a possible means to that end he determined to write for the English prize poem. "The Sandwich Islands," the subject for the Newdigate for 1841, was not without its charms or its opportunities for a lover of poetry who was steeped in Homer and Virgil and Ovid, to say nothing of Scott and Byron, and who regarded himself as an admirer of Shelley and Wordsworth. He seems to have taken a great deal of pains with the composition of his poem, and to have added a string or tail of notes. Jowett thought well of his verses and encouraged him to go on, and his father, who read the poem, regarded it as a hopeful

attempt and likely to win the prize. The verses run smoothly and there is a largeness and a grasp in the presentation of the subject as a whole, but the style and diction are of the Eton of the Thirties, and, by no means, of the Balliol of the Forties. The Time Spirit was against him as, from an opposite cause, it had been against his cousin Hartley Coleridge, who failed to win the Newdigate in 1817 and 1818; and, as he had feared, the prize fell to a schoolfellow, Pocock of Merton.

The opening lines and a lament for the passing away of savage peoples may serve as specimens of the poem :

'Mid the vext surges of the Southern sea
Where Nature smiles and winds breathe light and free,
Like fairy clouds becalmed in summer's sky,
Land of the blest, thy favoured islands lie ;
Amid the vast Pacific's billowy flow,
Here fruits unbidden, flowers untended blow.

* * * * *

Not Libya's fabled soil more blest than thine,
Ausonia's golden skies not more divine ;
The shadowy hill, green plain and forest tall,
The blue lagoon, the dashing waterfall,
In strange yet lovely contrast here unite.

* * * * *

[The Decay of the Islanders.]

And must they pass away, and must they fade,
As falling leaves lay bare the forest glade ?
Nought dies in Nature, but for ever gay
Life springs from Death and beauty from decay.
And this vast frame unharmed and fresh hath stood,
For ever dying, ever still renewed ;
But, still, where'er the white man's footsteps stray
The ancient tribes before him fade away,
Like winter's snows before the summer sun,
All unrenewed, as though their work were done.

Possibly because time was passing by and he was behindhand with his books for Greats, his father

decided that "John Duke should read with Jowett, a fellow of his college," who intended to pass the greater part of the long vacation in Germany. His first impressions of the Continent are worth reading. His letters show a marked improvement in style and an increasing thoughtfulness of tone and feeling. Out of reach of his friends and removed from the temptations of social display, he seems to have taken stock of himself and to have resolved to employ his time and talents to a better purpose than heretofore. The desire and the attempt to fulfil the loftiest ideals were, no doubt, the response to Newman's teaching, and betray the working of a difficult and over-sensitive conscience. But it was on these lines that the man had to build up his character and work out his own salvation. It was beyond his power *not* to strain after ideals, and, with whatever defects and shortcomings, and in spite of the distraction of temperament and genius, he ended as he began—a lover and upholder of an austere self-discipline in matters of habit and conduct. In some remarkable lines entitled *Melancholica Quædam*, which were written while he was abroad, he makes confession of the past and records his "fixed resolve" to make atonement :

I changed the scene but did not change my life,
And still I have to tell the same sad tale
Of wasted energies, and idle dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, desires unsatisfied,
Much dimly shadowed forth, and nought attained ;
And though by some not all unworthy deemed
Of trust and love, and liveliest sympathy,
Yet still by most half borne with, half disliked.
I am not heartless ; those who deem me such
Misjudge me, and but that I hate display
Of inmost feeling, I would say that cold
And caustic words may flow from tenderest hearts

When ill at ease within. The finest chords
Untuned will yield no harmony.

Such thoughts

Pushed lightly by in social intercourse,
Now far from friends, and in a foreign land,
'Mid the deep stillness of these mountain woods,
Make themselves heard. As oft at close of eve,
Forth from the bosky dingle as they pass,
The gushing music of the nightingale
Falls on men's hearts with magical influence ;
And thoughts of Nature, and of Nature's God,
And dim uncertain musings, not unmixed
Haply with sweet though melancholy tears,
Even in the worldliest bosoms will arise,
At still night's awful bidding.

Thus to me,

Not altogether profitless, may come
(So pray I, so I hope) these visitings
Though sad and solemn. 'Tis my fixed resolve
(God give me grace to keep it warily)
To press right forward in life's pilgrimage ;
Not flutter like the moth from flower to flower,
Sucking sweet poison, but performing nothing,
Living a useless and unhonoured life.
And though my task be well-nigh hopeless now,
(For wasted years can never be regained)
I gird myself to meet it, soothed by hope,
Sustained by an unfaltering trust in God.

To make confession, as his father had warned him, came easy to him ; and it may be that self-depreciation, which, from pride or honourable reserve is out of the power of some, cost him but little, but this and many another cry *de profundis* came from his heart. Diligence, self-denial, virtue, in the full sense of the word, are but rarely natural gifts, and by the many-sided are bought at a great price. Nobody, not even a Milton or a Wordsworth, a Temple or a Gladstone, finds it easy to "scorn delight and live laborious days," but when health and temperament pull the other way, the spiritual contest is hardest of all.

According to Dean Lake (*Memorials*, &c., 1901,

p. 33) J. D. Coleridge was the "chief member" of a joint reading-party under the tutorship of himself and Jowett, but the other members do not seem to have concerned or impressed him, for of fellow pupils or companions there is not a single mention in the long and closely written letters to his father and mother which take the form of a journal.

Omitting descriptions of places and of buildings, I have selected the following passages which appear to be interesting in themselves, and to illustrate the character and tastes of the writer.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his* MOTHER.

LANGEN SCHWALBACH,

July 13, 1841.

I got to Coblenz on Saturday night, or, rather, Sunday morning, at half past three o'clock . . . in the afternoon I went to two of the churches, in one I saw a burial take place, but it was not so impressive as I expected, indeed very inferior in awful solemnity to our own sublime ritual. Afterwards I went to the Greek church which was crowded to suffocation. I should think at least 3000 people came in the church together; and after the sermon the whole congregation sang the Vesper Hymn. Anything so sublime and touching I never heard as the magnificent and almost overpowering volume of voice in perfect tune, and all of them singing with the greatest possible devotion. It took me quite by surprise, and I suppose the effect is, in some mysterious way, physical as well as moral, for albeit somewhat unused now to the melting mood, I found myself crying like a child, without the slightest power of restraint or control. For some bars they sang in a minor key, and with a low soft tone, and the effect of their suppressed power was almost choking, I suppose from intense pleasure. It really was the finest thing I ever heard. . . .

As for the Germans and their manners I cannot say that what I have hitherto seen at all induces me to acquiesce in the favourable verdict passed upon them by Sir F. Head and others, who seem to consider their society so superior to ours in England. It is true that at these sort of places they are more in public (so to speak) than is the custom with us ;

we certainly have not great dinners at our hotels, at which 150 gentlemen and ladies sit down daily, and which of themselves, of course, induce a greater freedom of manners. . . . In one thing, I think, no one who has been a week in Germany will doubt our immense superiority, and that is—cleanliness. A tumbler and a pocket-handkerchief and *no soap* is the ordinary washing apparatus, added to which they wear not only whiskers and mustachios of the largest size, but very commonly beards, veritable beards, and immense heads of hair. . . . They have a greasy, parchmenty, unwashed look which is dirty to a degree. Then they all—*all* smoke,¹ and smoke execrable tobacco, too, into the bargain: they go about with a pipe in one pocket and a pouch of tobacco in the other: they smoke at breakfast, and at tea, and immediately after dinner, and what with their clothes, and the second-hand smell in the rooms the stench is intolerable. I am bound to say that the broad charge of bestiality must stop with the males, for it does not apply in the least degree to the fair sex, who are a nice, clean, lively, tidy set of women, and very pretty, I think, as a race. But how they can submit to have pipes smoked into their faces,² as they do every minute of the day (for the presence of ladies makes not the slightest difference to those beasts the men), is, to me, I confess, a subject of unmixed astonishment. But while one quite dissents from the ungenerous and un-English proposition of their general superiority, I don't think it can be denied that we might take a most useful lesson from them in the way in which they treat their servants and the lower classes in general. The distinctions of rank are even more broadly marked than in England. . . . The difference in station is quite felt and acknowledged, but

¹ It is well known that Lord Coleridge did not swear: neither did he smoke. Once on "Grand Night," at the Middle Temple, when His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, was the guest of the evening, the Chief Justice loyally and respectfully lit a cigar, and smoked it *usque ad finem*. Perhaps, he bethought him of a couplet in Young's *Resignation*, "Tis noble chymistry to turn Necessity to joy."

² The fourth couple was a sweet girl of about seventeen, delicately slender, and very prettily dressed, with a full-blown rose in the white ribbon that went round her head and confined her reddish-brown hair, and her partner waltzed with a pipe in his mouth! smoking all the while! and during the whole of this voluptuous dance his countenance was a personification of *true German phlegm*. —S. T. COLERIDGE to his wife, May 17, 1799. The letter is published in Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, but probably the coincidence of sentiment was "undesigned."

there is none of that pride and superciliousness which marks our intercourse with our inferiors. The greatest people take off their hats to the lowest and with the most courteous civility. Perhaps in England, owing to our enormous wealth, the constant struggle of each class to imitate the style of living of the one above it renders it necessary to be more reserved, but something might, I am sure, and, certainly, ought to be done to unite in greater sympathy the higher and the lower grades of English society. . . .

I have not been here long enough to see how the system of reading works, and for two whole days I was in bed, but I really expect it will answer—at least it shall not be my fault if it does not. Nevertheless, I shall not be at all sorry to set my face homewards, and, in the meantime, I hope to hear soon how all things go in the sweet shire of Devon. How are you and the girls and Zoe and Lion? I think Jowett will come back with me—he says he should very much like it, and he is beginning to cool upon Switzerland. I hope he will come, as I am sure you will all like him so much, he is such a kind, good-tempered, amiable fellow with all his ability, which, of course, is very great. . . .

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

August 6.

I went over to Schlangenbad yesterday, and dined, and had a bath, and, certainly, it is the most luxurious and delicious feeling I have experienced, to find all the coatings of matter which envelope your skin coming off under the influence of the water, and the skin itself laid bare to the air. The serpents (Schlangen), from which the place derives its name, are very numerous and perfectly harmless, and the most elegant and beautiful creatures possible in the shape of snakes. But I really believe there is, since the fall, a sort of natural antipathy between men and snakes. At least, I know I never see the quick, vibrating, forked tongue, glancing in and out, without very unpleasant sensations. But, if Mary would like a tame one, I will endeavour to conquer my aversion so far as to bring one to England for her. . . . We have finally decided to go to Heidelberg, for Lake wishes to see some of the Professors there, and we do not like to leave him. . . . I hope the sketch I have given you of my day will explain why I shall come back to England no better German scholar than I left it; but I have been reading at breakfast Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in Carlyle's translation, which is one of the most extraordinary books

in point of ability I ever read. It interests and impresses me far more than any novel of Scott's I ever read, though with hardly any incident or external scenery, and what there is of the latter rather clumsily managed. There is an elaborate criticism on Hamlet that does one's heart good to read. It shows such a deep reverence for Shakespeare's genius and such a very high appreciation of him, higher I should think than most persons in England had yet attained to. He compares Shakespeare's characters to clocks with crystal dial-plates that perform all the ordinary functions of clocks, but in which you can see besides all the minutest movements of their complex machinery. Is it not a striking simile? But, withal, the whole book is a sad picture of what they call the greatest German mind. The notions of some of the holiest and purest relations of man are of the basest, not to say loosest, description, and many scenes in the story are anything but unobjectionable.

August 7.

We hear a good deal about the state and prospects of the Roman Catholic Church abroad, *i.e.*, in Germany, from Lake and Jowett's German master, who is a Roman priest. He states the great tendency to rationalism in most of the great Protestant divines to be a certain pledge of the final triumph of the Roman creed. Neander, who is looked upon in Germany as the *ne plus ultra* of orthodoxy, the opponent of Strauss and, certainly, a considerable person, denies the personality of the Holy Ghost. Schleiermacher, a man of extraordinary powers, cannot see any declaration of the immortality of the soul in the Christian Revelation. Indeed their highest and greatest divines could scarcely, for their views at least, be looked upon with any degree of respect by our clergy. And thus it does, certainly, seem that sinking as they do from one depth to another in the abyss of scepticism and negation, all earnest minds must at last leave them and fly to the Church of Rome, in which, at least, they will find something positive, in whose definite statements and strong assertions of many high and noble truths an earnest mind will always feel much satisfaction. Nothing less than Rome can stand the splendid powers of the Rationalists: any half-and-half Protestant system goes down before them like a reed. What a noble opportunity was lost by the Church of England at the Reformation! She might have become a genuine branch of the Church Catholic had not an unworthy fear of offending the foreign Protestants tied up the hands of her Reformers. . . . We may see in the Church

of Holland, of Geneva, and very greatly, I am afraid, we must say that of Germany, besides the fearful danger of timidly giving up the bold affirmation of those great doctrines which, amidst all her dreadful practical corruption, Rome has strenuously maintained, and which in spite of those sad blots can make her system beautiful and attractive in the eyes of such men as Newman and Keble. . . .

HEIDELBERG,

August 23, 1841.

I arrived here quite safe on Sunday afternoon after a most prosperous journey. Friday was a beautiful day, and we started off about eleven to walk to Wiesbaden, which is about ten miles from Schwalbach. We got in about two o'clock after a most tremendously hot but very beautiful walk; the views in upon the Rhine, and the rich valley beyond, seen through some of the gorges of the hills, were very striking indeed. After dinner we found the Austrian and Prussian Bands were going to play at Mayence that evening, and that it was a thing on no account to be missed; so we went off at half-past three to Mayence which is only a quarter of an hour from Wiesbaden by the railroad, and after seeing about beds, etc., we found all the world going to the citadel to hear this band, which, with the one at Brussels, divides the reputation of being the finest in the world. Anything so fine in the way of a military band I certainly never heard, though the exclusion of all stringed instruments is, of course, a great drawback. They sat in a great boarded sort of stage shaped like a shell, which, I suppose, aided the sound. The time was really wonderful and the effect of *perfect* time can hardly be appreciated till it is felt. They played several fine overtures, marches, etc., from German composers, and amongst others a most curious piece by some celebrated living man, whose name I have forgotten, on the late taking of Zidon in Syria, a sort of "Battle of Prague," only much finer. First there was a march, and the sweep and filing by of vast bodies of men was very finely given. Then came on the separate nations, the English to "God save the Queen," the Austrians to "God save the Emperor," and the Turks to a very fine piece of Turkish music by Mozart, which Mary plays as a variation to one of his airs. Then, of course, came the real work. The cannon on the booming kettledrums, and the sharp battle and prolonged roll of the musketry, made most skilfully to answer from different sides of the shell, were very clever. Then followed the

crash of the falling breach and the song of triumph after the storm. It certainly was very good in the way of mimetic music, not, I suppose, the highest sort of music. But the training of the band was such as in England we have no idea of. The night afterwards was horridly hot, and the stars lustrous to a degree I never saw before—Venus, as she went down, drawing a long line of light across the Rhine, as the moon does in our colder clime. Saturday morning I went to matins in the Dom Kirche, a most curious old cathedral with the somewhat unusual (at least to me) arrangement of a double choir and High Altar at the east and west ends both. I believe a part of it is certainly as old as the Empress Irene, and it is full of curious monuments and the like, added to which it has a beautiful door and cloisters in a very pure style of decorated English. . . . We came on in the evening to Heidelberg. It is quite impossible to overrate the beauty of this place. Its situation is lovely and its castle is a most noble ruin—some of its architecture late in style and, consequently, impure, but sublime from its great size and commanding situation. . . . The University is not at all remarkable in any way, and there are two fine churches, one a Roman Catholic, grand and simple inside, and in admirable order with no offensive decorations; the other, a Protestant, much the finer outside, but inside loaded with galleries, dirty and out of order, and *divided into two* by a lath and plaster wall running right up to the ceiling between the columns. It seems as if neglect and spoiling churches was essentially Protestant, in Germany at least. I am capitally lodged in a large house, in a place looking out upon the Castle, with very nice people as landlord and landlady, and a jolly little boy who speaks English and is sent as an ambassador to me on all occasions; for, not being able to get lodgings with him, I am deprived, for the first time, of Lake's German, and they don't speak a word of French. The students are still up, as the University does not break up till the end of the week. Some of them, a very few, are nice-looking, clean fellows; the generality low, coarse and brutal-looking young men, not much given, as Lake's landlady told him, to going to church, but very much to gaming and duelling. Scarce a day passes without a duel which they fight with swords in a large room. The troops stop them if they know of them, but they take very good care not to know. I was shown to-day a man who was considered a great hero. He had killed his man and been imprisoned for it. And these are the young Germans of education, and people wonder at the spread of rationalism

in Germany, and sometimes dare to compare these German Universities with Oxford or Cambridge. But, in spite of the great drawback of these students, Heidelberg is a most delightful place to stay in, and there are a great many English residing here now. I don't much think I shall go to Holland, though the Baron and Paul Potter and the Haarlem Organ are some temptations. But I shall most likely be alone, as Jowett cannot come for about ten days more. I have not been well for some days and am beginning to knock up a little, but I shall get through, I daresay, and my journey home will set me up. I only mention it to palliate the very leaden qualities of this despatch.

I believe that during the vacation tour Coleridge did put away childish things and set himself to read his books in earnest. Early in October Jowett stayed at Heath's Court for a few days (his last visit was in September 1892), and told the Judge that he had good hopes of his son "if he will but read hard and exclusively for his examination for the interval that remains, but that he had put off hard reading very long."

Of possible first classes under different conditions from what the student has allowed himself or been allowed there is no end, and it is idle to speculate whether John Duke Coleridge would have taken the highest honours if he had read steadily from the beginning to the end of his University career. He began by winning a Balliol scholarship and he ended by winning an open fellowship at Exeter, and if any man deserved the benefit of the doubt, he might have pleaded his earlier and later success as a presumption in his favour. As it happened he fell into bad health, and, of necessity, though reluctantly and after much vacillation, he gave up all thought of reading for honours. His letters to his father (Nov., Dec. 1840), which are chiefly concerned with the contest between

Isaac Williams and Archdeacon Garbett for the Professorship of Poetry, give proof that there was something amiss, and that severe and continuous reading was beyond his strength. Unquestionably the din of theological strife was distracting, but he was too closely connected with the combatants, "colonels or captains or knights at arms," to be able to hold aloof from the fray. His father preached moderation, but his heart was hot within him. The following extracts from the son's letters and the father's journal help to explain each other.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXON.

November 12, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Of course I hear a great deal in all directions about the Tractarian views. You say arguments never do any good, but you must be good enough to except your own when addressed to me, which, though utterly powerless against impregnable obstinacy and pride at the time, rarely, I have found by experience, fail of their efforts afterwards. I hope my mind is more sober on these subjects than it was three months ago, yet I cannot but think still that our politically-appointed Bishops are answerable for much of this evil. They seem to me to stand so much in the way of a development of church feeling and church system. Now on one side you have Mrs. Selwyn and Allies, etc., forcibly excluded from the Eucharist, and, on the other, the Chevalier Bunsen admitted to partake of it in the Chapel of the Archbishop of Canterbury. People will not and I hardly think ought to be very measured in their comments on such conduct as this. Bishop after Bishop is disclaiming Catholicity and talking of the Protestant Establishment, and this does grate very harshly upon the minds of people filled with the glorious idea of the visible unity of the Catholic church, devoting their energies to bring it about, and yearning for its accomplishment. I doubt, my dear father, whether with all your efforts you will put off the conflict even now, and, should you do it upon this occasion, it will be a mere protraction of the evil day, for come the conflict must. People on both sides talk of its desirableness. Where is the use, they say, of filming over the sore instead of probing it,

of holding out to the world an appearance of unity when in reality there is deadly feud.

I think Henry is doing very well and likely to get on capitally at Oxford. His society has done him all the good in the world, especially his acquaintance with Williams. We elected a man of his college, Lingen by name, Fellow here the other day, which places him second or third in succession to a Fellowship at Trinity, not rendering him, indeed, secure, but giving him a very good chance.

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son,

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXON.

November 14, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I hope I am working in the Classical mine at last, but sometimes I begin quite to despond when I consider how much I have to do and how little real way I make. . . . It is no good repining, however. It is gone, it cannot be recovered. It only remains for me to go on as steadily as I can, and, if I can but keep it up for a year, I am sure I have power enough to pull me through with credit. This looks cocky enough for a man in his last year, certainly, but I am conscious that I have never done my best in any one thing, and, besides, I would not write or speak or, perhaps, even think so to any one but you. In bodily health I am in some respects better than I have been for a long while; I have more lightness and clearness, less pain, less general seediness (excuse the word this once), but I have far less muscular strength. I can't walk or pull as I could, and I have a languor and listlessness which I can conquer by a strong effort, sometimes, but at the expense of great weariness afterwards. This sort of thing gives me a twinge of alarm, and though I don't like to dream of a decline yet I really am not quite comfortable. I mention this because you can tell me, I daresay, whether this kind of feeling is common to young men, whether, for instance, you yourself ever had it?

I hope whatever you can do in a quiet way for Williams in the way of the Poetry Professorship you will. . . . Henry tells me Williams has some notion that Arnold will vote for him. I can't conceive Arnold capable of rising above party in a matter like this, but might not you suggest to him the manifest inexpediency of making such a thing as this a party question at all? I am afraid that Sibthorp's¹ conversion

¹ The Rev. Mr. Sibthorp was a "well-known popular preacher who

will tell terribly against them, on the whole, and not unreasonably, though, it chances, unjustly. For the peculiar circumstances which to those who know them, separate his case from theirs so as to make it no fair ground for inference, must, of necessity, be utterly unknown by the generality of those who will be too glad to draw the obvious inferences.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXON.

December 9, 1841.

I have been much thrown back this last fortnight or three weeks by a more than usual access of my old malady, great headache and backache, and "legache" and a touch of dizziness into the bargain. . . . Unless you have felt it you cannot tell the very serious evil it is to one's reading. Morning after morning telling the same sad tale of utter inability to apply, and this, too, in one's last year with a more than usual quantity of work to be got through. I daresay you smile and think I exaggerate. I wish no one who doubts me a worse punishment than one of my days from nine till three. I thank you much for your kind letter and hope I may profit by the advice contained in it. I am not blind to my own faults nor wanting in a sense of my folly, if it be not worse. That I have improved sensibly I dare not say, but I earnestly purpose it.

I hope you saw and rejoiced in Prichard's first class. The house looks up again, and even the Master begins to talk less of "the late unfortunate occurrence."¹ Arnold's

surprised the world by becoming a convert to Rome." He had been a Fellow of Magdalen College. Mr. Newman, writing to Keble, Nov. 15, 1841, does not seem to have heard of his conversion. He says: "The persons most in danger are not resident in Oxford; for example, Sibthorp." Writing to J. N. Bowden, Dec. 20, 1842, he gives an amusing sketch of the converts: "Sibthorp has been here, dressed very impressively, and eating fish; else just the same. He dined in Magdalen College Hall with no embarrassment, I am told, on either side; he shutting his eyes and turning up the balls [N.B. This was habitual with him as a Protestant], and talking, and the scouts in waiting as grave and unconcerned as usual."—*Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, 1891, ii. 370, 405, 406.

¹ "The schools which I mentioned in my last are over, and have told a tale, which has made my hair stand on end. . . . Two of our scholars were in. Of the two, one came out a second, the other a third and one of them [Clough] has the reputation of being the best head Balliol has had for years."—J. C. SHAIRP *to his sister*, June 7, 1841 (*J. C. Shairp and His Friends*, 1888, p. 45).

inaugural lecture was splendid—nearly six hundred people present in the Theatre.

JOURNAL OF SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

December 28, 1841.—I have been full of anxiety, and discomfort for many days on account of Oxford, and the Tract. Controversy . . . if both sides agree to make it a Tract question I am not prepared to express an opinion either way and cannot vote at all. . . . I have written to Keble to this effect and wait his answer with some anxiety. I have also been obliged to write long and painful letters to to E. James and the Bishop of Winton.

January 2, 1842.—I have mentioned my trials. I cannot omit to class among them the agitation of my mind about this Oxford Controversy and the Professorship Contest. Personally I feel the risk of its severing me from old friends. The Bishop of Winchester, James, Arnold—I differ from them all, and I think the first has acted wrong in the sort of charge he has delivered and published—he preserves a painful silence towards me, though I have written most affectionately and respectfully, though sincerely to him. Nevertheless, though this difference of opinion closes our intercourse on the most intimate of subjects, I trust our hearts shall remain unaltered. And Arnold overflows in affection towards me.

But I am concerned deeply for Oxford and the Church : both sides seem to me to err. I myself feel *soreness* of spirit, something next door to vexation and uncharitableness creep upon me. Against this God preserve me !

The Judge, contrary to his wont, says nothing of his son's languor and inability to work, and, at the beginning of the term (Jan. 8, 1842), expresses some misgiving as to his degree, but there is not a trace of anxiety with regard to health.

January 9.—Johnny left yesterday for Balliol to our great regret—mine especially—for he is a sweet companion to me, and full of interest. Faults he still has, but when I compare him as he is with what he once was and what he promised to be, or, indeed, with young men in general, I cannot be too thankful for such a son. He has excellent young men for his friends, and they treat him at once with so much respect and regard that he cannot be far wrong. He

has been for more than a year President of the Eton Club at Oxford, elected every term. He has not read so regularly as he should have done, and now he is suffering for it. His first class is in doubt, and nothing but the most regular work and steady industry will secure it.

Early in February a letter from Henry James¹ Coleridge, then a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, with an alarming account of his brother's sudden illness, induced the Judge to set off for Oxford without delay. He found his son a little better, but it was not until the next day that all fear of danger was removed. "I could perceive," he writes, "by the hearty congratulations of Kidd and Wootton [the doctors] the extent of their anxiety before. Indeed the latter hardly dissembled it." According to his wont he proceeds to analyse his own feelings and to take himself to task for coldness and a failure of "overflow in gratitude," and thus completes his story:

¹ Henry James Coleridge, b. September 20, 1822, was educated at Eton. He was matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, June 16, 1840; took a first class in *Lit. Hum.*, December 1844, and was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, March 29, 1845. He was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday, June 3, 1849, and, at once, appointed curate of a chapel-of-ease (recently built, and, afterwards, endowed by Sir J. T. Coleridge and his son Lord Coleridge) at Alphington, a hamlet about two miles from Ottery St. Mary. He remained at Alphington, without taking priest's orders, till February 1852, and was received into the Roman Church on Easter Monday (April 12) 1852. He went to Rome in October 1852, and became a member of the *Academia Ecclesiastica*. He was ordained priest in the Roman Church in 1855, and September 7, 1857, entered the Jesuit College at Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, and, at the end of his novitiate, was transferred to St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, in 1859. In 1865 he came to London, and was attached for many years, as priest, and, afterwards, as vice-rector to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street. He was editor of the *Month*, 1865-1881. He died at Mamresa, Roehampton, April 13, 1893. He was the author, *inter alia*, of *The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*, 2 vols., 1872, and of *The Life of our Lord*, 3 vols., and its sequel, *The Public Life of our Lord*, 3 vols., 1876-1882.

I saw much at Oxford that delighted me, nothing more than the love with which John seemed to be regarded by several excellent young men whose tenderness for him was unbounded, nursing him, sitting up by him, and paying him every sort of attention as if they were women nurses.

This illness [obstruction of the bowels] is likely to impede the progress of his reading very much, and the Master to-day seemed to consider that he had no chance of a first class. This is a heavy disappointment to me. I communicated it to John, and I have no doubt it will work in his mind. It is a great question with me whether he ought to attempt to continue some reading. This I must consider well.

"This illness" brought his career as an undergraduate to an abrupt close. As soon as he was well enough he was removed to his father's house in London to undergo further treatment, and, with the exception of a few days in April and a second brief visit in the summer, he did not return to Balliol till the following October, when he took an ordinary pass degree. Unfortunately the distressing and disabling malady from which he suffered was only partly overcome, and the accompanying symptoms recurred at intervals during the remainder of his life. "His old trouble," as he calls it in letters to his father, was a serious drawback, a burden heavy to be borne in the race of life, but borne it was and the race was won notwithstanding. It is difficult to say whether and how far want of physique explains his reluctance to put his shoulder to the wheel from the first, but there can be no doubt that a time came when the struggle was beyond his powers, and it is equally certain that in after life he worked up to and beyond the natural capacity of a much stronger man.

The year which followed this breakdown of health was almost devoid of incident, but his enforced

absence from Oxford opened the floodgate of correspondence with his friends. From these letters and from other sources it is possible to form a likeness of the man himself. Unlike in character, in tastes, as these friends are to one another they are, one and all, concerned to express a warmer and a closer interest in his fortunes and himself than the goodwill of youth would naturally exhibit. I imagine that the secret of his attraction was the union of great intellectual gifts with an imperious craving for sympathy. It was not only because he was a brilliant talker, or an eager partisan, or a lover of poetry and art that his friendship was coveted and made the most of, but because, in spite of a cold and contemptuous bearing and habit, he was naturally warm-hearted. He might have said with his great-uncle S. T. Coleridge, whom he in some respects resembled :

For to be loved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed !

FREDERICK TEMPLE *to* JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

TRURO, *Jan.* 12, 1842.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

It is no slight pleasure to me now to have such flattering epistles from such great men as you ; but I suppose the time is not far off when I shall reperuse them with astonishment, to think that I should be so thought of by a future Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister or no one can tell what. But, without joking, I can assure you I do not value your kind speeches at a low rate, though, I am sure, nothing but very kindly feeling could magnify merits at that rate. I quite agree with you with regard to study ; I confess I cannot find the same real depth in the modern writers that I can in the ancient ; perhaps turning one's attention very much to classical literature unfits one a little for a right estimation of the writers of the day ; at least I have always felt a fear lest I should mistake a difference of style and an

adaptation to existing circumstances for real inferiority ; but I shall not have so much scruple now that I find your judgment agrees with mine. For you know, Coleridge, I cannot appreciate a book as you do after one attentive perusal ; I must study it and think over it before I can venture to pronounce anything like my real opinion of it. And, really, of all your numerous talents one of the most remarkable is that ; for you seem to have a sort of instinct which leads you to reject immediately what is not valuable, and your apparently hasty decisions I have always eventually agreed with, though I may not have done so at first. . . . You do not tell me how you are yourself, but I hope, from that, you are pretty well. I am quite well, I am thankful to say, and have been working very hard to get up Lectures for next term. I have been at Scott's, for the last week, and am just come on here to see my uncle for a little while. Scott is getting on famously but, I think, wants a little holiday ; he, certainly, is most indefatigable. He would be very glad to see you, I am sure, not only because you are a Balliol man, but because he always took a great interest in you, notwithstanding the way in which you treated him.

It is very unfair of you to commence your letter with a reproach to me for not having written to you first ; I understood you distinctly to engage to write to me first, and I can tell you, if I had known you expected me to commence, I should not have risked the chance of a letter from you by writing till this time. I suppose you know they have rejected the plans which Mr. Baseviol,¹ as Scott *facetiously* calls him, gave us last Term ; but I am very sorry that they have not rejected him at the same time. I think they might as well have ensured the thing being done well by having Barry or Pugin at once, but the Master was very obstinate, and it, certainly, is the case that he rules much more now than in the days of Tait and Scott. Woollcombe is afraid of him, Jowett he manages, Wall he provokes till he (Wall) puts himself in the wrong, and Ward takes no interest in the matter. The Lexicon is moving on, but at as slow a rate as ever ; however it is bonâ-fide printed as far as the end of π , so that I suppose it must appear in the summer. What do you think I have been studying at Duloe [Scott's Rectory in Cornwall] ?—the correspondence, upon No. 90, between Scott and his friends. One thing in the business reflects some credit on the "Canny Lion of the

¹ Baseviol.

North"; his three brethren,¹ it appears, were anxious not only to protest against the false doctrine of the Tract, but wished also to insert a scheme of the Church's (*i.e.*, their) doctrine on the points in question; Tait, however, would not have anything to do with that. Just imagine what a glorious opportunity for Newman, if they had been fools enough to have answered his Ultra High Church Tract by a scheme of Ultra Low Church doctrine! He would have smashed them so completely that nobody would have liked to attack No. 90 again. But it, certainly, would have been very unlike Tait to have placarded an express opinion in his own name to the walls of the University. I suppose you will be in Oxford very soon after Term begins; I must be there to a minute, *for the sake of example*, of course—at least, so Woollcombe told me. Good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

BALL. COLL. OXON.

January 23, 1842.

The Colleges have all now met and, I confess, though glad to see my friends again, that I am, on the whole, sorry for it. Do you know a beautiful essay in *Elia* which has always much struck me on Oxford in Vacation? The loneliness and monastic seclusion of the place there described are, to me, very delightful, especially when relieved by the society of half a dozen nice fellows at dinners and for an hour or so afterwards. Yet I mean to reap good from the recommencement of term, for I shall resume breakfasting before chapel, and, in addition to the time I shall gain, I hope to break through sadly lazy habits I had got into, from there being no chapel since Christmas to compel decently early rising.

I had a long walk with Ward the other day, and, very amusing he was, but very strong as I thought, and saying all along that he did not like to say strong things, and had given it up because Newman rowed him for it. His first principle seems to be that the Reformation was a very near shave

¹ T. T. Churton, M.A., Tutor of Brasenose College; H. B. Wilson, B.D., Senior Tutor of St. John's College; John Griffiths, M.A., Tutor of Wadham College. See the Protest of the Four Tutors to the Editor of the *Tracts for the Times*, March 8, 1841 (*Life of Archibald Campbell Tait*, 1891, i. 81, 82).

upon schism and, therefore, he seems to consider it *doubtful* whether we are a trustworthy church at all.

C. E. PRICHARD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

BALLIOL, *March* 1842.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I need hardly tell you we have all been very sorry to hear you are not getting on so satisfactorily as we hoped ; from the accounts your brother and Johnson have given me I am afraid you must have been suffering a good deal since you have left Oxford. You will be glad to hear of old Temple's being second for the Ireland. . . . Seymour is fourth (the authority is Temple, Ward, Roundell Palmer)—with a long gap after him. So Balliol is pretty well off, though one regrets that Temple did not do a *little* better. . . . Temple's answers to the scholarship question were splendid, as it was an immensely hard paper, rules and metaphysical kind of scholarship.

I have been walking on Shotover to-day with Tickell, and Temple, and Shairp, and Fanshawe. Shairp has a splendid staghound up, which has hunted and killed real stags in its time, a great shaggy beast like the picture in the *Tales of a Grandfather*.

I hope to hear better accounts of you from your brother or Johnson, or from your own mouth soon. Meantime, good-night, and God bless you, if I may say it.

Yours affectionately,

C. E. PRICHARD.

I am reading Plato's *Republic*. It is very beautiful—as also, people say, is Dr. Pusey's letter, which I have only begun. Good-night again. I hope you are asleep by now. Fanshawe sends you his love.

B. JOWETT to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

LEE, *April* 12 (1842).

I incline to think that the injurious effect of bodily ill-health on the mind is, almost entirely, occasioned by mental exertion at the time. If you rest quietly, for a time, there is every prospect of your being much better fitted for law, in six months or a twelvemonth, than if you had gone through all the discipline and training which the Ethics and Butler supply.

What say you to a middle course—when you feel sufficiently recovered to begin reading, to work at the Ethics and be determined, class or pass, by the state of your books and health next October? Excuse my playing the Dominie for a moment; but if you will but read regularly, three or four hours a day, and deal fairly with yourself, not mistaking indolence for ill-health, which we invalided people are very apt to do, I think you would do yourself quite as much good as by reading the fourteen books necessary for a first. If even your light reading were upon some system it would be much more useful. I can easily understand the disappointment which you feel at the loss of a class. It is such a pleasure to one's relations, that it is well worth getting on this account only. But as a stamp in the eyes of the world I do not think very highly of it, or fancy, for a moment, that men are rated by it.

I have thought of this a good deal, but hope and believe you will be rather guided by your father's advice than by mine.

C. E. PRICHARD *to* JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

April 30, 1842.

Hawker is merry as ever—Lake looks better—"Lon"¹ as usual—Lingen very flash about the waistcoat, Tait very kind-looking for an examiner, Seymour everything good, but pale and does not seem well—we read Plato together a little (do you remember our Horace? it was not successful, somehow)—Old Shairp jolly enough—ἄλλοι ὁ ἄλλως—others otherwise.

Clough seems much happier for his change to Oriel. I dine there so often that they may almost mistake me for a fellow, though Marriott said he should take care how he did that again. Newman has quite retired from "public life," and never even preaches. The Martyrs ascended to their perches yesterday, and look very well, especially a very venerable one, probably Latimer, with his face towards Beaumont Street.

Oxford looks very beautiful, especially St. John's and St. Mary's, against the sky at eight o'clock in the evening. We had a very good new boat on the river and a bad crew, I believe.

¹ James Gylby Lonsdale, 1816–1892, eldest son of the Bishop of Lichfield. He was Newcastle Scholar 1834, and Fellow of Balliol 1838–1864. A great scholar and a great wit, he was one of the kindest and gentlest of men.

C. E. PRICHARD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

Ross, June 10, 1842.

You know all about the result of the Hampden Controversy, I suppose. It was very interesting, even to us, to watch the University assembled before the Divinity school—all the faces great and small one knew, resident and absent, for some years back. Even Bob Scott made his appearance, looking very well, but he has not left off his drawl. "It is a great sh—ame to bring them up, and would lead to such raaaaaan-cour." You must supply the tone. I could not help letting him know that I thought people looked particularly good-humoured about it, as they did, but he replied, "Yes, they are shaking hands, as they always do, before they fi-i-i-ight." Tait voted against Hampden, which amounts to a τεκμήριον [demonstrative proof] against the Professor, I think, but not till after long deliberation. "Lon" was the only Balliol man who voted for him, I believe. He is so gentle that he does not like condemning anybody, I suppose, else I am sorry that he took that line. Nothing could exceed the bad effect of Hampden's public defence of himself, or, rather, attack on Newman. It sounded quite shocking to me—for Oxford; as one has heard the like elsewhere. Well, it is over for the present, but the Provost of Oriel is resolved to bring it on again. The little "Mas" was vehemently orthodox, though much displeased with H. for ranking him, on that account, among the Puseyites!!

C. E. PRICHARD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

MAENTWROG, July 26, 1842.

I was delighted to hear that you are really coming to see us here. . . .

Old Temple, who is at Dolgelly, eighteen miles from here, will be delighted to see you too, I know; as he expressed great pleasure at the thoughts of your coming. He is driving seven abreast. . . . Johnson does not read at all, but lives a βίος θεωρητικός among the waterfalls, with Wordsworth and a pony. Old Hawker reads hard enough but does not lose his spirits. . . .

I hope your brother will come with you—we have several beautiful things to show you, and without troubling you to go up high hills. . . . I am reading Kant and Coleridge (*The Friend*), not much else, except the Oxford round of books. Fancy Tait standing for Rugby!

C. E. PRICHARD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

MAENTWROG, *August 25, 1842.*

Lake is to be a Rugby master. Little Jow, tutor ? Or Wall ? Or Lingen ? The latter if they are wise. Temple and I laughed at you for saying that when you saw Jow first "The problem of your life" seemed solved. I congratulate you on having no *anopisai* of more difficult solution.

How nicely these rows have blown over ! But they reminded me, at first, of Carlyle's Chartism. I have read parts of the *Friend* lately, I think, in the book you gave Temple, didn't you ? It is almost the most splendid book I ever read, I think ; but I daresay it is old to you, and, I am afraid, I am apt to think each book the most splendid as I read it ; but it quite carries one away.

The greater part of what should have been the long vacation was spent at Heath's Court. An entry in his father's diary with regard to taking "orders" may be read in conjunction with his own reflections on the same subject. Teaching in the parochial school was, simply, an "act of faith" on the part of a disciple of Newman, not a proof of any sincere inclination to take orders in the Church of England. It is right and proper to hear and obey the Church, but to chant "*Fundamenta ejus*"¹ with regard to the Establishment was another matter.

JOURNAL OF SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HEATH'S COURT, *October 16 (1842).*

John has busied himself very much and usefully with the Parish school, and his mind has, altogether, taken a turn which makes it very probable that, after all, he will take to the Church. . . . It is not possible to feel a serious sorrow for any clever young man turning from the path of worldly ambition to the service of the altar on good and

¹ "Her foundations are upon the holy hills"—the motto of Durham University. [See *The Psalms in Human Life*, by R. E. Prothero, 1903, p. 4.

considered motives; yet this will be for me something of a sacrifice. I had looked forward to his rising in eminence in the Law, going beyond myself, and, ultimately, more than filling my place here. I had wished Henry to take the line *he* thinks of—but, so it is, Henry with less qualification for the Bar is intent upon it. God prosper and preserve them both.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

LAUNTON, November 20, 1842.

I hear on *good* authority, that, if I were going into orders and would stand twice, I might almost reckon upon Merton; if to the Bar, and once only, that I have no chance. Still I must of course take my chance, though I really believe, with my present views, it is a very remote one indeed. Hobhouse is kindness itself, and, I believe, does all he can for me, and in the way of invitations to common-room and the like he is most bountiful. I had *much* set my heart upon passing next term at Heath's Court and busying myself in the parish, *etcetera*, where I think, under the Vicar, I might do good, but I feel what you say as to separate establishments, and, of course, give it up. . . .

As to my horse, I will at once write about it and have it up, and when I come to town I will ride it up, and send my luggage by the coach. Zoe [a sky terrier], if I knew how to get to Oxford, I would have up too, as she is a very nice companion, but I don't know how to manage it. . . .

And now, if I were not about to see you personally in a few weeks, I should enter on my profession, but I reserve that for *vivâ voce* intercourse. I still hold to the law, and I think I am best suited for it, but there is of course much that is attractive in orders to any thinking mind. . . .

I opened a Debate at the Union the other day, which was the first time Henry had ever heard me speak, and he is very urgent for the Bar in consequence. However, I don't go by that at all, for I know that at the Bar I should never have time to prepare myself, as I always make a point of doing before speaking on a set subject.

I have been much delighted by my visit to this place. It is a beautiful house, decent church, and not so utterly uninteresting a neighbourhood as I was prepared to expect. Mr. and Mrs. Allies are very kind and pleasant indeed. He has daily service *etcetera*, and is much more moderate and sensible than I feared, though of course I never believed the misrepresentations in the papers. He takes a view of

things much more practical and satisfactory than Ward's and Oakeley's, and one in which I should feel delighted to acquiesce. What I want to be allowed to hold is that the Reformation and the Reformers were (Ridley excepted) wicked or dishonest, and, yet, that our Church is *the* true Catholic one in this land. I most thoroughly believe the former, and the more I read on both sides, the more earnestly do I think it true, and I wish I could on grounds of argument as well as of feeling believe the latter. Allies contrives to reconcile the two opinions. I wish with all my heart I could, as I think I should then have found a lodgment and be quite at ease.

At the close of the year, the *Eton Bureau*, which had been projected two years before, was launched on its brief career. It was not in the strict sense of the word a School Magazine. J. F. Mackarness, who was in residence at Merton, was the Editor, and William Johnson, then a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, and John Duke Coleridge were the principal, and, with the exception of single articles by his brother Henry and C. W. Johnson, almost the sole writers and contributors. The bare fact that the *Eton Bureau* contains some early poems of considerable merit by the author of *Ionica*, might, one would have supposed, have kept its memory green, but the *Chronicles of Eton* and *Etoniana* pass it over or name it despectively with other abortive periodicals. Between November 1842 and November 1843, seven numbers were issued. Coleridge contributed at least six prose and some fifteen or more pieces of verse. He reprinted the poetry, or most of it, in *Memorials of Oxford*, a booklet printed, but "not published," in 1844, and which forms the first part of *Verses during Forty Years*, a larger volume, printed for private circulation in 1879.

Of these Juvenilia, Lord Coleridge shall in the first instance be his own critic.

HEATH'S COURT, Oct. 13, 1879.

For many years any feeling, stronger or more lasting than commonly was the case, any mood of mind which hung upon me, set me writing verses. Poems or passages in poems haunted my memory and rang in my ears, and any one at all acquainted with English poets would, probably, if he cared to read them, see where most of these things came from; I never thought much of them even when young, and when I had not read so much as now of real poetry. Some were written for, or given to, John Mackarness, for the *Eton Bureau*. A few which then seemed to me the best, were collected and printed in a little book, *Memorials of Oxford*, when I was leaving the University. . . . Like a fond mother over her rickety bantling, I hang over some of them with a fondness which, no one knows better than I, they do not deserve for any beauty or power of their own.

He goes on to point out that he owes the substance of one poem to Southey's *The Land of the Departed*, and its metre to Wordsworth's *Waterlily*, that another, *The Bridegroom's Tale*, is a feeble imitation of Monkton Milne's *Christmas Story*, and a third, *The Owl*, an imitation of an anonymous poem in *Fraser's Magazine*.

I shall have occasion to speak of his gift as the writer of verse, which has the spirit of poetry, at a later period, but I must not pass over these youthful effusions as of little or no moment. For a young man's verses are intended to express something of what he feels or thinks he feels. Now, as might be expected, the quality and purport of these verses is sentimental rather than passionate or romantic. They are records of sentiments evoked by imaginary love-scenes, or by the mimicry and presage of love in the ups and downs of friendship. They frequently display a wounded spirit, and there is, of course, the perennial tragedy or comedy of *l'un qui aime et l'autre qui est aimé*.

The execution, in point of finish and literary completeness, is beyond the age of the writer. Each poem hangs together and observes the unities; and there is a remarkable absence of pedantry or affectation both in style and language. Neither Tennyson nor Wordsworth seem to have sunk into the writer's consciousness, but there is the sound of Scott and of Byron, and, as was inevitable, there are echoes of the delicate undertones of the *Christian Year*. I select, as a specimen, six stanzas from a poem headed by a sentence from the burial service—
 "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery."

A year hath passed since thou wert borne
 To the dark silent grave,
 And none on earth to me forlorn
 A loving comfort gave;
 It seemed all mortal bliss was gone,
 And blank despair remained alone.

My life was like a gloomy day
 Lit by a wintry sun;
 The fleeting brilliance fled away
 Ere it had well begun,
 And left a darker drearier night
 For the brief gleam of passing light

All my fierce passions ~~went~~ to rest
 Beneath thy dove-like eyes;
 And pillowed on thy gentle breast
 They strove in vain to rise;
 I voyaged on a summer sea
 With thy soft hand to pilot me.

The dark sad youth thou didst not spurn
 Nor freeze his love with pride;
 But when thou braved'st withering scorn
 To bind thee to my side,
 No mortal language can express
 My spirit's utter happiness.

* * * *

They say when thou wert lying dead
 I scarcely breathed a sigh;

I spoke no word, no tears I shed,
As though their springs were dry
I cannot tell, I only know
I saw not, heard not, for my woe.

* * * *

So—thou art passed the veil within,
I yet without remain
To strive against my load of sin
With toil and earnest pain,
If haply it may yet be given
To join thee once again in Heaven.

Of this poem he writes in 1879:

This was a true record of a state of mind, but it had no foundation in actual fact. It was written in a mood so truly described by Wordsworth in one of the stanzas of *Lycoris*, beginning "Sad fancies do we then affect." Such as it is, it pleased Furse (C. W. Johnson) and Shairp, and, later, Lady Eastlake.

And, "such as it is," it may please others who are not wholly averse from the poetry of sentiment.

Of the prose articles, two are of some importance—a masterly essay on Virgil, which is worth reprinting, and a sketch on a thinly veiled portrait of himself, entitled *A Character*. Of Virgil he knew a good deal, and of his own character something, but confessions or self-revelations are seldom exhilarating and must be taken with many grains of salt.

I extract a few of the more striking paragraphs:

It was curious to see how unpopular he [Edward Courtland] was at this time [Eton, 1835–1836], both with masters and boys. . . . He was always far above his fellows in some parts of scholarship, and far below them in others; this inequality used to gall him sorely. He saw those, whom he felt to be far inferior to himself, passing him easily from this cause in the race for distinction; and instead of setting honestly and vigorously to work, he preferred to make his power felt by assuming a coolness and superciliousness foreign to his nature . . . by indulging in ill-tempered and often ill-founded remarks upon others . . . and thus raising for himself a very abundant crop of dislike and enmity. . . .

Gradually, however, as he rose to the top of the school, though he made many enemies, yet he began to make friends too. His character strengthened and grew to be better understood. He was still a mass of contradictions, but many began to like him, and a few to love him. It was true he was neither in the eleven nor the eight, though both at cricket and on the river he could acquit himself respectably; it was true that he never played at football, which he maintained was a stray relic of the Dark Ages; nor at hockey, from the strong aversion which he said he entertained of being "cut over." . . .

Courtland's Oxford career I only heard of occasionally. There, too, he seems to have thrown himself away. . . . There was a general vague notion of his power, but it was difficult to say exactly upon what it rested. His coldness there, as at Eton, misled people. I remember standing for a scholarship at Oxford, about a year ago, and meeting him at a large party; for some time he was the life and soul of it, brilliant, witty, and amusing; but something went wrong, and the whole scene was forthwith changed. Bitter sneers, sarcasms, innuendos were showered forth with the most prodigal hand. I thought I had never seen any one so thoroughly disagreeable.

Few were aware of the earnestness of his nature, and the warmth of his feelings. Many will call him insincere, many cold-hearted. I knew him better, and can say that he was neither the one nor the other.

I have quoted some, though by no means all, of the dispraise, and omitted the countervailing virtues and charms which were probably drawn from his own wishes and fancies of what he might have been or from other models, and not in self-flattery or with deliberate self-approval; but in depicting himself at all, favourably or unfavourably, the writer lays himself open to the charge of self-consciousness. So be it. If a man is weighted from the first with a subtle intellect and a sensitive conscience, he takes some time before he adjusts himself to his burden, and even so he is *overweighted*. I do not know if the "Character" attracted any attention in quarters

where the original must have stood revealed. It certainly met with admiration and approval on the part of one friendly critic, Charles Wellington Johnson.

Within six months of his taking his degree, when life was opening upon him in all its fulness, three members of his family, near and dear to him, were cut off before their time. The first to go (Nov. 28, 1842) was his father's only sister, Lady Patteson (born Frances Duke Coleridge).

Of her the Judge writes under date Nov. 23:

Yesterday my sweet sister died . . . out of my own immediate circle no loss could be so great, no wrench on my affections so bitter.

I remember, perfectly well, when my uncle George announced her birth [at Tiverton—June 3, 1796] to me and my school-fellows—his countenance glistening with joy. She came after the birth of five sons successively, and was not merely the only girl of my father's nursery, but the only one of the generation in the family. And she never dimmed that joy; year by year as she grew up, doated on and petted by all, she was never spoilt—always humble; never selfish; unwearied in doing good, in giving pleasure; arch and simple in manner, dramatic in conversation, hearty, gentle; regular in her duties, devout to her God, pure as the heavens.

I can never see her like again on this earth—and, if I did, I could not love it as I have loved her.

Two months went by, and on January 26, 1843, Henry Nelson Coleridge, after a nine months' painful illness, died of spinal paralysis. A few days before the end, Jan. 22, the following entry was made:

Probably this will be the last time I shall ever see him (H. N. C.) alive in the flesh—dear, dear brother, to whom for many years I tried to be somewhat of a father, and who has always, I think, repaid whatever kindness I have shown him by the most grateful affection, and warm esteem. I have loved him most dearly and respected highly his great talents and acquirements; his honest industry, and his

stout heart in bearing up against many disappointments and privations. And now, at last, what a trial has he had to go through—just when all professional difficulties seemed at end, and the path laid open to him for wealth and honours! In itself, too, what a trial—nine months of suffering, aggravated by its nervous origin or accompaniments!

Again, a day later after recording some last words of faith and hope, he adds :

This state of mind is indeed blessed—all the pride of intellect gone, a simple child in feeling, full of childlike faith and humility and love. Surely of such is the Kingdom of God!

So writes Sir John Coleridge of his own sister and brother, but it was not in nature that his son, though moved to many thoughts of love and regret, should be deeply touched or sensibly grieved by the losses of these dear and honoured kinsfolk. But a third and far severer trial awaited both father and son. In the spring of 1843 he accompanied the Judge as marshal on the Norfolk Circuit, visiting Bedford, Peterborough, Cambridge and Norwich. While they were at Bedford or Bury St. Edmunds news reached them of two more deaths, that of the Judge's uncle, the Reverend Edward Coleridge, Vicar of Buckerell near Ottery, an elder brother of S. T. Coleridge, and the last of the older generation; and of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. Neither event could be regarded as premature or as a cause for sorrow. On his return to London, the Judge found his youngest son, Frederick William (aged fourteen years and eight months) sickening of (I suppose) typhoid fever. A fortnight later, April 25 (St. Mark's Day), the boy died.

His father in recording his death adds a few words of sorrowing reminiscence :

It pleased God to take from me the dear child just when heart and mind were unfolding most satisfactorily, and I was entertaining the most calm hopes as to his future character. He was in countenance really very handsome, with beautiful eyes and complexion, a nice colour, a tall figure and gentlemanly address, clever and affectionate. In deepest grief of heart I say, "Good Lord of Mercies, blessed be Thy name! Thy will be done!"

Thirty-six years afterwards Lord Coleridge, in commenting on one of his early poems, "A Dirge," writes :

■ This was written at Balliol in my rooms soon after I had had my brother Frederick with me. He was delicate and was ill in my rooms. He was singularly beautiful, very affectionate to me, and I loved him with all my heart. I remember thinking over his winning ways and his delicacy when he was gone, and I broke into a passion of sobs and wrote these verses. I did not really expect it, but, a year after, he did die almost in my arms.

I sat up with him alone the last night of his life. "Sweets to the sweet" was written when he was dead. Our house *aged* when he was gone—the youngest, the most beautiful, and full of promise—the *child* of the house which was never I think really *bright* again.

The story of his illness and death belongs to these pages so far only as it reveals the nature and character of one who has been reproached, who reproached himself for want of feeling.

CHAPTER VI

HURSLEY—THE ISLE OF WIGHT—EXETER COLLEGE

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.

WORDSWORTH.

THE year which was to bring death to his house and family, which left behind it unforgettable sorrow, brought with it hope, almost the promise of love and happiness.

Mention has been made of an Eton schoolfellow, John Billingsley Seymour. He had been elected Balliol scholar in 1839, and Newcastle scholar in the spring of 1840, and had gone into residence at Balliol in the following October. He was good to look at, good to be with, of quick and ready wit (he was an undergraduate member of the "Decade"), gentle, gracious, high-minded. Delicate, and, perhaps, consumptive, he had scarcely reached manhood before his health gave way, and, in his second year, he was compelled to leave Balliol and lead the life of an invalid, now at Hastings, now at Niton in the Isle of Wight, and, finally (May—October 1843), on the Continent. He died, and was buried at Laybach, in Illyria. He was the eldest surviving son of a clergyman of some fortune and position, the Reverend George Turner Seymour, who, at one time (1843–1855), inhabited the now historic, or rather poetic Farringford, in the Isle of Wight.

To Sandcliff Niton, where young Seymour was in lodgings with his family, early in January 1843, came John Duke Coleridge, and, then and there, fell in love with and resolved to marry his friend's younger and favourite sister, Jane Fortescue Seymour. No engagement took place till July 1844, but he records his love at first sight in a few matter-of-fact words, in a journal begun at this time but soon discontinued, and more triumphantly, "with a voice of melody," in some stanzas which were first published in the last number of the *Eton Bureau*. They will serve as a prelude or motto to his journal.

Joy to thee! joy to thee! beautiful maiden!
Is thy heart free?
Joy to thee! joy to thee! thy smiles are laden
With merry glee.

Take thou a young laughing boy for thy lover,
Loyal and true;
Think that a light face a warm heart may cover,
Give him his due.

Love that is born amid joyance will ever
Keep his torch bright;
Mirth-nourished shine in the darkness, and never
Fly with the light.

Joy to thee! joy to thee! beautiful maiden!
Is thy heart free?
Joy to thee! joy to thee! thy smiles are laden
With merry glee.

Love is a great magician. Hardly ever again in *Verses during Forty Years*, as he modestly named the second issue of his poems, does the "sound of happy laughter" break through the undertones.

EXTRACTS FROM MS. JOURNAL.

January 14, 1843.—Hursley. Since I last wrote I have been to Dogmersfield, for some days, and arrived here only yesterday. I never enjoyed days more than those I spent with the Dysons. Their simplicity and goodness are almost

unequalled. Here, indeed, there is as much, perhaps more, but there are few other places of which so much could be said with any truth.

Read Ward's article on Church Authority. I thought it very good, and, as an argument, clear and conclusive. Mr. Keble thinks that he (Ward) exercises private judgment more boldly and daringly than almost any one else. Going, as he does, upon holiness as the test of all systems, and, manifestly, it being impossible in a general way to know more than the externals of character—not what is really holiness, what not—he yet applies his criterion as boldly and unscrupulously as the most ultra-Protestant could his. It comes, after all, to "I think this holy, &c."

I wish I could jot down half what this holy man says in the course of his talk, still more that I were in the way to realise his quiet yet rigid self-denial. The Dysons told me to expect as to the last, hardly to see it, and, yet, to be led to feel on reflection what an utter abnegation of self there was about him. It is most true! His wife and sister are also charming—odious word—yet, using it under protest, I will not try another. Let it go! "No patching," as Cobbett said, should be the motto for a journal, not old Mackarness's Spectator periods. I know not whether good stories are legitimate subjects of journalising. Walter Scott seemed to think they were, but then, he, certainly, journalised with a view to publication—such, at least, was my impression from the extracts in Lockhart. I have no time now or I would enter some of Mr. H. Wilberforce's, whom I travelled with yesterday, and which were very good. He asked me to come and see him at Walmer, an invitation I shall certainly accept when I can. He is very original, a quicker and more delicate intellect, I should think, than any of his brothers; and so Mr. Dyson and Mr. Keble seemed to say.

16. *Monday*.—Yesterday I went to Church here in the morning, and we went over to Otterbourne for the afternoon service. At both places the service was very nice, though there were one or two little errors at Otterbourne that I wonder at, being so close to Hursley—commencing the service, for example, with an act of praise in the shape of a hymn, which is unrubrical, uncatholick, and disturbs the proper amount of feeling altogether. In the evening Mr. Wilson, the clergyman of Anfield, came to dinner, and very pleasant it was. Mr. Keble particularly choice upon William III., whom he would not allow even to have been a great general! Namur and the Boyne were the only two

successes he would allow him. He was also very strong against Milton—some of the sonnets and *Comus* were the only things of his he could much admire. He said he had long ago suspected his Arianism before the Bishop of Winchester's book put it beyond doubt. He spoke well of Trench: he seems to quote Froude's opinion upon a subject as putting the matter in hand beyond a doubt. It is very strange to see the influence of Froude upon such intellects as Newman, Keble, Pusey, Williams, Ward and others.

I was much struck with the quiet way in which Keble devoted a great part of his evening last night to some boys who came up to him from the school. It was so quiet and unobtrusive, and, yet, plainly so real a self-denial. I have been reading Newman's essay on the Ecclesiastical Miracles, which Keble and Ward and even, strange to say, Sewell, are very warm about. I think it is very great as far as I have gone. Keble thinks it too clever. He says he is almost afraid that such a man could prove anything.

To Anfield this morning with Mr. Young. A beautiful church, superior outside and superior inside, as far as the *church* goes, to Otterbourne. Both are only built to show on one side, which is bad—very different from the Dysons' feeling, so much so that I wonder at a man like Sir W. Heathcote permitting it. Mr. Young walked with me—a very nice person, cruelly treated by the Bishop of Winchester, which he repays by talking of him in the kindest and handsomest manner. I never cease to wonder that the Bishop's moral taste does not revolt at Jacob Dallas and the like. Archdeacon Wilberforce is not much better. He finds in clergy meetings here the first place taken, and, not content with the second, he thinks himself obliged to take a line of his own which drives him for the sake of differing, in Keble's words, to "the most curious twirls and *arcumbendisbuses*." What a bore for a man's honesty of character, to be an aspirant to a mitre!

Friday, 20. Montague Place.—Since I last wrote I have been to the Isle of Wight to see Seymour and am but just returned. I had a delightful drive with Mr. Keble on Tuesday to the station. He was particularly kind and communicative. He said of New College men what I have fifty times said of all Winchester men, that, as a general rule, they remain boys all their lives long. . . . He preferred Winchester to Exeter as a diocese. But this bald, disjointed chat is quite sad to put down, just after one has heard the man himself, and, still more, seen him. He is never so great as when quite alone. If any one whom he distrusts is

present, he is like a flower closing up—so different, shy and silent does he become, and, when he does talk, seems so commonplace. I left him, hoping I might be able often to revisit and drink health and wisdom at his fountains.

On reaching Southampton, he visited Netley Abbey, admired and passed judgment on the architecture.

In the evening to Cowes, Newport and Sandcliff—the latter reached not without some little degree of adventure, from a road close over the cliff, just before Black Gang Chine. The man wanted me to walk. I declined unless he thought we were going over the cliff—in which case “I had no objection.” “He did not expect that,” he said, so I sat still. We tried a wrong house, and, on my rowing the man for his ignorance, he said he “knew *nigh* the place he was sure.” A very kind reception from Seymour and his family. My dear friend is much better, comparatively speaking, quite restored, but he cannot read much yet. A very sweet family! Miss Seymour I will not trust myself even here to speak of. . . . I have put down enough to imply high admiration of her.

B. S. himself cordial and affectionate. He is the *sweetest* fellow I know, so gentle and charitable, and playful and simple. I shall certainly go and see him again, though I cannot be sure that his sister may not have something to do with it.

Arrived safe here about half-past nine. Found a most affectionate letter from Temple. If flattery could make me a great man I should be very great, seeing that he administers, I believe in all sincerity, considerable doses of it. But he is a right good fellow. My poor uncle [H. N. Coleridge] worse than ever. . . . Truly a great intellect, and, as I think, a good man is passing away.

Sunday, 29. Since I last wrote, in this, my uncle Henry has passed away, less than two months after my aunt was summoned. The golden chain¹ is rapidly breaking up. I pray God that the remaining links may be spared us. . . .

I long to be called to the Bar and to begin to make money. I have dreams of domestic happiness, such as I may never realise, but which I hope it is not wrong to wish to try to realise. I cannot but think that I may do well there if I work humbly, steadily, and on proper principle; nor do I

¹ Colonel Coleridge used to speak of his six sons as the “beautiful band.”

think my father would be indisposed to assist me in my good scheme of marriage. Of course I cannot tell that my beautiful and good maiden would be willing, but as for the next five years I could not, anyhow, support another, it is rather needless to begin to speculate.

My dear uncle ! His end was full of comfort. He seemed to break forth at last with all that had been on his mind for a long while past. He said he had no terrors, and this he several times repeated. He had suffered severely some days previously, but the end itself was calm and quiet—very quiet. I cannot trust myself to characterize him for fear of attempting fine writing. But I may say, generally, that he was a great intellect and a good man. Kind as he was to me, I have not felt his loss as I should have done. I hardly yet believe it real.

On June 30, 1843, Coleridge was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter College.

Without honours or other University distinctions his papers must have convinced the Rector and Fellows that his general reputation had not been overrated, and the injunction of the Statutes to elect "*ad proficiendum aptissimos*," *i.e.*, those most likely to improve, might safely be interpreted in his favour. His father had been a Fellow before him, and was a *persona grata* to the College, and amongst the Fellows were men who were, or were to be, his friends and associates, such as William Sewell, George Rawlinson, Paul Augustine Kingdon, Matthew Anstis, J. Anthony Froude, R. Cowley Powles, and George Butler.

Whilst he was waiting for the verdict, he summed up his chances, and himself, in some characteristic reflections in his journal.

OXFORD, *St. Peter's Day*,
June 29, 1843.

I am anxious, before it is decided, to put upon paper my feelings as to my chance at Exeter, where I have been

standing for a Fellowship. Whether my forebodings shall be realised or contradicted by the event, I wish, now, deliberately and uninfluenced by the event, to put them upon record. I shall not say that I have not the slightest chance. I *have* the slightest chance and but the slightest. I have all the chance that good-will can give me, but none other. I have done badly in the examination, so as not only to give them an impression of my ignorance, but, also, of my great want of clearness, logical power, etc., of which I am very painfully aware. Words are very well in talk, unless one gets a Ward to talk to—then, indeed, one gets rather brought down, but on paper you want more. . . . This I will say—if I am elected, I will do my best to profit by my year at Oxford, to make myself really useful to the College, and to fit myself for my future profession. If I am rejected, I will acquiesce most fully in the justice of the decision, and strive to do my duty better out of Oxford than I have hitherto done in it. So may God have mercy on me, and, if this be the last night I spend in Oxford, may I bear away the feelings it has given rise to, and strive to realise them.

The “probationary” year, 1843–1844, which necessitated residence in college, the years which preceded marriage, 1844–1846, and the first years of practice on circuit, and of waiting for briefs in London, were marked by but few striking events, and offer but little scope for the biographer. It is sufficient to state the facts, that he was President of the Union during the Michaelmas Term of 1843, Librarian during the Easter and Midsummer Terms of 1844, and that, in July 1844, before quitting the University for ever, he printed for private circulation a tiny volume entitled *Memorials of Oxford*. We can form a picture of the man as he showed himself to his friends, as he reveals himself in his own letters, as, at rare intervals and with few comments, he is mentioned or described in his father’s journal. As youth gave place to manhood, his character, outwardly at least, underwent a change. Hitherto he

had taken life easily. It had cost him little or no effort to cultivate his talents up to a certain point, and from this husbandry he had already reaped a sufficient, if not an ample harvest. The burden of conduct had pressed lightly upon him, and with little to regret, nothing to awaken shame or distress, he had enjoyed to the full the days which had pleasure in them. A certain joyance of disposition was natural to him, but there were counteracting influences. The necessity of reading law, not fitfully, or under the compulsion of an uneasy conscience, but soberly, steadily and as a matter of course; the prospect of marriage, only to be realised with his father's assent and assistance, and, above all, the exigencies and aspirations of religious opinion, went to the making of the man.

At three-and-twenty, however, with life all before him, he comes before us as a young Don Magnifico, surrounding himself with all the appointments and belongings of a scholar of birth and means—a library of the best books arrayed in costly bindings, proof engravings of the old masters, a horse to ride, an income which permitted him to contribute to the furtherance of public schemes in which he was interested. He is on terms of intimacy with other promising youths, the favourites of the coming race, and the favour of his friendship is sought after and highly appreciated. One gathers that he is apt to indulge in a certain asperity of speech, that he is quick to condemn those who do not come up to his standard, and that he is prone to sigh like a furnace over some who have fallen away or who have waxed cold, or are not what they once seemed. But his friends, even when they hint a criticism, are ready

to make excuses, and to offer fresh incense of applause and of generous adulation.

Their letters place in the midst, for our inspection and appreciation, the friend to whom they were written, and they are interesting for the sake of the writers, who were among the makers of the new age. Amongst them will be found Coleridge's letters to John Billingsley Seymour.

MATTHEW ARNOLD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

Fox How,

Sunday night, Jan. 8, 1843.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

If all your intimate friends (whose name is Legion) repay your exertions with as great promptitude as I am doing, I think you will have no cause to complain. I call your attention to this, merely in consequence of the suspicion implied in the last line of your letter, "Mind you write," not "Mind you write *soon*," but conveying the very injurious impression that you believed me to be in the habit of abstaining from answering letters altogether. However, this will undeceive you, and, as you are not coming back, I think, till the 28th, I shall expect you to let me hear again from you in the course of the next three weeks.

Your letter was, in all respects, most welcome; in one, most especially, that of giving me some information as to the literature of the day. For, as we do not even see newspapers, I had heard nothing whatever of the new *Quarterly*, or of Thirlwall's charge, and about the charge my curiosity had been raised, as it appeared to have attracted Hawker's attention, who generally neglects such things. Still, though it seems most ungrateful to complain, I do not approve of your omitting your own proceedings so entirely. It is too bad if, in a letter at least, one may not transgress Lake's Rule, and talk about oneself. As "a great relative of your own" up here [Hartley Coleridge] observed to [Bonamy] Price on another subject, "What do I care for Society? I am all for the individual Citizen." So, I have always thought that, no letter on earth can be long enough to discuss the literature of the day, and that the subject is better reserved for future conversations; in order that your own undiluted self may have room to give an account of its proceedings. I own that it is

very thankless in me to appear discontented with what I have got, but I hope that you will draw from what I have said the complimentary inference which Mackarness would not fail to detect, that my interest in your own pursuits makes me willing to forego much very pleasant and profitable instruction.

If I am to apply my principle of individualising letter-writing (the expression is Lakean) to my own practice, I shall very soon have exhausted myself. I have been living in perfect quietness—my chief occupation having been abuse of the weather, and my idleness considerable; and there seems to be no prospect of any change of condition before the 21st. When I add that I am perfectly well, and that it is now freezing hard, I have really told you everything. But you, living in the midst of London, and the heart of literary society, have no excuse for not detailing to me the sayings that have been uttered and the people that you have seen.

As to the proceedings of the Committee,¹ I own we are all somewhat disappointed. Stanley's unproposed plan of a scholarship at Oxford for all boys from all schools, or men who have not completed their second term, to be held like a University Scholarship, seems preferable to any other I have heard. The scholarships at Rugby will merely relieve the Masters from those which they give at present, and which I do not think they feel to be any great burden. What you say about the connection of my father's name with Rugby has far more weight in it: only I think that if the school continues as it is at present, his name will be of necessity bound up with it, as having almost created it anew, and if it goes down, the money will be completely thrown away. You have my crude notions on the subject, and I cannot see any definite reasons for changing them. . . .

I am extremely glad that you like the sermons. I always wished that you should read them. They seem to me the most delightful and the most satisfactory to read, of all his writings. The last sermon but two in the last volume preached on Whitsunday, is, I think, the most beautiful of

¹ "As a testimony of gratitude to his [Dr. Arnold's] services in the cause of education, a public subscription was set on foot, under the superintendence of a Committee . . . the proceeds of which were applied, after the erection of a monument in Rugby Chapel, to the foundation of scholarships to be enjoyed in the first instance by his sons in succession, and afterwards dedicated to the promotion of general study at Rugby, and of the pursuit of history at Oxford."
—*Life of Arnold*, by A. P. Stanley, one vol., p. 464.

all of them. I neither expect nor desire that they should change your admiration for Newman. I should be very unwilling to think they did so in my own case, but owing to my utter want of prejudice (you remember your slander) I find it perfectly possible to admire them both. You cannot expect that very detailed and complete controversial sermons, going at once to the root of all the subjects in dispute, should be preached to a congregation of boys. It would be very unfit that they should. The peculiar nature of Newman's congregation gives him, I think, a great advantage, in enabling him to state his views and to dwell on them, in all their completeness. But I speak on these matters with a consciousness of much ignorance.

Do not believe from my "frivolous criticism" (I must again refer you to Lake), that I am not very much interested by your letter, and very much delighted to receive it. I only hope that you will not disappoint me, and will write me another which shall combine with the information your present one conveys to me an accurate record of your sayings and doings in the last month.

Will you give my respects to your father and remember me very kindly to your brother, and

Believe me to remain,

Yours affectionately,

M. ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

Fox How,

Tuesday, March 2, 1843.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I was glad to find by a quotation from your letter to Stanley about a week or ten days ago that, like a discerning person, you had hit upon the right reason for my silence, and not had recourse to those miserable insinuations about laziness, carelessness, and so on, which too many of my friends are apt to indulge in on similar occasions. But your letter certainly deserves an answer, though I shall see you again, I hope, so soon that I had many doubts about writing. Also I must premise that I use the word *answer* in its most general and extended sense, as I have left your letter behind me at Oxford, and it is rather a hopeless business to take shots at what I believe you to have said. One thing I do remember, though not the exact expressions you used in all their original pointedness. However, it was to the effect

that I was slow in writing, which is the melancholy truth ; though melancholy, I believe, more because it adds to one's trouble, than because what one writes suffers by it. It is certainly possible to be too slow, that is, to go on for ever with a pen in your hand, never able to set oneself steadily to the work before one ; but if one is really working, and delayed merely by being unable to satisfy oneself easily, I cannot think that the time is wasted. As a boy, I used to write very quickly, and I declare that at first it was with an effort that I compelled myself to write more slowly and carefully, though I am ready to confess that now I could not write quicker if I would. So that if, as I believe, you did me the honour to associate yourself in this defect, I think we may both console ourselves with the reflection that all we write ought to be the better for it. Whether it is or no, one gets more and more incredulous, too, as to those prodigies of intellectual exertions by which works that are to endure for centuries are thrown off in a month, though, of course, this extreme rapidity did once seem very fine to us, and very much to be envied. But if people are to be allowed to write very slow, they ought, I confess, to write very constantly, or there is a great stiffness about their productions when they are complete. This is a great fault in my Poem, and is, ludicrously enough, united with the fault of over-rapidity in the last part, which I had to finish in two or three days. However, some of it, I think, is fairly good, though its chance of winning is of the smallest ; there are faults in the construction which alarm Stanley terribly ; and I should think that the construction of a Prize Poem ought to be conducted on certain fixed principles, and would be, and very fairly, made a point of great importance. But I should think you were beginning to feel that you had had nearly enough on this subject.

I came up here in the full expectation of being able to devote myself to the great delight of the year, fly-fishing ; but we have had January weather, and the ground, last night and this morning, has been covered with snow. You cannot conceive the delight I find in my solitary fishing among the mountains here ; indeed I am glad you cannot, or you would certainly regard it with the same lordly contempt with which Hawker complains that you look upon his attachment to coaches, though, indeed, I am bound to consider my taste is the superior one of the two, so much so that it is absolutely above contempt. I do not think I should care so much for it anywhere else, though on Dartmoor I do not see what else will be left for me to do—though Hawker

would tell you that he had a catalogue of amusements and occupations sufficient to absorb every hour of our stay down there. However the only definite ones appear to be playing cricket with some club twelve miles off (and I have not the slightest idea of exhibiting myself in this capacity), and of riding Devonshire ponies up and down ascents and declivities, which he himself owns to be covered with masses of granite, though he asserts the turf itself to be of the most exquisite softness when you get upon it—and for exploits of this kind I have not yet acquired sufficient taste, or, I am afraid, sufficient nerve. How gloriously beautiful North Leach Church is! You must know it, I suppose, being architectural, by pictures if not by having actually seen it. Even I, who am profoundly ignorant on the subject, was perfectly astonished that I had never heard of it. It reminded me extremely of a cathedral Church I had seen in the North of France at Mantes. I did not expect to have arrived at crossing, so must come to an abrupt conclusion. Will you make my respects to your father, and remember me very kindly to your brother and

Believe me to remain,

Affectionately yours,

M. ARNOLD.

J. MANLEY HAWKER to J. D. COLERIDGE.

OXFORD, *March 11, 1843.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Fanshawe,¹ instigated by some words of Shairp (this I insert by particular desire), came to me the other day and desired in my next communication to inform you *sub rosa* (as it is not publicly known) that there will be a *Petrean*² fellowship vacant at Exeter this year. All your friends, as well as myself, desire you to stand for it.

My next request is, that you will come and stay with me a week, sometime during the Easter vacation, as you are at any rate comparatively a rich man, and I believe do not mind moving about. I hope you will not think it too much trouble to come down to our once remote part of the world. We cannot give you literary society, and I daresay there will be many things to shock you, but we will endeavour to make

¹ Frederick Fanshawe, 1821–1879, Scholar, of Balliol 1841, Master of Bedford School 1855–1874.

² The Petrean Fellowships at Exeter College, Oxford, were founded by Sir William Petre in 1568.

up all deficiencies by a hearty welcome, and at anyrate there is plenty of beautiful scenery to relieve some portion of the day.

Our friend Matt utters as many absurdities as ever, with as grave a face, and I am afraid wastes his time considerably, which I deeply regret, but advice does not go for much with him, and perhaps I am not well qualified to give it. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

J. MANLEY HAWKER.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to JOHN BILLINGSLEY SEYMOUR.

4 MONTAGUE PLACE,

May 21, 1843.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

I will begin by expressing to you my warm thanks and gratitude for your very kind and affectionate letter. I wish I were more worthy of it, and I trust I may become so day by day, not that I could ever become much more sensible of the value of your friendship or more anxious to keep it than I am now. I cannot, of course, pretend even yet to a perfect cheerfulness or equanimity. My brother was very dear to me, and it is not at first that we can realise the loss of one who has been an element in our daily life for so many years, and whose existence has been taken for granted in every thought and action. The blank is not so perceptible at first, when the mind is under some degree of excitement, as when it begins to settle down to do its ordinary duties in the ordinary way, and all extraordinary causes, either of excitement or depression, are removed. There is something very desolate and that makes the heart sink, in coming back, as it were, into a world which we have been living apart from for a time, and finding something absent that was there when we were there before, which we have been used to look to with delight as the sun of the household. We have no *child* left among us now. But I must not bore you with any more of this, patient as you are, neither do I believe it is good even for me personally.

I am rather behind the world in Oxford news, and I dare say you get it fresher from old Prichard than it could be second-hand from me. Lake is come back very vigorous in body, and, I understand, no less argumentative than he went out; I shall be curious to see him, and to hear what he says of the state of things at Rome.¹ People with different prejudices contrive to see the same facts from different

¹ "He [Lake] writes to me that the external appearance of things at Rome does not please him. There is so much worship of the

points of view, and with different bearings. Meyrick¹ told me he saw *nothing* the least idolatrous or reprehensible in any part of their service there, and that he believed all the priests were men of the highest character. Pearson told me the mummery was disgusting, and that the priests were many of them Infidels or worse. Shall you go there? If you do, I look for a candid view of things from you. . . . I cannot bring myself to think as Carlyle would have us, that all the *forms* of religion are gone by, and are not to be reinspired with life; and yet there is much in his view, speaking merely *a priori*, and as a philosopher. I mean that unless forms have divinity in them, they will not, ordinarily, outlive the state of society or of mental cultivation that gave rise to them, and, should they ever become extinct, can be galvanised only, not really restored to life. But, if they have a divine significance, they must have that about them which will make them adopted, and should preserve them in vigour, for all generations. Carlyle has been publishing a very strange but able book, which has made me meditate on these things. He calls it *Past and Present*, and contrasts very powerfully the Middle Ages, the Ages of Faith, with these Mammonish and Dilettante times, living, as he says, upon the principle of "Laissez Faire, and Cash Payments the sole *nexus* between Man and Man." When you come back from Foreign parts you shall, if you like, read it. But your nice classical taste will revolt at the style which I cannot defend, certainly.

In the way of work I have been upon Blackstone and Hallam. The first is very delightful, quite a genius in law.

Virgin, apparently. I think he might find other things; but I am very unwilling to think of such things myself. I confess I can quite sympathize with the *fashionable* dislike of the word 'Protestant.' There is, surely, enough all round us for our meditation, both in the way of good and of evil, without our thinking so much of other people. And this does not apply to Dissenters, in the same way; for they deny truths which we hold. The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, hold what we do and profess to find more. And, really, we have so many things to mend that it does not look well in us to abuse them: above all the extremely worldly spirit of our Church is a most painful thing, and we want great efforts of all her members to remove such a blot. . . . I must confess, however, that I have liked Roman Catholicism less, hitherto, the more I have known of it."—F. TEMPLE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, *March 17, 1843.*

¹ The Rev. T. Meyrick, b. 1817, a contributor to Newman's *Lives of the English Saints*, who, afterwards, joined the Church of Rome. He was the "Father Meyrick" of the Tichborne trial.

I believe his book is quite astonishing when one comes to know the sort of chaos out of which he constructed it. Hallam, I think, has been much over-rated, a dry dull style, no great vigour of representation, or lucidity of view or arrangement. The old lawyer is quite refreshing after the Whig Philosopher and historian. I hate a regular old Whig with all my heart. He seems such a humbug—his “liberty to tax yourself” and the like, without a spark of sympathy for real people, the starving masses, seems, to me, to be so very unreal.

Perhaps I may stand at Exeter, but I don't think even that is very likely. I am not absolutely in want of a Fellowship, (and less now than before,) and I don't know that even as a pleasure I much desire it! So I shall go on, I believe, law-reading and keeping terms in London for three years before I am called. I can see what the labour will be. If a man means to be a real working lawyer, not a dilettante player at the study, he should weigh the cost well. The field seems endless and, speaking practically, it is so. No one, I suppose, except a Lord Eldon or a Lord Stowell, if they, being able to take it all in. To a lazy man, too, the feeling is not very pleasant that it is to be a life's work. No more loitering, no delay—if you do stop “like to an entered tide, they all rush in, and leave you hindmost.” I don't believe there is any truth in the common arguments against a lawyer's life, that it indisposes a man to seek truth for its own sake. Perhaps I am rather lucky in my examples, but I can answer for its not being so, in matter of fact, in the lawyers that I know best. But, I fancy, it is one of those many subjects where theory and facts cannot anyhow be made to square. At least I think so, and, as I have interest in it, I mean to go on thinking so. . . .

Good-bye, my dear fellow, and may God bless you and send you home strong and well,

Ever your affectionate,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

J. MANLEY HAWKER to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

BRIMPTS, *July 3, 1843.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

We were all most heartily glad to hear of your success, and no one more so than myself. It is most “creditable”¹

¹ No doubt a favourite word of the Master's, or of one of the Balliol Dons, which had “caught on.”

to you to have done the trick so neatly, and I only wish that I was in, or likely to be in, your situation.

We arrived here on Friday evening after sundry displays of the most consummate coolness on the part of our friend Matt, who pleasantly induced a belief into the passengers of the coach that I was a poor mad gentleman, and that he was my keeper. In Exeter we saw Waite, Mackarness, Farrer, and your brother, for a few minutes, just as they were starting—Mackarness very pleasant and lordly! Arnold,¹ at present, hardly acknowledges that there is anything to admire in the glorious scenery about here, and says that the hills are lumpy. I have never seen the Lake country, therefore cannot enter the lists of comparison, but I cannot think that it is so much more beautiful than Devonshire. This is a stupid epistle, but Arnold has been bothering me in the early part of it, and it is past bedtime now (ten o'clock). So good-night!

Yours most sincerely,

J. MANLEY HAWKER.

F. TEMPLE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

AXON, NR. WELLINGTON, SOMERSET,

July 31, 1843.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I suppose you will be complaining again that your friends always expect you to write first, but, indeed, I should not expect it if you did not promise it. I was very sorry to hear that you were unwell again; Jowett told me of it the other day when I was with him; he had your last letter just as I came away on Thursday. He says that you were quite surprised at your own election at Exeter. I cannot say I was, though my joy at it could not have been greater if it had taken me by surprise. It is quite delightful to think of your being in Oxford for another whole year, and, then, too, there will be an inducement to you to be always coming down after your year of probation and seeing us

¹ In another letter dated August 12, he reverts to Arnold's depreciation of Devonshire. "I am fully prepared to do justice to Westmoreland, but I must confess that the one-sided views of our friend Matt. would urge one very strongly to retaliate in his own coin. It certainly is most trying to hear a man say of a county which you have for years been accustomed to admire in every shape and under every aspect, 'This is nice, *when* it has the sun upon it,' in a sort of patronising concession to me."

for a day or two. Exeter Common Room will be quite a delightful place in time, I think, if Balliol men flow into it at this rate. I have been doing little enough, this vacation, after my magnificent intentions before I left Oxford. I have taken a regular header into Logic and have been under water so long that I begin to be doubtful whether I shall ever come to the surface again. But I have been so interrupted by visitors and visits that I cannot blame myself much. I am quite in love with St. Thomas Aquinas. He certainly seems a most wonderful man; he never writes a word without a real meaning, though it is rather hard to find it out sometimes, and I get quite angry with anybody who accuses those old fellows of merely stringing together hard words. You have of course read Pusey's sermon. I was delighted to hear Scott say that he liked it. The Appendix I suppose is Newman's. I remarked several beautiful little strokes in it which I think must have come from him; one passage, the sense of which was completely altered by putting the word "the" in *Italics*.¹ I was much struck the other day when talking of that sermon to observe an illustration of the evil effects of that word Protestant as applied to our Church; a gentleman was expressing his opinion upon it, and instead of thinking whether or not it *agreed* with our formularies and with what our Church teaches, his only standard seemed to be whether it *disagreed* with the doctrine of the Roman Catholic forms. That negative way of viewing doctrines can never be practical in a good sense; surely no one can *live* on negatives. . . . I had a letter from Shairp the other day from Grasmere. . . . The place he says is "instinct with Wordsworth," and I daresay he raves about it to all his companions. Clough is to join them . . . and there to take the reins till just a week before Term-time. I have been reading Newman's University Sermons since I came home. They are splendid, I think, and I like them better the more I know them, but I find the same defect in them that I do in all our philosophical writers, except Coleridge, a want of exact accuracy and consistency in the use of words. I know it is difficult to unite popularity of style with *exactness*, but I think Coleridge does it, and I think with some little

¹ "Resting on . . . 'The Bread which, etc.,' and 'I will not drink, etc.,' she holds that the nature of the Bread and Wine continues after Consecration, and, therefore, rejects transubstantiation, or '*the* change of the substance which supposes the nature of bread entirely to cease by consecration.'"—*A Sermon*, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, 1843 [App.], pp. 87, 88.

trouble Newman might do it too. If you merely wish to produce general impressions it is unnecessary, but Newman's Sermons cannot be intended for that. Butler is infinitely superior to Newman in that respect, though Butler is not perfectly free from the fault. I am quite anticipating with pleasure the prospect of returning to Oxford now that you will be there all the time. I suppose you will come up soon after we shall. But, to tell the truth, I fear for next Term very much: I know much more is expected of me than I can do, and it is a humbling thing to disappoint people. Good-bye.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
F. TEMPLE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

ASHBURTON, *Friday, August, 1843.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

If I did not answer your letter by return of post, you would scarcely get an answer before I left the country; for my original plan of staying here six weeks was altered by finding that my brothers went back to Rugby on the 12th, and that I must cut my time here shorter in order to catch them at Fox How, and one of them, whom I have not seen for a year, I was particularly anxious not to miss. Therefore I leave Ashburton on Sunday next (Sunday travelling, to judge from the coaches we see, appears to be a Devonshire custom), sleep in Exeter that night, and go straight on the next day, arriving at Ambleside on Tuesday morning, and so home. I am really very sorry that I cannot come to you, but I think from what you say, that even if I had stayed here as long as I at first intended, our times would scarcely have suited, if you had to go the last part of the Circuit. If you are so near us as Teignmouth, I do not see why you should not rush over the intervening moor, and appear here on Sunday morning, just in time to witness the touching sorrow of our little circle at the first parting, and to attend the performance of a most extraordinary individual in Ashburton—individual who has already electrified us for two Sundays. The journey of twenty-one miles in the bracing air of these wild and picturesque moors (Guidebook style) would do you the greatest good; and your sadly luxurious tastes would not be, I think, intolerably shocked by a single day's experience of our rigid simplicity of living.

I do really think that I should have written to you without

waiting for your letter, if I had known earlier of your illness, but being a sadly irregular letter writer, I always expect my correspondents, unreasonably perhaps, to stimulate me by their expressions of doubt and distrust in their own first letters, to astonish them by a speedy and immediate reply. I really hoped you had got perfectly rid of your illness, and, certainly, you managed to conceal it well enough at Oxford, as I, who imagine myself to be an observer of faces, never conceived that there was anything the matter with you, except that you were a great deal worried by having many things to do. And this reminds me that I have never congratulated you on the result of the chief among those many things to do—your election at Exeter. After your disappointments by illness, I am extremely glad that you have finished with that most pleasant and graceful conclusion of an Oxford life, an open Fellowship; and I need not say how pleasant it will be to have you for an additional year in Oxford, on my own account, and on yours, too, if you think it will really be for your happiness to spend one year more in Oxford with no particular employment, before you proceed to set to work in earnest at what you intend to be an actual business in life. But I grow didactic.

See what it is to say rash things! I had quite forgotten my unfortunate assertion that Devonshire was overpraised, and you now bring it forward to throw suspicion on my judgment. But of my judgment I abate nothing. The rivers and valleys are fine, and Holne Chase is beautiful, but the hills seem to me worth very little, except for the sake of that sublimest of stones, granite, of which they are composed. But I must be altogether wrong about Devonshire—for dining, the other evening, with the Reverend Hamilton Southcombe, our curate, he and a man of the name of Grainger (so I took it) decided positively and authoritatively that Devonshire was pre-eminent in beauty among the English counties, and teemed with great men, and remarked, at the same time, with great force and shrewdness on the singular insensibility of Devonshire men to their own merits and their county's, and the very reprehensible silence they maintained on the subject. Undoubtedly they must know, being Devonshire men, and so, of course, I must have been quite wrong.

Pray come here, or write—if you do not write at once, direct to me at Fox How.

Ever affectionately yours,

M. ARNOLD.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

GRASMERE, BY AMBLESIDE.

August 3, 1843.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

You must be beginning to think me a very strange fellow for having taken no notice of your very kind letter, but, the truth is, I have been for some time disabled in my quill-driving hand, *χέρος ἐκ δοριπάλτου* [in my spear-wielding hand], as Aeschylus hath it, and, even now, I am apprehensive I may not be able to make this legible. I think you will recognise the date of this. Here we have been for more than a month, with our tent pitched beside this fairy lake, and wandering up and down this most pleasant land. I never heard of such good luck as ours. The first day we reached Ambleside we set out to seek for some dwelling-place and without any directions from any one—as if guided by some unseen hand—we lit upon a large new Farm House [Pavement End] at a little distance from the village, where we got accommodation for five—most ample and delightful accommodation. No clergyman need wish a better vicarage, and, the best of it all is, it is very moderate. Our first fortnight the weather was very good, but since then our days have been broken up by continual rains which keep us from wandering as far as we would. But you will begin to wonder who compose this “we”; or is it only the editorial pronoun? Know, then, that Douglas, Battersby, Lawley, Proby, and I are all in this house together. Stopford joined us a little time ago—he sleeps out but has meals with us. So you see if we turn dull it is not for want of numbers. By this time I know all the Ghylls and Fells within an evening walk; but as I do not allow myself any idle days I fear my knowledge of the lakes generally will be small. Some of the others have been round them, and have come back telling of the solitude of Wastwater and the grandeurs of Scawfell, to which I sit and listen with open mouth and ears—just as you may fancy any of the old Greeks to Hesiod, while he was spinning his yarns about India and Scythia. But I have gone on talking about myself without ever saying how sorry I was to hear of your return of suffering. I hope it is quite over now, and that you may gather strength from your mild climate and pleasant county. How is Johnson? Remember me very kindly indeed to him when you write. Have you seen his brother's *Plato*? I should like to read it. You speak about Scotland and ask me what I think of it in comparison with this, or, rather, *vice versa*. They are both

beautiful, and, (do you know ?) I have a particular dislike to comparing fine countries : it always mars my enjoyment in them. They are quite different (these hills) from the Scotch—much greener, less stern and more peaceful. It is true I miss the heather, sometimes, but a mixture of the green and purple is best. Yes, I have seen the Poet ! Last Sunday forenoon I went to Rydal Church. Archbishop Whately was expected to preach, but did not. But Wordsworth was there. I could not help gazing on him with an interest which was quite painful. He seems very old ; and yet it is a green old age. When I saw him I felt inclined to say what he says so well to Yarrow. "And is this—*Wordsworth* ? This the man 'of whom my fancy cherished, So faithfully, a waking dream' ?" But the image has not perished, for he is very like what I had pictured him. I wish very much I knew him a little. Some of our party went back to Rydal in the afternoon, and your cousin, the Rev. Derwent [Coleridge], preached. They liked his sermon very much.

Do you think of coming to these regions ? I should like, so, to have one day's wander with you amongst these hills.

So Carlyle underrates Coleridge, does he ? I have read a good deal of each, and Coleridge is out and out the greater man of the two (ὡς ἔμοιγε δοκεῖ—and, what is better, he is far truer. By the bye, how do you like S. T. C.'s style ? It strikes me it is, perhaps, the least good thing of his writings. Is not it a pity it is not more simple, because it gives occasion to people to say that he darkens things by a multitude of words ?

I am longing to hear something of Seymour, for he does not know my address, nor I his. Let me know, please, where a letter would find him, and if you write him soon say how sorry I am our correspondence has been interrupted. I fully agree with you in thinking he ought not to hazard reading for a class. O Coleridge, how I should enjoy this country if I were disencumbered of the cares of schools, and could be "free of mountain solitudes !" But I always try to make out eight hours a day and find that far too little for all I have got to do. I have read through Sophocles since I came here, and am now in Æschylus, of which I find I knew absolutely nothing. Clough comes, in a little time, to give us all some help. Butler, too, I am reading, *The Analogy*—a soul-filling book, and refreshing withal after a hard chorus. Our abode is within one hundred yards of Grasmere Church, which bears many marks of being the Church of the *Excursion* ; though I do not believe its

perfect archetype is to be found anywhere. My lame hand must excuse this very bad writing—worse, I hope you will allow, than usual. With many hopes for your better health and for all happiness,

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. SHAIRP.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to JOHN BILLINGSLEY SEYMOUR.

ST. MARY CHURCH,

August 5, 1843.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

I have just left Jowett, with whom I stayed two or three days very pleasantly. Teignmouth is a lovely place. The Teign at high water is like a large lake with fields and trees running down into it on all sides, and brim full of that bright sea-coloured water, the tint of which is indescribable, neither green nor blue, but made up of both, and better than either. The sea is, indeed, a grand and overwhelming object, but, to my mind, the perfection of landscape requires it to be landlocked. In the other case it is so far the largest feature that it destroys proportion and dwarfs or puts out of sight the rest. The place from which I write is close to Torquay, and in the midst of the most beautiful scenery I ever saw in England, next to the lakes. The Bishop of Exeter has built himself a very grand abode in one of the sweetest spots of all [Bishopstowe] and has given up his palace and cathedral. I walked with him for nearly three hours yesterday, and very affable and unaffected he was. I was much struck with seeing him, by far the largest-minded and longest-headed of our Bishops, except perhaps St. David's—perfectly in the dark, not only as to the ulterior views and designs of the Oxford men, but even as to the principles and motives of their actions, and the system which they are seeking to embody. People will be rather startled, I suspect, when they come to apprehend and realise what has been intended all along. They will find an approximation to Roman Catholicism, purified, that is, and idealized, for which they are by no means yet prepared.

F. TEMPLE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

AXON, Sept. 2, 1843.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I am very, very sorry to say that after all I shall not be able to accept your kind invitation. It is a cruel disappoint-

ment to me, I can tell you, but I am afraid I cannot help myself. At any rate I shall see you in Oxford : I suppose you will be there early in the Term. I seem to have been over nearly the same parts of Devonshire this summer as yourself, and I am sure your admiration of it cannot surpass mine. . . . What do you think of the affair of the Non Residents' Address ? Is it not rather funny ? At least it seems to me as if the Vice Chancellor must have felt rather uncomfortable before he took such a very odd step. I am quite wild about the matter, for I have been so perpetually pestered by everybody asking about the "Trial" and the "Board of Heresy," and "The supposed heretical passages," that my head is quite dizzy with it. I was amused at your discussing Political Economy with Jowett : I believe he does not much like that subject with me, for I am so incorrigibly stupid that I can never understand his arguments, and then I fight on after he thinks I am fairly beaten. Besides that, I always din into his ears that Political Economy is a totally distinct thing from Politics : a truth which every man acknowledges theoretically but very few, indeed, of the Political Economists seem to think true practically. Is not this the root of the doctrine of "Cash the sole *nexus*," which Carlyle so indignantly attacks ? The matter is very well treated in one of the essays in the second volume of the *Friend*¹ which I daresay you have read, though I know you are not so careful to study your great relation as you ought to be. You cannot think how very sorry I am not to come and see you, but I am afraid it is a duty. Good-bye.

Believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to JOHN BILLINGSLEY SEYMOUR.

HEATH'S COURT,

September 16, 1843.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

It is very delightful to be living *at home* and to have a centre to all one's thoughts and interests. I can quite understand how it is that farmers get so bigoted and so

¹ "I have nearly finished Mill's *Logic* and admire it extremely ; but I still cannot agree to the view I thought so extraordinary at first. I cannot think that it is a mere illusion produced by association of ideas which makes me feel certain that space is infinite, or that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. I wish Coleridge were

completely engrossed in their own pursuits, unintellectual as they seem. Watching trees like children, poking about amongst fields and hedges, and trying experiments upon soil with this and that crop, this and that manure, is uncommonly jolly even to me, in a small way and for a few months, and I can quite feel how engrossing it would become, and how good it is not to be able to live always in the country and to have an intellectual profession to look to as the work of life. Temple, who has been staying with me, seems to have as much knowledge of farming as he has of the differential calculus, and to take as much interest in horse and cow and pig flesh as he does in Logic and Rhetoric—being able to carry them all in trim without cramming or jostling.

But Temples are like Phoenixes, and, though Charles Lamb's liar did say (see Elia) that "the Phoenix was not an uncommon bird in some parts of Upper Egypt," I never met but one Temple. Did *you*, think you, taking him altogether? His distinctive characteristic seems to me to be *maturity*, which, in so young a man as he, is, generally, not a favourable symptom, but, then, he combines it with an equally uncommon amount of buoyancy and energy. For sageness, to coin a word (sagacity won't do), I never met his equal. . . . I hope the great Constantine [Prichard] won't think me an ungrateful brute for never writing to him. I had nearly finished a *μέγα χροῖμα* of a letter to him when the sage Temple suggested it would never reach him, for he would have left Milan long ago—so it fed the flames, so gaining, as Swift said on a like occasion, what it sadly wanted—fire. I envy you many of your sight-seeings. Munich I especially want to visit, and I wish to see whether the German school of the present day are really great men—genuine creators painting from themselves and from nature, (only nature glorified and idealized), as did Raffaele, Buonarotti, Lionardo and the rest; or whether they are all like Overbeck—men of great skill and talent, doubtless, and imbued with a real feeling for the pure and the beautiful, but deficient in creative imagination, and, instead, cleverly combining and rearranging the subjects and forms of other minds. They may, perhaps, go even beyond this, and, in a certain

alive; he would have set the matter right quickly enough. I feel convinced that Mill is wrong, and, yet, he has put the argument so well, that I do not know how to answer it to myself. Otherwise, the book is most splendid."—F. TEMPLE to J. D. COLERIDGE, *March 13*, 1843.

sense, create, without being (as Sewell would insist they are) equal to the Ancient Masters—just as Walter Scott was, in a certain sense, a creator of character, yet in a far lower sense than Shakespeare or Cervantes; Scott beginning at the outside and working inwards, *they* beginning inside and developing the spirit into form; the external marks and dress, the essence of character in Scott, being the mere accidents and paraphernalia in Shakespeare—the means, only, through which the characters become cognisable by us—not, at all, the character itself. So it is, if it be not too fanciful, in painting too. There is a wide difference between a creation of Overbeck, or Cornelius, or Biedermann, however correct in costume, and however untraceable to a definite prototype, and the Sybils of M. Angelo, the virgins of Raffaele, or the Creator Mundi of Lionardo. There does not seem half as much to *come out of the man* in the one case as in the other. This is muddy enough, old fellow, only I fancy I have a dim glimmering of something approaching to a meaning on my own mind, and could make less of a hash of it *vivâ voce* and with examples at hand. But don't trouble yourself to puzzle it out. It isn't worth it. You have thought the same thing yourself, I dare say, half a hundred times before and ten times as clearly. Let me know, when you next have time, how the Roman Catholicism strikes you in Italy. I have always understood that you see it in its very worst there. I don't of course admit that it would be conclusive against it, that it was nowhere to be found equal to its theory; for, after all, that is but the case of our own church, and must be, in some degree, the fate of all systems, however good, that have to be worked by man; but, if it was proved that it was to be found *nowhere* except in a very bad state, that *would* make a difference. It would show that in the matter of discipline, where they ought to be, and where they boast of being so superior to us, they are really no better than we. Much of the Roman Catholic laxity I should certainly set down to the baneful effect of Protestantism, but I should be curious to know if the fact were so. I grieve to see an Exeter man of the name of Lockhart¹ and one of the "mynckerie" at Littlemore has seceded. It is not a thing to be surprised at nor, I

¹ Rev. J. Newman to Rev. J. Keble, August 23, 1843: "I have just received a letter from Lockhart, one of my inmates . . . saying that he is on the point of joining the Church of Rome. . . . You may fancy how sick it makes me."—*Letters, &c. of J. H. Newman*, 1891, ii. 417.

think, very much vexed at, except as far as it concerns Newman himself. There is a man who has lived a great deal with him gone—which would seem to show, either that he is a more dangerous man than most people (I, for one,) believed, or that he can't keep these "myncks" of his in proper order. I should be sorry to adopt either alternative. I quite think Ward's and Newman's principles (I take Ward as the exponent of Newman) difficult to master. They begin by taking for granted the mistake of principles upon which as foundations all our ordinary belief is built, and this takes one rather aback at first. But once mastered they seem to me to form an impregnable position. A man holding them goes into the combat armed in mail of proof. But that people who do *not* understand, or who misunderstand, should now and then make a mournful mess of it, ought, I think, to surprise no one. But, as our friend Matt says, "I grow didactic."

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

October 21, 1843.

I have put down my name for £25 to the education subscription. Will you pay £5 for me at the office any morning you go down as I have said I would give it in five instalments? I don't like it altogether, but it is the best thing we can get and, sure enough, much wanted. I am sick of their plans. They won't have the only plan that has a chance of success, viz., something in the nature of monastic institutions. Call them district societies, or clubs, or what name you will, I am confident it is by that sort of force alone that we shall make any inroads upon heathendom. But no! Sir R. Inglis and J. Graham "have the greatest respect for the noble Lord but do not feel prepared to sanction the principle of monastic establishments. Monasteries! Sir, those sinks, etc., etc., etc.", and, so, with a lofty mixture of pity and contempt they pass sublimely on to consider of some new plan for teaching morality without religion, or expounding without commenting, or some other precious Protestant device.

I have been for the last two or three days in a very gloomy state of apprehension about poor Seymour, one of my dearest friends, who besides his ability was one of the best and gentlest beings I ever knew. He would, indeed, be a very bitter loss, but I believe he will go. He has had a dreadful attack of something like Typhus fever at Laybach in Carniola

and, when Prichard wrote (who is quite alone with him there), was so weak that he could not turn in his bed without help. Is it not a desolate thing his falling down there to die? Prichard, who is a noble-spirited fellow, seemed quite heart-broken. What makes me think so very ill of it, is not so much Prichard's own opinion as the symptoms he details. His letter might almost stand for a history of dear Fred's last illness.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his* FATHER.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Vigil of All Saints, 1843.

I think you may like to have a letter as soon as you get home to cheer you up a little, if that may be. It was very good of you to write to me and to write me such a letter. I assure you I am very grateful for it. I suppose it will pass off—such feelings always do somehow—but I feel as if I never should wish to be merry and jolly again. There has come to-day to Shairp the most touching account of Seymour's last hours, in which, Prichard says, he often spoke and thought of me. His words are very simple and almost childlike, full of the deepest humility and penitence, and, yet, of lowly faith, too. So far as one could judge he had but little to repent of, I mean of wilful sin, not of course of weakness or negligence. His mirth was always so stingless, and, even in his most unguarded moments, he seemed so thoroughly good and pure.

Money tells me I must dine the 18th of November and the 22nd and any day between. I shall come up therefore on the 17th, which will suit you.

Your dear "Provost" [Dr. Hawkins] tried to get Eden¹ to disavow No. 90 at a College meeting the other day, and said he would not sign his testimonial to the Bishop unless he did. Eden declined, and after standing out some days the Provost gave in. I hear the scene was good—the Provost entering at some length into the question, Newman sitting next him. He absolutely refuses testimonials to two of his fellows, Christie² and Church,³ on the same score. It is well known the Bishop

¹ The Reverend C. P. Eden, who succeeded Newman at St. Mary's. See Newman's letter to J. W. Bowden, October 31, 1843.—*Letters*, &c., 1891, ii. 426.

² The Reverend Albany J. Christie, afterwards a member of the College of St. Ignatius, Farm Street.

³ The Reverend R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

of Oxford would ordain them both to-morrow, and is not this imposition of new tests something of an usurpation of episcopal functions? We are really blessed in our Head at Exeter [Dr. Richards]—he is so good and kind.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

EXETER COLLEGE,

November 15, 1843.

I hear Coley¹ is to have a studentship at Christ Church. It is a thousand pities, in every point of view, both for his comfort, and, as I firmly believe, for his moral and intellectual well-being. Prejudice may have something to do with it, but in my opinion Christ Church is one of the last colleges in Oxford where a young man is likely to get good. Balliol seems to me nearly perfect as a College, and the set there now are as nice or nicer than ever. I do assure you there is *no comparison* between the tone of society in the two colleges, and, from Balliol being smaller and not so grand in point of buildings, tufts, gentleman-commoners, etc., it is, naturally, less exclusive in its acquaintances and, therefore, in my humble judgment much more useful to a man at Oxford.

I am reading Arnold's third volume at breakfast, and think it admirable. To my mind it is all the better, certainly all the more interesting, for not having had the finishing strokes. Hannibal's march and battles are quite epic. What a giant he was! Sir J. Douglas used always to say that keeping an army of mercenaries together for sixteen years in an enemy's country was the greatest feat recorded of a general.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Dec. 1, 1843.

I have asked Prichard and have agreed with him, if it is convenient, to go by Southampton and the Isle of Wight to London for the sake of seeing the Seymours. I have been with him for some time looking over my dear friend's books and papers, and everything we turn over gives evidence of the same bright good nature and elegant, scholarlike, and playful intellect. "*Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror, Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas Quando ullum invenient parem?*"

¹ J. Coleridge Patteson.

F. TEMPLE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

BALLIOL, Dec. 22 [1843].

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I had your letter, but I am sorry to say that I quite missed seeing your cousin, as I spent the morning at home and was engaged all the evening. . . . The sudden cessation of work had the effect upon me of giving me some severe headaches, but I am at it again now and as well as ever. So you are seriously thinking of plunging into Kant. I think you cannot do better, though I think, too, it requires some moral courage. That you will be able to follow it I have not the slightest doubt, but it will cost you some little labour¹ I can tell you. The beginning is easy enough and even that alone is well worth getting up, even if you should not think it worth while to go farther. The Categories are hard certainly, but I think you would overcome all the difficulties by dint of labour. The last part on Ideas, really the best in the book (except the Transcendental Æsthetic), is not very hard. . . . I recollect Prichard's telling you, some years ago, that you ought to study Metaphysics.

We are rather in a state of terror here, just now, as to what the Dons will do in consequence of the Lay Address.² There is some talk of proposing a Test to be signed by all Tutors, and of introducing a statute making private Tuition illegal except with the consent of the Head of the House to which the Pupil belongs. . . . By this means they hope apparently to starve the Newmanites out by preventing them from holding College Tutorships and also from taking Private

¹ *Labor omnia vincit*. There is a story, *ben trovato*, at any rate, that once when Dr. Temple was setting out for a Confirmation at a distant village, his son, then a little boy, petitioned his father to seize the unwonted leisure of a long drive to explain to him the nature of Kant's Metaphysic. "Well, my boy," said the Bishop, "you have set me a stiff task, but I will do my best." And he did.

² "When Dr. Pusey was suspended for two years for his sermons on the 'Holy Eucharist,' May 24, 1843, a memorial was sent from London to remonstrate with the Vice-Chancellor. It was signed among others by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Justice Coleridge. The Vice-Chancellor lost his temper. He sent back the memorial to London 'by the hands of his bedel' as if that, in some way, stamped his official disapprobation more than if it had been returned through the post."—*The Oxford Movement*, 1892, pp. 333, 334. The autograph letter accompanying the rejected Address which was sent "by the hand of my bedel" is before me as I write. For the contents see *Life of Pusey*, ii. 340, 341.

Pupils. The measure is a bold one, too bold *I* think for the Dons, but Ward thinks not. If this were a question of principle against principle it would be a different matter; in that case I should not murmur at any extreme use of their legal authority on the part of the Heads, but, as you know well enough, it is not: they do not dislike any definite views in reality, but they dislike all men, of whatever views, who disturb them in their "*edita templa serena*"—uneasy men, as the Master very appropriately called Ward when he was quite Anti-Newmanite. If they can succeed in this project I have no doubt whatever of their proceeding further to impose a test of the same kind upon degrees, and I fear very much that Convocation would pass such a measure. The consequences are too fearful to be dwelt upon; it would be a stab to the English Church such as she would not recover from but by some most violent remedies. In my own opinion the whole scheme is too bold for the Heads; it would create such a disturbance for the time, and I think with all their dislike of uneasy men they would fear this as a man who has the Toothache would be afraid to have it out.

I was very sorry to hear the other day from your brother that Johnson¹ was very ill: could you be kind enough just to write the briefest possible note to tell me how he is now, and where he is? Several of his friends are very anxious to know. Will you give my best respects to your Father and Lady Coleridge, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his* FATHER.

4 MONTAGUE PLACE, May 8, 1844.

You will have perceived the very prompt though I own reluctant obedience I have paid to your wishes.²

¹ C. W. Johnson (afterwards Furse, the well-known Canon of Westminster) who had recently received serious injuries from a fall from his horse.

² "A report, *pame incredibilis*, has reached me that you are actually enrolled in the Exeter Racing Boat. I hope this cannot be true, for it would argue some affection of the brain, which might justify an inquisition *de Lunatico*. I beg you to give it up, I should say command, but I know the time for that is gone by. I see no objection to your skiff and moderate exercise. I do object (on the score of health) most emphatically to racing."—SIR J. T. COLERIDGE *to*, J. D. COLERIDGE, Feb. 11, 1844.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

EXETER COLLEGE, May 22, 1844.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I should have written before, but Sunday and Monday I had one of my worst headaches with sickness and consequent decrepitude to the last degree, so you must excuse me.

Both "Stan." and I bothered Lake and he is very reluctant to undertake reviewing Arnold for this *Quarterly*, but would willingly do his best for the September number if that were thought desirable. I think he would do it very well, and you need not fear his being generous to his opponents seeing that he is now a considerable Newmanite. The only thing I should fear would be that he might not quite adapt his style of either thought or language to the sect of the "Respectable," but I don't know that that would matter.

Have you seen the Life of St. Richard and his Family.¹ It is very good in its way but not so able as St. Stephen, I think. The preface to it is the most magnificently ultra-Newmanic thing I ever saw—I never beheld the serpent and the dove in such amicable union.

But I am rather sorry he should let some of the things in this life come out even under his editorship, though he does not write them himself. There is a passage about the Holy Sturme being overcome by the stench of some unconverted Germans²—that is sheer folly in my judgment. My experience goes to the fact that even converted Germans are now and then a little overwhelming in the same way. And what a light it reflects upon a certain Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles published some months ago! Then the *a priori* argument was most ably gone into, and five or six pet cases brought forth, all the arguments most astutely sifted, and the case put so strongly that no sane man except Bishop Blomfield³ could help acquiescing in those particular instances; and now we are expected to take fifty or sixty

¹ *Lives of the English Saints. Written by Various hands at the suggestion of John Henry Newman*, 1901, ii. 1-115.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 93.

³ Bishop Blomfield was not a good subject for the exposition of Ecclesiastical miracles. Once, in the early forties, at a clerical gathering, the conversation turned on the *Lives of the Saints*, and some one, a little too seriously and too reverently, told how St. Columba (or was it some other Saint?) floated from isle to mainland, with his *sainilly* cloak around him. "I hope," whispered the Bishop to a sympathetic unbeliever, "I hope it was a mackintosh."

old woman's tales as true without a tittle of evidence and to the outrage of all decent probability and common sense!

There is a vague rumour here that Aunt Sara wrote *Agathonia*.¹ Did she, do you know? I have not seen the book, but I saw a passage against priests quoted which I thought she might well have written. They say it is very good, and the quotations I have seen seem clever and in a clear vigorous style.

J. C. SHAIRP to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

HOUSTOUN, UPHALL, N.B.,

July 20, 1844.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

What am I to say? My pleasure and surprise were both so very great. I cannot tell which was strongest, Coleridge to be married and to Billingsley Seymour's eldest unmarried sister! I can hardly believe the words while I write them. Before going farther, however, let me say what I hope you knew, that the warmest best wishes I can give are and ever will be with you and the lady of your love. . . . I know not when I was more interested in anything: everything combines to make it so in a very peculiar way to me. There is yourself, of whom I will say nothing. Then there is the lady, of whom all I have seen of her makes me think her in every way worthy of you, and, connecting and hallowing both, like a golden halo shed around you, there is the thought of Billingsley, whom, if I knew him aright, few things on earth, I think I may say, would have so much delighted. . . . Excuse me, my dear Coleridge, if I have said too much, but I could not help saying it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD to J. D. COLERIDGE.

PATTERDALE, July 28 [1844].

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

It is difficult for me to know in what terms to express myself after your last letter, so completely is it penetrated with that unfortunate error as to my want of interest in my friends which you say they have begun to attribute to me. It is an old subject which I need not discuss over again with you. The accusation, as you say, is not true. I laugh too much and they make one's laughter mean too much. However, the result is that when one wishes to be serious one cannot but fear a half suspicion on one's friends' parts

¹ *Agathonia*. A Romance. [By Miss C. G. Gore.] 1844.

that one is laughing, and, so, the difficulty gets worse and worse—so much so that it is impossible for me to say more about your marriage, than that I congratulate you, which I do very sincerely. I know you are shaking your head. You told it me, you know, as briefly as you could, and as late as you could, and it is a delicate subject at best. If it had been left, though, for some of your friends to tell me, the congratulations would have been left for a personal interview; for I was not likely to hear of it in this deep seclusion, and should have gone back to Oxford in ignorance. It was a great surprise. I had heard you speculate, too, in so disengaged a way, but a few months before, on the desirableness of marriage. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* I see I shall be incurring fresh suspicions, so I shall quit the subject. I could speak of it more freely than I can write.

For the Poems I have to thank you too. I should have been very sorry if these same unworthy suspicions had restrained you from sending them to me. I certainly do not value them most as a Bibliomaniac; you knew that I should be very much interested in reading them. Some I found I had read before in the *Eton Bureau*, and those some of the longest—I think you told me the authorship of each as it came out. I like some of the new ones best, best of all some stanzas which I think are to Prichard beginning "I reverence thee." This I like very much. Some of the earlier poems puzzled me in the naming their objects. The printing them publicly could have shocked nobody, but I am glad that being in some sort a revelation of the spirit, as your uncle says, you set an example of printing such things privately—though he says it of Milton and no one less, so it is no reproach. And, generally, yours do fall into the great class headed by Milton as opposed to the other class headed by Shakespeare, though both he and you are votaries of "the imaginative Passion." Our friend, young Germany, would express the two classes by two words¹ which I hold myself bound, till my degree is taken, to abstain from. I have not written as I could have wished, but the reproaches of your letter marred the frankness of mine. Will you tell me when you shall be called to the Bar, and if you come back next Term? Will you also make my best respects to your father and believe me,

Ever yours affectionately,

M. ARNOLD.

Clough and Walrond send their best congratulations.

¹ "Objective," and "subjective," one may suppose.

CHAPTER VII

MARRIAGE

From grave to gay.
From one generation to another.

As soon as he had discharged his obligation of one year's residence at Exeter College, Coleridge returned to his family for good, and spent the next two years either at Montague Place or at Heath's Court, reading law and preparing himself for his future profession. I cannot give the exact dates, but one of his "masters," as his father calls them, in whose chambers he read, was Hugh Hill, who was, afterwards, (1858-1860), a Judge of the Queen's Bench, a second was Jonathan Henry Christie (the unwilling and ever-repentant principal in a fatal duel with John Scott of the *Champion*); and there was yet a third to whose patience and kindness he bears testimony, W. H. Tinney, Q.C. He had the supreme advantage of accompanying his father as marshal on his various circuits, and of reading law with him during the vacations. The business of life had begun, and the doubt which had haunted father and son alike that he would not or could not work was passing away. But there were other interests, the pursuit and enjoyment of his numerous friendships, the courtship of his "beautiful maiden" either at her father's house at Freshwater, or when she was permitted to visit

Heath's Court, and, at all times, a more or less active association with the evolution of the Oxford Movement.

His father, if not a protagonist in the drama, most certainly discharged the function of chorus, and he himself was behind the scenes and ready and eager to play a minor part. The frequent guest and friend by inheritance of Mr. Keble, of Sir William Heathcote and of Charles Dyson, the friend and correspondent of such men as Robert Wilberforce, W. G. Ward, and T. W. Allies, a regular attendant at Margaret Street Chapel so long as Frederick Oakeley lingered *cis Tiberim*, he shared the hopes and fears, the secrets and aspirations of the neo-Catholic party, moving he knew not whither. I doubt if his friendship with Jowett and Matthew Arnold, his intimate and friendly acquaintance with Stanley and Lake could, at this time, be reckoned among counteracting or antagonistic influences, but his *confessio fidei* was challenged if not contradicted by another controversialist as ardent and more practised than himself, his aunt Sara Coleridge. One gathers from her letters that "John Duke" had sounded the ecclesiastical timbrel somewhat loudly and dogmatically in her ear, and that she was minded not to beat a retreat, but to give battle for reason and private judgment. Disregarded at the time, her protests were not without effect. Even then with whatever scorn for the *Via Media*, he strayed rather in imagination than in fact from that "unlovely street," and, in later life, his opinions, though never, I believe, his predilections or his practice, underwent a change.

In her letter of Sept. 4, 1844 (*vide post*, p. 160) Mrs. Coleridge explains as clearly and simply

as they can be explained both the possibilities and the limitations of her father's theology. An enthusiastic admirer of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner," John Duke Coleridge was never a student of his great-uncle's philosophy or a follower of his doctrines. In his youth he reprobated his latitudinarianism, and in later years he was impatient of his subtleties and economies. He had been brought up to distrust the man, to avert his gaze from almost all, though not quite all, his works and ways, and, though in some small measure he readjusted this hereditary estimate, he was never an adherent or an advocate. But Sara Coleridge, though she inherited a portion of her father's intellect, was possessed of qualities of mind and character which were all her own. She was "ever a fighter," and could cut her way through the densest transcendental jungle out into the open, and come face to face with her foe. It was, partly, this intellectual incisiveness which made her polemic intelligible, if not immediately acceptable, to her nephew, arresting and checking the powerful influence and attraction of "Ward and Newman."

SARA COLERIDGE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

July 1844.

MY DEAR JOHN DUKE,

I am delighted to receive a volume of poetry from you, and shall read it leisurely and attentively, as poetry ought to be read. I am amused by your motto from the *Doctor*.¹ I have been long wishing, you must know, to see some composition of yours in prose or poetry. I was

¹ The motto to the "not published" *Memorials of Oxford*—" 'He will write it, said the Bhow Begum, taking up her snuff-box. . . . 'He will never be so foolish,' said my wife. My wife's eldest sister rejoined, 'He is foolish enough for anything.'"—Southey's *Doctor*.

expecting the *former*, but am not at all sorry to receive the latter, for the present, instead. Poetry must come at your age if at all, and often, I think, a man's powers in this line run a brief career, within that of the general line, a bright ethereal *mundus in mundo*, reaching their maturity before the reasoning intellect is half ripe, and disappearing while that remains in full vigour, as the blossoms of many a noble tree shine forth after the leaves are opened, or when they are first unfolded, and are shed while the foliage is but gaining a deeper greenness and a firmer consistency; I am glad, dear John, that you have a blossom of poetry to show, and doubt not, or, at least, augur strongly that you will have leaves enough of general intellectual power to clothe your stem and branches, till old age gradually steals away their verdure and the grave, in due time, claims its own. Earth to earth! It is to the bosom of mother earth that *all* leaves must go, literal and metaphorical, and, I suppose, our intellectual as our corporeal part is scarce more than a husk or receptacle of the spiritual and rational, in which it is cradled here below, and has to grow for eternity.

I am ever your very affectionate aunt,

SARA COLERIDGE.

PS.—People, serious or solid more or less, speak with deep interest of Dr Arnold's *Life*. I hope it will do great good, more even than he did by his conversation and example in his life. The good and great in him can now, by each reader, be more dispassionately separated from the alloy than when he was living and acting in some degree passionately himself. Would that my uncle's¹ life could be as well written. I had no remembrance, when I tried to wipe a little of thick coat of black off Robespierre, of S. T. C.'s account of him in the *Friend*. He does not exactly call him "a martyr to Theism," but defends him in substance, much as you and I and Carlyle did between us. Yet S. T. C. had a sufficient horror of Jacobinism when he wrote the *Friend*. I have been asking Derwent and Mary for Thursday, when I hope you will be able to meet them if they agree to that day. They were first asked to meet Miss Fenwick² and, perhaps Mr Henry Taylor,³ but *they* are not to be had. Kate [Southey] comes to us on Saturday.

¹ Robert Southey, who died March 1843.

² Wordsworth's friend, Miss Isabella Fenwick, to whom he dictated the "Fenwick" notes, giving particulars of the origin of his poems and the circumstances under which they were composed.

³ Sir Henry Taylor, author of *Philip Van Artevelde*.

SARA COLERIDGE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

July 1844.

MY DEAR JOHN DUKE,

I accept gladly your offer for Tuesday and shall expect you betwixt two and three in the afternoon. I tell you this by note lest we should not meet 'twixt now and then. My brother Derwent brings us an interesting account of her whom your parents knew and liked as Bertha Southey [Mrs. Hill]. The house at Warwick charming: it was once a chantry for priests and is fitted up frugally, but with taste. Bertha is now much handsomer as a matron than as a maid, with a Junonian figure, but the reverse of a Junonian port, for she inherits her mother's diffidence as well as her fine form.

I have read about half of your little volume and been very much interested and pleased. You are not more Newmanish in one way, or more Tennysonian in another, than I expected; and there is nothing to be said against the *poetry* of Newman's thoughts, and very little, I think, against that of Tennyson's sentiments and manners.

The longer poems show most power; but I was particularly pleased, among the smaller ones, with that which has for its motto, "She was a phantom of delight."¹

Lines in "Christabel" rang in your ear as you wrote those in "The Owl," "Twas a fearful sight, I ween." Shelley's poems have many lines thus in sound more than sense echoed from Coleridge and Wordsworth. I read with interest your account² of Seymour at the end, and liked the discriminating paragraphs at pages 83-4.

Last night I read Newman's sermon containing a contrast and parallel between Elijah and Elisha, and with the first half was *delighted*. Now what *genius* is here, thought I! No one else writes such sermons: they are really works of art, creations. How clean, clear, distinct, the fabric of thought rises before one, with its right wing, its left wing and its centre! As I perused the latter half, however, very different thoughts possessed my mind. Newman seemed to be transformed before me from a quiet English clergyman into the Pope at Rome, a Pope invested with more than pristine Papal splendour and grandeur, kings kissing his pompous toe, and he considering it a mighty condescension, in his

¹ *Memorials of Oxford*, 1844, pp. 39, 40. "She knows not, and shall never know."

² An *In Memoriam* notice of J. B. Seymour entitled "Epicedion" which was reprinted from the *Eton Bureau*,

most earthly-heavenliness, that he suffered them to do so. O spirituality, what an infinite deal of the world, the flesh and Satan is consecrated in thy name!—religious-theory-enthusiasts, like Newman and other Hildebrandians, lay the foundation of the pompous pile of ecclesiastic power and wealth and dignity, and there are always worldlings more than enough in the Church and blind votaries to carry the building forward to any size and any height that will hold together. If these men could have their way, the Popes of history would soon be made to cut a sorry figure, they would be despised secretly, in spite of reverence, for a set of sneaking wretches, or, at least, wretches, who lived in the dusky dawn of the Visible Church, and dwindle into insignificance beside the Papal grandeur and power and authority that should be made to appear.

Truly in this volume Newman troubles himself but little about reasons and arguments. He seems to aim rather at catching and engaging the imagination with superb shows and imposing parallels, things that all must admit are wonderfully *fine*, and that numbers are ready to believe true, because they are so greatly to their mind. No doubt you think *me prejudiced* against these ecclesiastic great-and-grandnesses, these infinite claims upon earth on the score of heaven; but I ask *you*, not as a prejudiced, but as a candid man this question—Is it not characteristic of the ultra or, at least, extreme High Church writers to assume the grounds or reasonableness of that which they assert, to build a showy fabric out of analogies, types, resemblances, scriptural, legendary, historical, natural, and to *bully* those whom they do not fully succeed in bamboozling and mystifying, out of examining whether these analogies, types, resemblances, and so forth, have any other foundation but in fancy and barren ingenuity, by bold assertions that the very attempt indicates a want of faith, a haughty, self-confident, unteachable, rebellious . . . spirit, as if divine faith required us to believe their particular theory of Apostolical Succession, or of the rise and structure of the Visible Church. “We cannot hope,” says Mr. Newman, “for the recovery of dissenting bodies while we are ourselves alienated from the great body of Christendom.” Will not many of his disciples think that the way to remedy this evil is to induce individuals, one by one, to join the Church of Rome? Nothing, surely, but the hope of bringing our church collectively within the Roman pale, or, else, motives of convenience will long keep the main body of those who think with Newman from forsaking their spiritual mother;

for will not they think, as did the lamb bred up by the goat, "She is my true mother who takes most care of me and has the power and the will to do best for me"; will they not go to Rome for breeding—or at least the finishing of their education, though born here? The plea that it is schism to quit the communion in which we were born, may quiet the consciences of those who desire to remain where they are; but will it not look thin as air, to the eyes of many, beside the substantial one that can be set up against it—namely, "This schism or rent exists in the church already? We do not increase, but rather deliver our souls from the guilt of it by re-joining that body from which we were cut off. This is not rending the Church, by our own act—for if we are cut off from communion with a portion of our fellow Christians, this is no act of ours, but really and ultimately the act of *the* Church in the highest sense, which we have joined not for humour's but for conscience' sake or the sake of duty, because we both consider it right to testify against the Protestant schism, and to resume our allegiance to the Roman See, as well as to consult our soul's welfare by putting ourselves in the way of higher spiritual opportunities and excitements than the Anglican church affords. Shall we presume to say that the possessor of infallibility committed an error in excommunicating Protestants? But, if Protestants are rightly excommunicated, anything must be better and more religious than remaining amongst them." It does seem a very plain proposition that, if the Reformation was wrong and we were not justified in abandoning Rome, it must be right even for individuals to return to Rome; and does it not follow from such principles as Newman's that the Church, from which the Reformers unjustifiably went out, is *the* church in a fuller sense than ours, even as we, having the Episcopal Succession, are, according to the views of our old High Church divines, the Church *in a fuller sense* than the Presbyterians? How can a man be committing sin by joining the Church in the fullest sense, and submitting to the consequence of her acts, that is alienation from some of his fellow Christians in exchange for his original alienation from others? I know nought about it, but so the thing just now shapes itself to me.

Will you and dear Mary Minor dine here on Thursday, 11th, at half past six, simply and *quietly*, as the phrase is? And also believe me,

Your loving aunt,

SARA COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to W. C. LAKE.

CARNARVON, July 21, 1844.

MY DEAR LACUS,

I suppose my father has answered for himself as to his part of your note to me. I must send you a line or two as to my own. Will you do me the honour to accept a little book I herewith send you, which I only send after grave doubts and hesitations? Laugh as little as you can, if you please, when you read it—if you do read it—and look upon it as, at least, a token of a very sincere friendship, for it has the one merit of being very scarce: and, out of my own family, I have very few to give away, so I would not give one to anybody that I did not feel I might quite treat as a friend. There are some poems, you will observe, of a peculiar character, which I can help you to understand by telling you what you would anyhow hear some day or other, I suppose, that, when I am called to the Bar, I am going to be married to a sister of poor Seymour's. Don't say any more about this than you feel to be your conscientious duty—you always act on duty, Lacus—though of course having always maintained that lovers were a spectacle to men and gods as a theory, I have no claim to expect to be exempted from the application of the said theory to my own particular case. I have been reading Ward's book¹ with great diligence, and, I should like to hope, with some profit. It is much better written than I expected, and, I think, in matter, even abler than I looked for, though I knew he was very great. I can hardly fancy any person reading it in a right spirit without getting good from it, and, yet, I doubt much whether, upon the whole, it will not in point of fact do harm. The views are very large and far-seeing, and, to most people, they will be altogether novel, and, so, a number will misconceive and misunderstand the general scope, and a number more will misrepresent details, and, between them, I fear there will be mischief; yet the more I see and hear the more I really think it is absolutely necessary that people should be found who will speak out. In good people it is amazing, in others it is simply shocking, to hear the fashion of talk in which they allow themselves of the Roman Church, its Saints and their ways. And that such ways of thought and speech are profane and wicked ought to be dinned into people's ears at whatever risk of disgusting them for awhile.

¹ *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, which was condemned by Convocation Feb. 13, 1845. See *The Oxford Movement*, by Dean Church, 1892, pp. 360–384.

We have had up to this point a most delightful circuit, and land and sky have been good enough to put on their best looks for us. I suppose you know all this country: but from Shrewsbury to this place I do not think we have had a single uninteresting mile, and beauty and grandeur together reached their very acme yesterday on the road from Tan y Bwlch to this place, by Bedgelert and the Pass of Llanberis. What a country Wales would be to impregnate some one's poetry as Cumberland has done Wordsworth's! It wants water, certainly, but its mountains seem to me to be decidedly superior in character and outline. Perhaps they want a little colour, but otherwise they beat the Lakes to my mind. There is nothing there like Cader Idris and Snowdon.

Yours ever most truly,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

C. E. PRICHARD to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

July 24, 1844.

As you speak out to me, you must allow me to tell you a thing or two about yourself, or, rather, my view of you. I think then that you are rather in the *habit* of expecting people to like you more *hastily* than they choose, or than is generally possible; you would take affection by storm, not as must be the usual course by capitulation. Generally speaking I do not think *quick likings* are most lasting; though there may be exceptions. Now I don't think you (as an object) are an exception—I mean (you must take it complimentary, or otherwise as you will) people like you more on knowing you well than on knowing you little. You do yourself injustice by doing yourself (perhaps) more than justice; people are afraid a very agreeable companion may be merely this, and it requires longer and more intimate knowledge to find that this is not so. Again you are a little *αὐράκης* [self-sufficient], as you will acknowledge (it is a horrid shame of me to write thus—I feel twinges all the time—you will not be angry?) and, though I don't mean that you show this directly . . . far from it . . . yet it sets people against you sometimes and the *residuum* remains and peeps out to quick observers. Really, I doubt whether to send this as if *I* was your censor, of all people; but, after all, it will not lessen my affection for you that you know what I think of you, nor, I hope, yours for me, though the latter would be materially diminished if you did but know more of me.

B. JOWETT to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

FARRINGFORD, *July 29* [1844].

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I write to congratulate you very heartily about this matter, which I really hope and believe will be very much for your happiness. About the young lady, as the matter is serious I must not say much, except that she seems to me to unite all excellent qualities. I am very glad you have chosen for something better than outside display. Prichard told me of it, as you may suppose to my great surprise, although indeed your visits to the Isle of Wight were somewhat suspicious. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and all here, are quite well and the house in progress.

Why did you not send me the new volume of "Coleridge's Poems?" I do not know that I have much claim to be a confidant in love affairs, but if you have time and inclination and would send me a few lines to Teignmouth, I should like to hear from you greatly. Have you seen Ward's book, and what did you think of it? Some parts of it seem to me very good, but I feel more and more I cannot find it in my conscience to go along with him to an Infallible Church, which seems to be the beginning and end of the whole matter.

I am going to be at Teignmouth for the next three weeks, but I suppose you have something better to do with spare days than to come over and see us. Afterwards I am going to Germany, for the rest of the vacation, with Stanley. You ought to be too happy to need congratulations, but again heartily rejoicing with you about the engagement,

I am, dear Coleridge,

Ever yours very sincerely,

B. JOWETT.

SARA COLERIDGE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

5 NELSON PLACE, BROADSTAIRS,

Saturday, August 24 (1844).

MY DEAR JOHN DUKE,

Your letter has quite given me a *turn*. I mean startled me, and filled me full of concern about your dear father and all of you. . . . I had intended to have discharged into my letter to your father a considerable budget of troubles and apprehensions and disappointments about my own health. But now I tie the bundle up again, for it is the

nature of "things young"¹ not to admire the doleful, (don't be affronted, dear John, at the association of ideas ; for nothing was further from my thoughts than to compare you to a youthful *donkey*). It is time enough for you to learn to sympathize with croakery.

Nothing now prevents my spirits from sinking except either conversation with intelligent persons, or the presence of the young and gladsome, who are looking at this world through the golden-yellow portion of the Claude Lorraine Glass. Not that I am unhappy, for only those are so who are struggling mentally for or against something which they cannot attain or escape from, and I am perfectly acquiescent in my fate, feeling that it has been and is, take it all in all, as good a portion in this world as the constitution of this world allows, or I ought to desire—the happiness we dream of in youth, which is but the projected image of our inward glee, being only to be realised in Heaven. But, though not unhappy, I am melancholy, dwelling ever on the skirts of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, continually peering down into it, and looking, I believe, as like an inhabitant of it as can well be seen abroad upon a summer's day. I was always a muser upon death, when a child, as most children not strong in health are, and used to fancy myself flying up to Heaven at the resurrection amid a happy crowd—all of us with the prettiest nosegays in our hands. Those radiant images are now changed for me from realities into types, or, rather, I am now conscious that they never were, even for my earliest mind, neither they nor any of the outward glories of this present world, more than the clothing and vehicle, or, rather, the pledge and token of something that passes our earthly understanding or imagining. Methinks we must be children again before we acquiesce in such a heavenly Jerusalem as I have heard Dr. Hook preach about—the body of his discourse being guarded by a strong thickset, or, rather, quickset hedge of invective against all that presumed to differ from his position—a hedge bristling all over with denunciations of heterodoxy private judgment, &c. : "no one must presume to deny that Heaven is a *fixed place*, yes ! a *fixed place*, with a literal city therein, as none but jack-

¹ But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed
That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung ?

"Lines to a young Ass," by S. T. COLERIDGE.

asses of rationalists could doubt—for were there not the very dimensions given ?” (The said dimensions being as obviously symbolic as all the rest.) Dr. Hook’s critical discernment of the true nature of oriental symbol-language is, perhaps, not his strongest point, and, as his primitive authorities were no Hebraists, or very poor ones, as I believe learned Hebraists now say, and the style of the symbolic parts of the New Testament is as Hebraic in its cast as that of the Old, it is possible that he understands the sacred text of the Apocalypse in a manner which would have made the Writer of it lift up his eyebrows with a look of profound surprise and perplexity. My Uncle Southey used to say that the religious people at Keswick thought nobody in the way to Heaven but themselves, and that they might have *their* Heaven to themselves—he would be sorry to join *them* anywhere. I, for my part, cannot but hope and expect that Dr. Hook will go to a nobler Heaven than that which he seems to have in his mind’s eye ; but, on the other hand, whether he is right or the rationalist, still Heaven will be Heaven. Only, this I say, that images which are most exciting and inspiring when looked upon as mere symbols, are the reverse, to all but childish minds, if taken as exact patterns and representatives. Some folks think it a duty to put on childishness.

I returned from my solitary cliff walk, which I took in the mizzling rain, the first, except a shower, that I have had since I came hither yesterday week. The wheat harvest in these parts looks ample, but the Isle of Thanet is cornland and may not be a sample of all England.

I am reading the Memoir of Lord Eldon and am more interested in it than I in the least anticipated. All my life till now I have been viewing him as the firm pillar of Conservatism, the great representative of Toryism, “Old Eldon who never ratted !” having a something almost sublime about him from his perfect consistency, or, rather, uniformity, never during his long life being heard to lift up his voice except for one set of principles, even though another set might be true in their way ; and now, for the first time, I look *under* his public life at what he was in private, and find this firm rock to have been a most tender and affectionate being, as changeless and uniform in his domestic attachments as in his parliamentary career, devoted even to excess, beyond ordinary devotion, at least for sixty years to a woman neither very sage nor very sweet—as if he contemplated her whole mind and character only in the glass of the personal beauty of her earlier years. A daughter,

too, that was incompatible with her husband, and a son who clung too fondly to his bottle, till death them did part, appear to have had his tenderest love. It is plain, I think, that he liked the daughter who parted with her husband better than the daughter who ran away with hers.

Wishing you, my dear John, to be as devoted as Lord Eldon, and to a more repaying object,

I remain,

Your very affectionate aunt,

SARA COLERIDGE.

Mrs. Farrer told me more of Eldon's assiduous attentions to his wife than appears in the life.

SARA COLERIDGE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

Sept. 1844.

The lady of your choice, dear John, I should much like to become acquainted with, and this, I hope, may be ere long. It is very pleasant and more than pleasant that she and your sisters should so readily become as sisters to each other. I have several times thought of the satisfaction which, I am confident, her parents must have felt on coming into your circle, to think that their child is to belong to it. I have a parent's heart and sympathize deeply with those fathers and mothers who are *well* over the anxious affair of a daughter's settlement in life. There is much blessedness and dignity, or there *may* be, in female singlehood. But singlehood cannot be happily *settled* in early life, at least secularly; and, hence, the superior satisfaction to most parents of a happy *match*.

Mr. Ward's book I shall read with the first opportunity. Mr. Acland has given it to my brother. . . . I entirely sympathize with all strong exposures of the worldliness of society, the low moral and religious state of Christendom, the besetting sins and deficiencies of our own Church, and in exhortations to a higher, deeper, more real, practical, consistent Christianity. What I do not sympathize in, altogether, is the comparisons instituted by some writers of present times with past, of our portion of the Church with other portions. And in these comparisons what I object to is, not the disparagement of what is near at hand, simply and in itself, but the grounds on which it is affirmed, the one-sided statement of facts accommodated to a theory, and, as it seems to me, wrong distribution of cause and effect. . . . But,

I own, I am inclined to believe that there will always, in this world, be a conflict and antagonism in the Church, and that this is not merely the work of Satan, but the plan of Providence for counteracting his agency. Such is my way of looking at the subject at present, subject to correction, so far as I can receive it. Manning I think so far a humbug that his selection of topics and the tone and style of his address give him an air of greater profundity than I believe him to possess. He humbugged me for a time, and, perhaps, I humbug myself in fancying that I have found him out and can see through his ignorance. I do not, I own, (though you will marvel at my thick-headedness for saying so,) think him wholly wrong in saying that divisions are "notes of energy": they are notes of weakness, still more, but I think they evince *life*, and that there *is* a uniformity which indicates, at least, suspended animation if not death. I believe, too, that grievously as we are divided, there is as much *positive* unity in the better Christians and best-instructed men of this day as ever existed here before, and this although the positive differences are greater than ever. *Via Media* is a relative term, which I have discarded on account of its over-handiness in debate, and real inutility in the advancement of knowledge and insight into the debated questions. Give my kindest love to your parents and brother and sisters, and present my kind regards which I very sincerely send to the lady, a better fated Jane Seymour, I hope, than that unprincipled Papist, yet enemy to the Pope, Henry the Eighth's.

I am certainly better than before I went to the sea.

Your very affectionate aunt,

SARA COLERIDGE.

SARA COLERIDGE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

Sept. 4, 1844.

MY DEAR NEVVY,

Letters from old Aunts given to controversy cannot expect much attention when young and lovely maidens, ready to love, honour and obey, and submit their understandings slavishly to their infallible and agreeable intendeds, are coming, perhaps already come. But the few lines I shall now pen may await your leisure, and need not consume a great deal of it.

I cannot, without a little protest, permit you to say that the *supremacy of conscience* is an opposite truth to any

which I brought forward in the Appendix to the *Aids*. The supremacy of conscience was what I sought to establish : this was my principal and ultimate object, what I said of the understanding being no opposite or balancing position, but a subordinate part of the same argument, explaining and confirming it. On intellectualism, or the *speculative application* of the understanding in matters of religion I spoke but cursorily : my object was not to show the necessity or propriety of religious theorising, examination of evidences, and so forth, but that reason and conscience are to be the ultimate determinants of our faith. I sought to show their co-essentiality, that one involves the other, that the Light is inseparable from the Life, which is the constant voice of Scripture ; that to talk of religion resting on conscience, *not* on reason, is *unreasonable*, and, therefore, dangerous ; and, secondarily, that for us men, while we live upon earth, understanding, or the power of thinking and conceiving, is the organ of our higher being, by which alone it can be evolved and become actually existent. Where is the opposition betwixt this doctrine and any rational one that can be maintained on the supremacy of conscience or the spiritual witness within us ? My whole argument went to show this supremacy—that reason and conscience are to be, as I have said, the ultimate determinants of our faith, not an external authority superseding them or reducing them to mere puppets, which seem to speak but, in fact, of themselves say nothing—their pseudo-voice being only the voice of a priest. . . .

To our higher being the understanding is to be a servant—a slave if you will—but a slave must *work* in the service of his master, and this master cannot do his own work except by the hands of his slave. The tendency, which I deprecate in the Romanising writers, is to make the understanding no servant or slave of reason and conscience, but a captive drudge to the *sense and the fancy*. These they prefer to the service of the spirit ; to these they would minister lavishly in the masses, while they seek to keep the powers of thought and reflection comparatively inactive, lest they be misused. The clergy are to think for the people, and *they* are only to feel their religion, to see it with the bodily eye in showy spectacles, or, perchance, to scent it in the fumes of the incense, odours of sanctity exhaled from the holy tombs and so forth—an unhealthy state this, surely, for the lay mind to be placed in—one which must tend to derange the balance of the mental system.

But when you talk about the slavish submission of under-
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standing to conscience, I do not very clearly see what you mean. Distinct propositions, I believe, would do more to abridge controversy than all the declarations against it that ever were penned. Submission supposes oppugnancy and resistance, but understanding does not naturally oppose reason or the spirit, though this or that man's use of his understanding may do so. It is we who oppose and contradict our higher mind, when we apply to spiritual matters what she says and means only concerning objects of sense. But, though our powers of thinking and conceiving are unfitted for the *proper* and full expression of heavenly things, yet is it by the powers of thought alone that we become possessed of and actuated by those ideas of conscience, to behold and obey which is religion. I cannot but suspect that when Romanists and Romanisers use this language about the necessity of enslaving the understanding, what they really mean is that *our* understandings ought slavishly to submit to theirs respecting the credibility of the miracles which the Church of Rome pretends to work. *Their* understanding tells them that conscience commands the belief in these things, *ours* leads us to suspect that, herein, it may be giving them erroneous information. If these miracles are true they will have the same *kind* of rational and spiritual evidence as that on which the Apostles received Christ—on which every true Christian receives Christianity; and this evidence the unperverted understanding will not gainsay, but will be capable of setting forth, so as to introduce it to the heart and spirit, by which alone it can be received. To deny that every spiritual truth has its appropriate evidence of reason and conscience is to enthrone superstition in place of religion, which, surely, is no true wisdom but most injurious folly. Pure religion may be known by its moral fruit, but the fruit of belief in modern miracles seems to be the aggrandisement of a certain order of men, rather than the moral improvement of all classes. I cannot think that fresh miracles are what we want to make us Christians. For the better classes there are outward incitements—more than enough; the poor want education, and the physical conditions under which alone education is possible, and all want that energy of will, that resolute submission to the motions of the spirit without which, if Christ came again in the flesh, we could not be Christians.

No one, dear John Duke, can, for a moment, question what your duties in the main are—what *all our duties* are, and that they are not controversy. I rejoice that you see

the one thing needful in so strong a light as you seem to do, and may Heaven prosper you in the pursuit of it! The only question is, whether in the pauses of your practicality you ought *always* to read Ward and Newman, and other controversialists, whom you have a *mind* to, or interpose, now and then, for the sake of judging of *their* merits more fairly, a few others whom at present you are less *inclined* to, and are disposed to set down summarily in the wide class of "humbugs," which seems in your mind to include all who have not yet embraced the views of those extra-Romish Romanists *in toto*:—whether *audi alteram partem* is to be confined to your law, or, a little, to regulate your divinity. Your or your dear father's interdict of metaphysics and controversy, except as improvement, I shall take into consideration immediately, and fear I shall have time to get very perfect in this method before my weak nerves and back will allow me the great delight of being with you all at Heath's Court.

Believe me to be,

Your very affectionate Aunt,

SARA COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to *his* FATHER.

4 MONTAGUE PLACE,

December 8, 1844.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

. . . I think the legal studies get on fairly. I am terribly ignorant and I feel quite in a maze when cases and deeds are put before me as yet, but I console myself with that quaint reflection of old Coke's that "some other day in some other place" my doubts may be cleared up. Yet I do feel, day by day, that I go to bed with some legal propositions acquired. Only the worst of it is, that it is all *rudis indigestaque moles*, and, for aught I can see, is like to remain so. How did you *systematize* your law? For instance, I got puzzled, the other day, by finding an Executor dealing in the most summary way with a reversion left by will to two persons by name. Was there anything about this in Stephen? I don't remember it. Mr. Tinney is very kind and does not seem to mind being asked questions. He has helped me in one or two things, and as they are not likely to give him trouble and Mrs. T. says he really likes it I shan't mind going on asking him. But I wish you were at home in the evenings.

I hear from Prichard that they are certainly going to appeal to Convocation about Ward, though in what form and for what is not yet known. I am very sorry for this move indeed. Partly I am sorry for the noble old fellow himself who ought not to be bullied by such as they, but he is really the least consideration. And it is very sad to see the whole Church possibly pulled to pieces by people whom, I believe, it is quite false charity to suspect of being in earnest in anything, except in dislike to having their own comfort disturbed, and to see a standard of duty uncompromisingly held up far higher than they confessedly attain to. I daresay all this seems a very unnecessary alarm, but Newman's position, and that of some others, seems to be so very equivocal that it is impossible to say what effect a strong movement might have upon them now. And don't you think yourself it would be dreadful if it all ended, or, at least, ended for the present, in his secession, and, then, a violent reaction against everything high and good were at once to take place—the end of which none of us could foresee? Could not you, now, or Gladstone, or some one of acknowledged moderation, suggest to the Heads to be quiet and not stir up a storm which even they might be sorry for? You see *expelling* a man is such an uncommonly strong thing to do—it has never or hardly ever, I believe, been done except to Atheists and people like that. And I do not see why they should be so fierce against Ward, or, at least, why other people should. It is not, really, from any love of Rome that I feel about it in this way. If I were to speak out my own *feelings* about it there is many a doctrine and practice that I should feel inclined to condemn. But, then, I don't know how far, if I came to live better and more humbly, I should find things irresistibly commended to my conscience, from which at present I stand aloof. I see people, all round, about whose goodness and earnestness I cannot be mistaken, who say that the more they live according to rules and the farther they advance the more they find certain tones of thought and casts of devotion and practices brought home to them as comforts and supports. And, then, there is the great unfairness of standing *ab extra* and judging of certain portions of a system apart from the whole, which may be quite wrong according to the one *we* are living in, no doubt, and would not be right for us to adopt, but which may be all right and good in their own place and checked and corrected by a thousand other collateral influences of which we know absolutely nothing. So that if I am strong it is rather in the way of *objecting to condemn* any part of the

system of a real Church that has real Saints without trial, just because we don't like it or don't understand it, than as standing up for this or that particular doctrine or practice.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

4 MONTAGUE PLACE,
August 18, 1845.

. . . I enjoyed myself very much (at Eton) and feel all the better for it to-day though Aunt Sara says I look ill. I had a scull on Saturday, the first for fourteen months, and found I could still go like fun. I rejoiced in getting blisters once more on my hands and getting sore elsewhere—delicious pains I have not felt for a year. Oh that there were a river at Ottery! If ever I get on well I shall, I think, set up for myself at the Lakes, and leave Henry, who will be a Dean by that time, to wage war with the Corporation.¹

F. TEMPLE *to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.*

DULOE RECTORY, LISKEARD,
Aug. 22, 1845.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

If I had known Lake's address I would have written immediately, but I am as ignorant as yourself upon the matter, neither am I certain of the name of Lake's father: I think he is Captain Lake but I am not certain. I wanted to write upon College matters but I have not yet been able to find out how. I hear that there is small chance of his returning to Balliol before Christmas; at least so says Jowett who met him not long ago, and wrote to me from some unnameable place in Germany. I very much fear the poor old fellow does not mend as fast as he hoped. Jowett has been wandering about seeing all the wise men. He drank tea with Schelling, who talked of your great namesake and relation and contradicted the charge of plagiarism from himself altogether: that is satisfactory, I think. I think you are rather hard upon young Oxford, for whom I confess myself to feel a very great respect. Apply your own rule to them of judging in the most charitable way possible and you will certainly not be mistaken in so doing. Surely you cannot be wrong in thinking very highly of Stanley, for instance, [and] you must let me retain my very high opinion of Jowett who appears to you in a false light because, at present, he is swimming. When he has found his footing you will see how

¹ The Governors of the Church at Ottery St. Mary.

much true earnestness there is in him. I confess *myself* to be in another way very much in the dark : I trusted so much to Ward that I find great difficulty in knowing where I am since he has evidently turned out as a teacher (for I will say nothing against him as a man) quite hollow. I am not even quite clear as to my own difficulties, but I have a most oppressive sensation of perplexity and suspicion. Fortunately it does not at present interfere with my work, and I suppose therefore I must be content to submit and only work the harder. As to your not being able to breathe my atmosphere I shall just retort upon you your own words to Anstis,¹ "You old humbug !" and beg of you not to talk any more such flummery. I am very glad indeed to hear your account of Shairp, and heartily hope he will be Mackarness's curate. That he will be a most valuable help to the old Don I have no doubt whatever, for I know how much true stuff is in his composition. He is one of those men who always humble me extremely to talk to ; he always seems to me to have a depth of religious feeling, not merely beyond my own experience, but even beyond my hopes. But I really think I knew him better than you did, though I do not deny that you have often shown more penetration into people's character than I possess. That he had many difficulties I knew though I did not quite know what ; and I sympathized heartily with him in very much that he felt, though, of course, the difference in our education would in many ways put us in different points of view. I am very sorry that I shall be unable to come to you to Devonshire. I am sure I need hardly tell you how much I should have liked it. But I am to be in Oxford again about September 10 to see what I can do with Cumin and Green whom I have been pupilising this summer. The former is so incorrigibly idle, that I am afraid not much will be got out of him. He is gone abroad with Blomfield, and I suppose by this time will be on his way home. I had a letter from Wall the other day. He has been delivering his Catechetic at Thun without much opposition, except that the fourth or fifth Sunday he preached in favour of forms of prayer which was not approved of ! He was a good deal annoyed at first by being taken for Ward, and his sister for Mrs. Ward ; a mistake which made them the object of not a little curiosity. I am ruralising with Scott again and listening to certainly what has always seemed to me the best (if not the most philosophical) form of *Via Media*. I admire

¹ The Rev. Matthew Anstis, 1815-1882, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

him more, the more I know him. Who can help admiring a man, so earnestly and steadily disciplining his mind and himself, however narrow his opinions may seem? And he is affectionate and kind, so ready to look at all I say or think in the kindest light, and so willing even to give up his opinion when he is really convinced. He had been staying with the Bishop, just before I came; and has orders to print his Visitation Sermons which are consequently to appear very soon. One of them I like very much: the other I cannot say I do. Yesterday I went with him to a meeting of the S.P.G. at which the Scottian eloquence displayed itself; not in the most pleasant of ways, certainly, but, yet, so as to raise my opinion of him. A Mr. Thomas, an Irish orator, made a speech *in aid* of the Society, the purport of which was a strong condemnation of the Society for not adopting what he considered the most efficacious means of getting funds, a more general use of the Platform and Itinerant Clerical Orators. I expected that Scott, who was to come next, would have given him rather a vinegarish reply; but, on the contrary, though he began with protesting against being supposed to coincide in any such opinions, he couched his protest in such moderate, gentle, courteous language as quite to take away any feeling of discomfort which one might have expected to have after such a cross.

How are the Potato Crops about you? Do not laugh, for the question is most serious. The failure here is so complete that downright famine is staring the poor people in the face and even several of the Farmers it is expected will be ruined: what on earth is to be done if the failure is general I cannot tell. Scott is planning and thinking of it but to relieve all Cornwall (and it almost depends on Potatoes and Fish) is no easy task. If you are inclined to take Oxford on your way westward I will get Hawker to meet you. *Do come.*

Yours affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

Scott begs to be kindly remembered to you.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

DOGMERSFIELD, *August 26, 1845.*

I must write you a few lines before I leave this place to thank you for your letter of this morning, which was far kinder than my last one deserved. . . .

If it were any one else . . . I should say I was surprised

at what you have been doing for me in that matter which concerns me more nearly than anything else. But it is only one more instance of that untiring and wakeful love that is ever surrounding all your children and me in particular. I hope I am properly grateful for it, and I trust I may be able to show it.

I am about a quarter through Fearné [on Contingent Remainders] and read a good bit of it yesterday here, and I shall come here for some days next week I think. It is really an interesting book, far the most so of any law book I ever saw, and a good style as can be for that sort of thing. I don't find it so hard as I expected and shall certainly have done it by the time I come to you.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

4 MONTAGUE PLACE,
August 28, 1845.

Of course my first impression of any scheme¹ of yours is that it is sure to be wise and kind, and I say this quite unfeignedly and as a reason for writing, at once, without much time for thought or reflection. To all the money part of it I accede most thankfully. If you think you can fairly do (and without any serious inconvenience to yourself,) what you propose, I certainly have no objections to make and have only to say how very grateful I am for all you do for me, now and always. . . . No doubt, then, as to this much. Now—is it *safe* for me to marry *then*? You know me and you can estimate my chances of success far better than I can myself. I seem, to my own eyes, to have certain outward attractions of manner, facility of expression, and of dealing with facts, and to have *some* powers of thought, but, honestly, I do *not* think myself either a hard or clear thinker, and although I fancy I *can* master almost anything, yet I am really very slow when a thing *is* difficult, from a total want of practice in steady work and connected attention. These last qualifications are improving, and I hope will get better and better, but they are not great at present. I think this is an honest statement of my own estimate of myself. I believe I *have* great powers, but most of them are dormant and very little cultivated. The part of my mind which *is* alive and vigorous is very shallow and superficial. But you know best, and, certainly, stupider fellows than I affect to think myself get on very well.

¹ To begin his married life under his father's roof.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his MOTHER.

FARRINGFORD, Sept. 8, 1845.

I am very well here. They take great care of me and I am out a great deal in the air, which always does one good of course. Last night I think I never saw anything so beautiful as the sunset was. The sea was all purple with the glow, and while it was still ruddy the moon came out and silvered part of it with her rays, and the tall cliffs and the perfect silence and the black look of the water just under one's feet made the whole picture quite grand. To-day is a melting day here and we have been out together all the morning, so you may fancy how well and happy I feel now.

With the exception of a thousand pounds, the surplusage of eight years' fees as judge's marshal, he was entirely dependent on his father for ways and means, and, in order to expedite his marriage, it was proposed that he should bring his bride to his father's house in London, and that for some years the two families should live together. Accordingly, before he had supposed possible, his hopes were fulfilled, and on August 11, 1846, the marriage took place at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Farringford is a house which lends itself to pleasant memories. "You look through the drawing-room windows out through the distant growth of trees towards a sea of Mediterranean blue, with rosy capes beyond, the down on the left rising above the foreground of undulating forest, golden-hued elms, chestnuts, and red-stemmed pines."¹

Long afterwards, when his "beautiful maiden" had passed out of sight and the sorrows of his heart were enlarged, he recalls the scene:

The past comes back ; the small, gray, wind-worn church,
The gleaming inlets of the land-locked sea ;
The sudden sunshine ; all the wedding train.²

¹ *Tennyson, A Memoir*, 1897, i. 365.

² "Extremus Labor."—*Verses during Forty Years*, 1879, p. 251.

The honeymoon was spent at Mr. Charles Dyson's Rectory at Dogmersfield near Winchfield, at Oxford, where his brother was in residence at Oriel, and at Tandebigge with the young rector, John Mackarness. Early in September he brought his bride to Heath's Court, where she was to pass so much of her future life as a beloved daughter of the house, and where, thirty years later, for a brief spell she reigned as mistress. I do not know whether the "sweet bells of Ottery St. Mary" proclaimed the return of bride and bridegroom, or whether a stipulation that they should hold their peace was regarded as serious. It may be that this "disagreeable practice" lacked the sanction of Catholic antiquity, and was felt to savour too much of the Protestant Establishment. Anyhow they were heartily welcomed, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

In his journal Sir John records his son's marriage and, three months later, his call to the Bar.

JOURNAL OF SIR J. T. COLERIDGE.

FARRINGFORD,

Aug. 11, Tuesday.

My dear boy is married, to a sweet, simple and sensible girl. The ceremony was performed by the Rector, in the parish church of Farringford. The impressive service was very impressively read, and everything went off excellently.

Now may God bless these dear children in what they have this day undertaken, not a very prudent step, it would seem, in a worldly point of view. Provision, indeed, has been made for their children, if they have any, in case of their death; but, their own provision depends on my life and John's success in his profession. It is not well to be too wise or careful in these respects. . . . They have been tried for two years and more, and there are moral, even worldly advantages in the stimulus now urgent on John to industry, self-denial and exertion.

They are to live with us for the present, and that is a trial

for us all, if we are wise we shall find it a source of great happiness, and I pray to God that we may have that wisdom.

PARK CRESCENT,
(Nov. 8, 1846).

Yesterday (Saturday) John Duke was called to the Bar. He is now a married man, and with a profession, starting with very slender means, almost none, but in this respect not worse off than I was under the same circumstances about twenty-seven years since ; for I was in debt, and had nothing like the help to look to that he has. So long as I live, the pressure of sheer poverty cannot be on him. Perhaps, however, he is not the better off for that ; and he is not so well-informed as I was, nor has he the same useful University connection or reputation. But then he is quieter than I was, has a better manner, more ready delivery, and, if he makes himself a good lawyer, has more of the requisite qualifications for *nisi-prius* practice by far than I had. In one respect he has the disadvantage of a worse constitution, and the liability to over-coming headaches may be a serious impediment, from which I was remarkably free. I could always appear and get on, though I was often only half a man. I think, however, he is more careful and abstemious than I was. But all this is in God's hands.

CHAPTER VIII

CIRCUIT

When all the world was young, lad,
And all the trees were green.

C. KINGSLEY.

The nice sharp quilllets of the law.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN a Lecture entitled "The Law in 1847 and the Law in 1890," which was read before the Law students at Birmingham, Lord Coleridge draws upon his recollections of his first years at the Bar, at Westminster, and on Circuit, incidentally, and under protest. He is concerned with principles rather than persons, and he is sparing of detail, picturesque or otherwise. But he tells us something about the judges in whose courts he practised, and he alludes to the changes which time, and reform, and the railway had brought about in the conditions and customs of a barrister's life in Court or at Sessions. The style is as easy and as natural as if the art of simplicity did not exist, but the record is thrown into a literary shape, and the lights and shades are softened or heightened with an artistic sense of proportion. But there is an earlier record, to all intents and purposes a journal. Before and after his marriage he lived under his father's roof in London, and, during the Long Vacation, at Ottery, and whenever he left home he wrote home almost

every day, and "reported" to his father his own and other "law cases," passing judgment on the judges, and relating the rise and fall, the hits and misses, of the rival leaders and the crowd of aspirants. He writes as he feels, often in a hurry, and at the close of a long day, sometimes to amuse his father, more often to unburden himself. There is no attempt at fine writing, or deliberate composition, but his letters present a picture of a phase of life which has seldom, if ever, been fully described, and, at the same time, they reveal the hopes and fears, the character and tastes of the writer. Lawyer and Churchman, lover of art, lover of scenery, lover of books, eager to rise but afraid to fall, he depicts himself unconsciously and without reserve.

In reading the lives of judges and great advocates the layman is haunted by a sense of the paucity or inexactness of the English Language. Possibly to "unlearned and ignorant persons" there is a similar iteration of the *epitheton ornans* in the biographical notices of poets and ecclesiastics, but when all or nearly all judges are described as "sound," or "sagacious" or "impartial," it is difficult to focus an individual judge, and pick him out from his equally sound and sagacious brethren. And yet, in order to make the letters in this and the following chapters intelligible to the modern reader, layman or lawyer, I must at least record the names and general characteristics of some of the members of the Western Circuit, and of the judges who "went the Western," from the Spring of 1847, when Coleridge got his first brief, to the August of 1855, when he was appointed Recorder of Portsmouth, and his position at the bar was practically assured.

To begin with the judges—Thomas, Lord Denman (1779–1854) was Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. In his printed essay, Lord Coleridge denotes him as "high-bred, scholar-like, with a noble scorn of the base and tricky." In his record of first impressions, he praises him for courtesy and rapidity, but laughs at his law. According to the formula, he was not a "black letter lawyer," but he was a famous advocate, a Whig and an enthusiast. He it was who avowed that poor Queen Caroline, the heroine of "The Book," was as "pure as unsunned snow." He was on terms of intimacy with Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and used to send him his Latin verses.

Among his puisnes were Sir William Erle (1793–1880), whom Coleridge describes as "the greatest advocate of my time," perhaps because there was ceaseless warfare between them as advocate and judge. The judge, I suppose, was judicial, and the youthful advocate indocile and argumentative. Perhaps there may have been a renewal of the "cool impudence" which sprang up beneath "Henry's holy shade." There was, however, in later years, a warm and lasting friendship between the "Chief" and the judge's nephew, Mr. T. W. Erle, formerly a Master of the Supreme Court.

A second puisne was Sir W. Wightman (1784–1863), described by Sir John Coleridge (in a letter to Edward Foss) as "dignified without ostentation," and, yet, it might be, "under the stress of judicial anxiety," "in difficult cases," *tant soit peu* short-tempered. Of the two remaining judges of the Queen's Bench, Sir John Coleridge and Sir John Patteson, the journalising letters naturally say but

little. Coleridge did plead before his father on several occasions, but not, I think, in these first years of his novitiate.

From 1846 till 1850, when he succeeded Lord Cottenham as Chancellor, Thomas Wilde, Lord Truro (1782-1855) was Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Short and thickset, with stammering lips and rasping tongue, he plodded his way to eminence. He married, for the second time, Augusta Emily D'Este, daughter of Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, and his morganatic wife Lady Augusta Murray. Coleridge, echoing some circuit jest, nicknames him "Prince Tommy," and jokes, with difficulty, about "Her Royal Highness."

Among the puisnes were Sir Cresswell Cresswell (1794-1863), "a sound lawyer" whose name, afterwards, became familiar as a household word, as Judge of the Divorce Court; Sir William Henry Maule (1788-1858), said to unite practical common sense with great ingenuity, in defending mere technicalities or, as Coleridge more graphically puts it, "he could split a hair into twenty filaments at one time, and, at another, could come crushing down like a huge hammer of good sense, through a web of subtlety which disappeared under his blow." He was a great scholar, a great mathematician, humanist, and humourist, a judge after Coleridge's own heart.

Also of the Common Pleas were Sir Edward Vaughan Williams (1797-1875), who had once collaborated with Patteson in re-editing his father's edition of C. J. Saunder's reports; Sir Thomas Coltman (1781-1849), "essentially a just and right-minded Judge," who was succeeded by Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795-1854), "a most satisfactory

Judge," mild and courteous, poet and man of letters, author of the once celebrated *Ion*, and editor and mangler of Charles Lamb's Correspondence.

Then there were the Barons of Exchequer with Frederick Pollock (1783-1870), Lord Chief Baron, at their head. Like Maule and Denman and the elder Coleridge, he was a great scholar as well as a great lawyer, and, like the last, he was the founder and progenitor of a legal clan, a *gens juridica*. He is something more than a name to me for, I think in 1862, I met him once when he was staying at Coniston, and I recall his ivory complexion and the quaint old-world courtesy of his speech.

Of his puisnes, by far the greatest was James Parke, Lord Wensleydale (1782-1868), "the Baron Surrebutter" of a famous skit, who loved "The Lady Common Law" not wisely but too well, finding beauty in her blemishes. He does not come into the letters, but his inveterate tenacity of the forms as opposed to a rational construction of the law is satirised and denounced in the Birmingham address. Two other Barons are frequently mentioned, Thomas Joshua Platt (1790-1862), nicknamed "Platoff" after the Hetman, or "Josh" *tout court*, who seems to have given little or no offence even to junior members of the Bar; and Samuel Martin (1801-1883), "the Judge who never left a remanet." He, too, is described as sound and sagacious, but not brilliant or versatile. He loved the turf and, like George I. hated "Boetry and Bainting." Rough of speech (he always spoke of a *Bill* of Exchange), and of a sporting turn, he offended the fastidious taste of at least one youthful critic. But he *was* "sound and sagacious," and, in later life, Coleridge would have judged differ-

ently. Last, but not least, was Baron (Sir Edward Hall) Alderson (1787-1857). He, too, was a great scholar, Senior Wrangler, First Smith's prizeman, and Senior Medallist, a writer of epigrams, a translator of Horace and of Anacreon. He and his were on terms of friendly intimacy with the family at Park Crescent, but I gather that, in his judicial capacity, he was not acceptable either to the elder or the younger Coleridge. The Baron was a good man, as well as a great judge, but he was, so they thought, rough and overbearing—qualities which the father notes with guarded disapproval, and the son was slow to excuse or forgive. "Parke settles the law, Rolfe settles the Court, Alderson settles the Bar, Platt settles nothing, and Pollock unsettles everything." So runs the epigram, and if that was so, Alderson was no sinecurist.

But "circuit" is made or marred by its members rather than by the judges, whose orbits are irregular. In his retrospect of the "Law in 1847" Lord Coleridge wrote :

The Circuits were great schools of professional conduct and professional ethics ; and the lessons learnt upon them were to receptive minds of unspeakable value. The friendships formed on circuit were sometimes the closest and most enduring that men can form with one another ; the cheery society, the frank manners, the pride in the body we belonged to, the discipline of the mess, the friendly mingling together on equal terms of older and younger men—all these things gave the circuits a prominent and useful place in the life of a common lawyer, which, I am afraid, they are ceasing to have, except in a few of the largest and most populous counties.

The Western Circuit, then in its prime, was a school of great lawyers. Of his father's contemporaries, Wilde and Erskine had been raised to the

bench, and Follett had just passed away in the prime of life and before he had attained to the highest honours, but Richard Budden Crowder (1795-1859), "the greatest master of Nisi Prius I ever knew," who succeeded Talfourd as Judge of the Common Pleas, and Cockburn, "the accomplished scholar, the splendid orator," were leaders of the circuit. Among the seniors who were on the high road to promotion were G. M. Butt, Q.C.; Thomas Phinn, the Recorder of Devonport; J. A. Kinglake, M.P., Recorder of Bristol, brother of "Eothen" Kinglake; Montague Edward Smith (1809-1891), who was raised to a seat in the Common Pleas in 1865. Nearer in age and destined to be his rivals were Robert Porrett Collier (Lord Monkswell), who preceded Coleridge both as Solicitor- and Attorney-General, and John Burgess Karslake (1821-1881), private friend and public foe, who won, but lost his life in winning, name and fame as advocate and law officer. And there were others, known and unknown outside the legal world, who were linked to him by various ties, as Henry Bullar, Montague Bere (Balliol), Edmund Bastard (Eton and Balliol), Paul Augustine Kingdon (Fellow of Exeter College), Mr. Wyndham Slade, and Ralph and his brother Henry Lopes (Balliol), Lord Ludlow, who became his "closest and most enduring friends." Most of the Western men came from the West. Karslake was West Country on his mother's side; Collier was the son of a Plymouth quaker, Member for his native town; Montague Smith was the son of the Town Clerk of Bideford; and Coleridge was the grandson of a Devonshire squireling, a Devonian of the Devonians. One of his seniors, Thomas Phinn,

had been a scholar ; Kingdon was a Fellow of Exeter College : Matthew Anstis, a solicitor of Liskeard, father of the Reverend Matthew Anstis, a brother fellow of Exeter College, gave him his first briefs in Cornwall. He did not, as he had hoped, follow his father's footsteps as Recorder of Exeter, but he was a Burgess of the City from 1865-1873. He was born in London and spent the greater part of his long life in London, but his home was in Devonshire, under the shadow of St. Mary Ottery. Now and then, in spite of two generations of Eton and Oxford, there was a hint, a trace of the West Country speech in and through his rich and delicate intonations. I think as long as he lived he would have greeted you and bidden you farewell at the "*fore door*." He had the warmth, the quickness, the impatience of a race which is three-fourths Celtic to one-fourth Saxon.

Lord Coleridge's record of circuit life in 1847 differs but little from his father's *Recollections of the Circuit* which cover the years 1818-1835.

We assembled [he writes]¹ at Winchester and continued together till the close in Somersetshire. . . . Our numbers somewhat diminished in Cornwall. . . . We met, usually, in high spirits . . . and those who were in full business were not the least merry or regular at the Circuit Mess. . . . "Our Circuit" was a somewhat stately affair. The judges did not post, but travelled with sober haste, drawn by their own four in hand. The barristers posted or rode. It was an understood rule not to travel from place to place in any public conveyance. The "leaders" always had their private carriages, and some of them their saddle-horses also. . . . We had our own cellar of wine at each circuit town. This was under the care of our "Wine Treasurer," and a van, with four horses, attended us, under the superintendence of

¹ *My Recollections of the Circuit*. A Lecture delivered by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C.L., 1859.

our "Baggage Master." These were our two circuit officers; two of our own number, upon whose arrangements we depended much for our comforts, and to whom we looked on our "Grand Day," which we always kept at Dorchester . . . for the formal introduction of new members, and an account . . . of preferments, promotions, marriage and any other incidents which might have befallen any of the members since the last Circuit—"offences" these, as we called them, always expiated by contributions to the "wine fund."

In 1847 the railway had begun to compete with, if not to supersede, the statelier mode of travel, but in Cornwall and across country posting was still in full force. Circuit and Sessions still cut a huge slice out of a young barrister's life. If he was fortunate he was at work in Court or at his lodgings, almost, day in and day out, and it was seldom that a country walk or the hospitality of some local magnate, dean or squire, broke the monotony.

But there was always the hope that at the next place there would be "a good list," and that one or more briefs were awaiting his arrival.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

HEATH'S COURT, March 23, 1847.

How we shall ever get to Cornwall time alone must show . . . V. Williams is very slow and has had long heavy cases.

We had a rich witness in the Nisi Prius Court yesterday, Mr. Tecumseh Jones¹ who was so quizzed in *Punch* some

¹ George Jones, author of *Tecumseh and the Prophet of the West*, an Israel Indian Tragedy, 1844. He was an American, and wrote a History of America. He offended *Punch* by backing up James Silk Buckingham of the British and Foreign Institute, which *Punch* had nicknamed "The Literary and Foreign Destitute." Jones wrote an absurd letter of protest from which *Punch* printed extracts. Jones said it was a forgery, so *Punch* had the letter lithographed and sent to the Members of the British and Foreign Institute. An



PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE

From an Oil Painting by Mrs. Carpenter in the Hall of Eton College

time since, and who, certainly, was *perfect*. Cresswell, in general, so quiet and dignified, was fairly shaken out of himself, once or twice, into *fits* of laughter. You saw Judge and Counsel and Jury all wiping their eyes and trying to look grave. You would have enjoyed it exceedingly. I am sorry to hear there is a general impression that "Prince Tommy" and the "Princess" come this Circuit in the summer. I had hoped you might have come. My receipts are *nil* in this ungrateful place.

BODMIN, *March 27, 1847.*

My briefs here have amounted in the whole to five, and I hardly think there is now any prospect of the number being increased, but it is just possible. I think it not unlikely that in Cornwall I may get on pretty well from what I hear. The business is in much better hands than in Devonshire, and Anstis, at any rate, will give me all he can. I think I told you I lodge with Merivale¹ at Taunton. He and all men are very fairly kind and civil, and I think I shall get on in this respect quite as well as I could wish. I shall be glad, however, when the Circuit is over. One gets tired of it; and, somehow, I think the plying and intriguing for business which goes on is very annoying to witness and puts one out of heart with the profession. There is a tone and temper about men here, so far as I can tell, lower than most other *bodies* would at any rate confess to. Cornish² is a great gain to me in every way, and I think I like him more day by day. John Rogers,³ the Canon's son, is likewise a *very nice* fellow, but there is hardly a third, I think, at all to be named by the side of these. Cornish is going to be married to a Miss Mowbray, a niece of Dr. Williams, the late Head Master of Westminster. . . . Cresswell is, certainly, a most instructive Judge, and, if it were not for manner, is nearly perfect in his conduct of the Court.

action was begun, but Jones gave way and agreed to pay *Punch's* law expenses. See "A Letter from the Boy Jones to his 'Uncle.' George Jones, Esq.," *Punch*, August 3, 1844, vol. 7, p. 54.

[From information kindly supplied to me by Mr. M. H. Spielman.]

¹ Herman Merivale, 1806-1874, Recorder of Falmouth, Helston and Penzance, 1841; Permanent Under-Secretary for India, 1859.

² John Robert Cornish, 1815-1899, better known as Sir John Mowbray, was member for the University of Oxford, 1868-1899.

³ J. J. Rogers, 1816-1880, son of John Rogers, Canon of Exeter, a Hebrew and Syriac scholar, was M.P. for Helston, 1859-1869.

EXETER, July 1, 1847.

Yesterday I had an appeal which we won, on a point arising out of the new Removal Act. I said a few words which took a new point and did no harm, so I got off pretty well. To-day I began with Uncle Frank's¹ case. It is a filthy case and a ticklish one to boot, but I shall do my best, though I have small hopes of getting a conviction against the little wretch who is a dissenting teacher and quotes Scripture. I have made five guineas altogether, so that I am not at present going back, and people are very kind; but you must help me a good deal, please, in the Long, with settlement-law etc.; for I felt myself sadly weak and at sea in my appeal.

Jane writes me comfortably from Heath's Court. I wish I was there. Exeter Castle Benches in this weather are not agreeable. . . . Now for my speech.

PS. (six o'clock).—I have made my speech and convicted my man, which was *præter spem*.

EXETER, July 22, 1847.

There are fifty prisoners, eleven in one case, so we ought to have done in time in that Court, and, then, the Bishop will come on. He has been making a great ass of himself at St. Mary Church. It seems last Sunday he began the use of the offertory which poor George² had discontinued: people began to go out and he began to harangue: he besought them to stay: commanded them as their Bishop: threatened them with ecclesiastical censures, and, at last (his *ratio ultima*), said he should pray for their souls! And, then, next day I hear, he came down from his high horse and said he was not aware there had been a meeting in the parish against the use of the offertory or he should not have acted as he did. The scene is described as quite scandalous. But, of course, we hear it from enemies of the Bishop's . . . so it may be all, or in great part, a lie. I think I shall go and call upon him at the Palace while I am here. It will be very amusing to see him examined next week. Crowder retires from Plymouth and Roundell Palmer stands.

¹ Francis George Coleridge, who practised as a solicitor at Ottery St. Mary, was the fifth son of Colonel James Coleridge. He was born December 25, 1794, and died August 26, 1854.

² George May Coleridge, the only son of the Reverend George Coleridge, Master of the King's School of Ottery St. Mary, the elder brother and guardian of the poet, was Vicar of St. Mary Church near Torquay, and Prebendary of Wells. He was born October 26, 1798, and died June 5, 1847.

In July–August 1847 there was a general election. There were four candidates for the University of Oxford—Sir Robert Harry Inglis, who had been first returned as a member for the University in 1827, Mr. Gladstone, Edward (afterwards Lord) Cardwell, who retired at an early stage of the contest, and Mr. James Round. Sir Robert Inglis was a Tory pure and simple, a Tory *sans peur et sans reproche*, whilst his competitors were Tories of every shade and hue. But the election did not turn on secular politics. The question was whether Gladstone, who was probably a Tractarian, or Mr. Round, who was certainly an evangelical, was ecclesiastical favourite. Mr. Morley in his *Life of Gladstone* (i. 330–333) draws an amusing parallel between the claims of the antagonists, pointing out to his readers “the lie of the land, what it meant to be member for the University, and why Mr. Gladstone thought the seat the highest of electoral prizes. . . . When the end came (August 3) the figures stood: Inglis, 1700, Gladstone, 997, Round, 824, giving Gladstone a majority of 173 over his competitor.” It was an event of far-reaching importance to young Coleridge. There had been much correspondence and some intimacy between his father and Mr. Gladstone for some time past. They had come together over the foundation and endowment of colonial bishoprics, and as protesters against the condemnation and silencing of Dr. Pusey they had shared the divine wrath of the Vice-Chancellor. Partly as his father’s son, and partly, no doubt, from personal qualifications and his recognised position among the younger Masters, he was chosen as one of the secretaries of the London Committee, Stafford Northcote being

on the Oxford Committee.¹ His father was in two

¹ Election verse, as a rule, is, or should be, cast into the oven, but the following rhymes, endorsed "Gladstone Committee," are well put together and display the humours of the time and place :

TO MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION.

Friends, gentlemen, clergy, attend to the ditty
Of Round's purely Protestant Oxford Committee.
Whereas it is said that our dear brother Round,
At meeting, and chapel, has often been found ;
That rather than snooze in his own Parish Church,
The clerk and the curate he leaves in the lurch ;
His friends to avoid all misrepresentation,
Thus publish the facts of the case to the nation.
It is true, it is true, and, alack, more's the pity,
'Tis frankly acknowledg'd by us his Committee ;
That once on a time, in the year '45,
To a chapel in John Street our friend took his drive—
Not early (for Matins are Popish, they say),
But just after dinner instead of the play ;
And thrice, but thrice only we vow and declare,
In the year '46 our dear brother was there—
But not on the Sabbath, in Autumn or Spring,
'Twas *Tuesday*, and that's quite a different thing :
The *facts then are these* ; now let Oxford electors,
Who claim for the Church true and faithful protectors,
Come forward and say, if a member caught tripping
Four times in two years,* only merits a whipping,
And whether their faith in his Protestant acts
Outweighs not a legion of such little facts.
Mr. Round is well known as a disciplinarian,
He fasts and he feasts, but is nowise Tractarian ;
In town at St. Michael's in Pimlico West,
The Church of his district appears to him best,
And when in the country so strict is his plan,
That he and his household, wife, maiden, and man,
Ne'er follow strange preachers, not e'en Baptist Noel,
Nor Gregg, nor Golightly, nor Sewel, nor Stowel. . . .

* "A sinister rumour was bruited abroad, that Mr. Round attended a dissenting place of worship, and he was constrained to admit, that once in 1845 and thrice in 1846, he had been guilty of this backsliding. The lost ground, however, was handsomely recovered by a public declaration that the very rare occasions on which he had been present at other modes of Christian worship had only confirmed his affection and reverential attachment to the services and formularies of his own Church."—*Life of Gladstone*, 1903, i. 332.

minds with regard to the prudence of this undertaking. He could not fail to make friends and to increase his general reputation, but, on the other hand, attendance at the Courts might be interrupted and the "suction of the law," as he phrased it, might proceed at a slower rate. Doubtless, in the long run, the diversion was all to the good, and a foundation was laid of a close and intimate relationship between the rising lawyer and the great statesman, which bore fruit in due season. Lord Coleridge always maintained that he owed his great success in life in a large measure to the good opinion and good will of Mr. Gladstone. Among other papers relating to the contest I find two letters, the first which he ever received from Mr. Gladstone; a letter from his co-secretary, W. K. Seymour, M.P., congratulating him on "the successful termination of our labours"; and a note from "Lake of Balliol," which I print because it brings the time and the occasion before "the inward eye."

W. C. LAKE to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

[Undated. May 1847.]

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Here is an announcement¹ which, if you think anything is to be done for Gladstone, you must lose no time in acting upon. There is, perhaps, just a chance that if Gladstone comes forward Cardwell might not. Absolve yourself from a few hours of law, and take counsel with

¹ A Convocation will be holden to-morrow morning, Tuesday, May 11, at ten o'clock, for the purpose of communicating to the House a letter from *Mr. Bucknall-Estcourt*, one of the Burgesses of the University.

WADHAM COLLEGE,
May 10, 1847.

B. P. SYMONS,
Vice-Chancellor.

Northcote. I cannot write more, because ye post is just going out. But send me a line to say what you think can or should be done. I fear G.'s chance would not be great, but perhaps it's worth working: his only sure supporters would be the juniores, at least those at Balliol, Oriel and University.

Ever yours,

W. C. LAKE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

BRIDGEWATER, August 7, 1847.

Yesterday the Chief [Lord Truro, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas] for the first time, did us the honour to dine with us and was very gracious and affable. It seems he does not live at the Lodgings, nor take his Marshall [*sic*] with him, but lives with her Royal Highness in great style, and separates himself as much as possible from the Circuit and Circuit things. I held a brief for Stock yesterday, my first performance of any kind in Somersetshire. One must act tide-waiter for some while, I suppose. It is not very encouraging to see such a man as Merivale, not one bit better off now, than if he had joined the Circuit yesterday.

The Roundhead¹ people are very much crestfallen, and I think, at any rate I hope, the defeat may do them good. It ought to teach the Heads a lesson, that they cannot have things all their own way, and that the system of twaddle is ceasing to approve itself to gods and men.

¹ The Secretary of Mr. Gladstone's London Committee had already (August 4) sounded a note of triumph in *The Guardian*—"Men voted for Mr. Gladstone because they knew him to be a man of worth, talent, energy and weight. They voted for Mr. Round because it was necessary somebody should be elected, and it was necessary that that somebody should not be Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Round had somehow got into the field. No Head of a House placed himself on Mr. Gladstone's Committee: The electors, however, in direct opposition to those who call themselves the Protestant party in the country, and to those who may be called the dignitarian party at Oxford, negatived the proposed proscription, and sent the eminent statesman, with all his alleged Tractarianism, to speak the sentiments of the University to the English Parliament, The 'Protestant' party has called for the opinion of the University on this matter, and they have got it."

WINCHESTER, March 1, 1848.

Mr. Yonge¹ took me up to see the East Window of the Cathedral, close, and *very* lovely it is, as fine or finer than any glass I ever saw. You must not suppose from this [and an inspection of the East Window in the College Chapel] that I have been neglecting Court. I have never left the Castle for a moment before to-day, and to-day I have only been away an hour altogether. In addition to my poaching cases I have had to prosecute a forgery for Coxwell, Mrs. Keble's cousin, who, perhaps, may give me things now and then. I transported my man for ten years, but I have got into a fright about my indictments, and a horrid case of Fletcher and Calthorp—in 15 *Law Journal*²—is held over me *in terrorem*. I have read the case carefully and I can't see that it floors me at all—*e contra*, much of the judgment seems to me in my favour, and some of your observations and Lord Denman's, in the course of the case, look the same way. But they tell me that it is not enough to say that men were then and there by night, as aforesaid, and armed, as aforesaid, for the purpose then and there of taking and destroying game, without adding "by night." This *seems* to me stuff, and Lord D. in his judgment expressly guards against its being extended to indictments; but, it seems, I ought to have known this case, and stuck in these words *ex abundanti cautela*, as Bull Rowe says. However, if ever I have another to draw, everything shall take place *by night*—the night shall be *Cimmerian* beyond all doubt. . . . We are not likely to lose our character for slowness,³ I fear. . . . Wightman says that, somehow, all the causes on the Western Circuit have "two sides to them"—which used not to be the case on the Northern.

What a curious blow up of all things it is in France! I think, all things considered, they are behaving very well, at present, and one hopes that if people have not learned

¹ Probably William Yonge of Otterbourne, the father of Charlotte Mary Yonge.

² "*Fletcher v. Calthorp*." This case reported in *Law Journal*, vol. xiv. (N.S.) Part 3, p. 49, of "Reports of Cases connected with the Duties . . . of Magistrates," was heard Jan. 17, and Feb. 12, 1845.

³ "The members of the Western Circuit had the reputation for making lengthy speeches. 'I am going the Western this time, Maule,' said Baron Parke, 'and I will make these long-winded fellows shorter, or I will know the reason why.'"—Manson's *Builders of Our Laws*, &c., 1895, p. 18.

that these things were crimes, they *may* have learned that they were blunders. I rejoice heartily in the overthrow of Louis Philippe and Guizot—a couple of rascals who could hardly meet with any fate too bad. The Spanish marriages, I suppose, are the worst political crime of modern days.

EXETER, *March 22*, 1848.

Since I wrote to you I have had a difficult and rather important manslaughter to conduct. . . . My medical men would not swear to the cause of death, and the “truly British” was determined to acquit, but I got a common assault found. I had great trouble with “Platoff”¹ and was very near being impudent to him, but I held my peace, which I am glad of now; but he has been defeating justice sadly, and he is still quite irresistible with a common jury. He certainly does, as Watson said, hit them about their bellies, and his winks and nods must be seen to be appreciated. When I had done my case to-day, Denison, the *Times* reporter, a respectable old fellow, sent me a line begging to congratulate me on my great coolness and self-possession. So I suppose it was not done very badly. Indeed, I seemed to do it fairly well, I think, and I felt more comfortable than usual after it was over.

FARRINGFORD, *April 10*, 1848.

After I wrote I got one appeal (there were but two), and, on the Wednesday night, I got a heavy prosecution for the Great Western, with three guineas on it, which was shewing a proper sense of my dignity, I thought. . . . By mail on Thursday I got down to Ottery and went to Vespers there, which were very well attended. . . . The next morning I spent in spying out the state of the land in every direction. As far as I could see, all the trees, without exception, are alive. By the way, there is *one* of Sir Thomas Acland’s cypresses which is dead, but only one; even the variegated oak is in bud, and the three new roses along the terrace are flourishing. . . .

My circuit and sessions have paid themselves completely, and leave me plus three shillings in my pocket. This is well, on the whole, I think.

¹ Thomas Joshua Platt, 1790–1862, was Baron of the Exchequer, 1845–1856.

3 KING'S BENCH WALK,

February 15, 1849.

I have been very nearly worked into an article about this Plymouth and Devonport business, which seems to me nearly the worst case I ever heard of low-Church black-guardism and jesuitry. How beautifully Miss Sellon contrasts with Hatchett and her enemies, but how melancholy that the good Queen Dowager should be misled into blasting the reputation of such an institution as Miss Sellon's! The chief imputation, on Hatchett's¹ own shewing, being that they had a cross in their private rooms. I do really think the awful profanity of low Churchmen, in this and suchlike things, is more like anti-Christ than anything one reads or hears of nowadays. What would the wildest heretic of early times have said if he had heard of the Sign of the Cross being an object of aversion and attack?

3 KING'S BENCH WALK,

February 20, 1849.

The article on the Plymouth business in the *Chronicle* on Monday was by me. I sent it through Bernard, so I don't suppose I shall get paid for it. I hope you liked it on the whole. Of course writing in the M.C. I was obliged to use *οικονομία*, and not speak out my whole mind. I had a long and very interesting letter from Bastard about it, which I will send you in a day or two.²

¹ It was alleged that the Reverend John Hatchett and others paid an inquisitorial visit to the Orphans' Home at Plymouth on the pretence of being sent by the Queen Dowager. It was a fact that the Queen, who had been a patroness of the institution, withdrew her name on the representations of one of these unwelcome and, perhaps, unauthorised visitors. See article in *Guardian*, Feb. 21. 1849, headed "The Plymouth Inquisitors."

² "Now we are really at a loss to understand upon what ground the Protestant Holy Office at Plymouth founds its interference with these ladies. The question is not whether all the observances they practise, and the name by which they call themselves, are dictated by the deepest wisdom or the most cautious discretion. Upon that point opinions may differ. But if there is no positive harm in the observances or the name, it is enough that certain minds find comfort in the one, and pleasure in the other. Those who devote themselves to doing a good work that none others have the hardihood and the self-denial to undertake, may be expected to do it in their own way. Probably they could not do it in any other. Minds are fashioned upon different models; and it is the narrowest and most

3 KING'S BENCH WALK.

February 27, 1849.

I have reviewed Allie's¹ in the *Guardian* this week. I hope you will think I have spoken rightly about him and his Book. A little volume of poems came to me yesterday "from the author," written by "A," published by *Fellowes*. So I wrote to Matthew Arnold and asked him to convey my thanks, to "A," as Sir Walter Scott used to the "Author of Waverley." They are, some of them, very beautiful—I think one or two better than any I have seen this long while.

Pleasantish dinner at Lord Denman's on Saturday, a Circuit Feed—all the dons there except Crowder and Cockburn. Lady Alderson went over the "House of Charity" with me yesterday evening. She was very kind and gave us a guinea. She promised to interest the Baron in us. Perhaps *you* might try a *molle tempus* with him; for it seems to me a practical, sensible thing, which ought to be more known and better supported.

HURSLEY, March 4, 1849.

I came over here yesterday evening on my ten toes and bag in hand, in time for service at seven, which was very nice. The church looked very pretty lighted up, and the congregation was good and decent. Nothing could be kinder than the Vicar and Vicaress, and I enjoyed my evening very much. . .

You will like Keble's tract on the marriage question.² It is very characteristic of him, and, in parts, appears to me quite unanswerable. I wonder if it will be carried. People I meet on Circuit seem to think not, but the low and hard morality of lawyers is very offensive to me, and my only resource now is to hold my tongue on these questions: they always talk of them in a tone which is quite painful. I found Keble very strong also upon Allie's book, which was a

intolerable illiberality which would compel earnest and devoted souls to remain 'all the day idle' because they are careful as to the dress they work in, and the forms in which their work is done."—*Morning Chronicle*, February 19, 1849.

¹ The Rev. Thomas William Allie, b. 1813, was Rector of Launton in the Oxford diocese. He joined the Church of Rome in 1850. In *A Life's Decision*, 1880, he gives his reasons for leaving the Church of England. The review of his *Journal in France* was published in the *Guardian*, Feb. 28, 1849.

² *Against profane dealing with Holy Matrimony in regard of a man and his wife's sister.* 1849.

comfort to me, as Harry's very strong dissent from my article alarmed me a little.

WINCHESTER, *March 6, 1849.*

I trust you are better now and not as hard pressed. You are getting overtired from this Northern work and D.V., you come back safe from it, you must never think of going again. I suppose, too, you lack the repose and steady support of dear Uncle Pat's equable calm spirits. Here Denman shows extremely well, I must say—rapid, gentlemanlike and decided. I shall be sorry to have a cause before him, for he muddles them terribly, flings them at the head of the Jury; but with prisoners he is kind and rapid, and gets through the work famously; and his demeanour and conduct of the Court is very good. Such a *very* sad book of Anthony Froude's¹ come out—the most intensely distressing and melancholy book I have seen for a very long while—*utter* scepticism very cleverly put, and in a way to do a deal of harm—“*no such thing as sin.*” “Catholicism true if Christianity is—*but*”? I should like you to read it as shewing you in short what a lot of young men are about just now.

EXETER, *March 24, 1849.*

I send you in return an Exeter Cause List, a miserable affair indeed; and when they extend the jurisdiction of the County Courts to £50 or £100, as they talk of doing, I can hardly understand what there will be left, for a common lawyer, on a circuit like this except the criminal business, which is more and more neglected and jobbed by one or two blackguard men every day. I do not see, as far as I am concerned, the slightest inclination to employ me here. Perhaps I have no right to be out of heart, because I get as much, or more, than I deserve. I don't think (I speak literally) that he (Denman) has decided one single point of law throughout the circuit. He is, really, like a child without his puiſnes; the men on this circuit are quite astonished at his weakness, and in a complicated case he takes it up, and in about six sentences flings it at the Jury, and lets it take its chance entirely. However he is very courteous and gentlemanly, and taking very few notes and never summing up at all, he gets through his work in a fashion very fast.

¹ *The Nemesis of Faith*, by J. A. Froude, M.A., 1849. The book was solemnly burnt in the quadrangle of Exeter College by the direction of the Rev. William Sewell, Feb. 27, 1849.

To my great surprise the Bishop of London has expressed great approbation of the London Union, and bids us go on and prosper—a sign of the times this, I think; he must feel that donnishness must come down a peg or two.¹

Cockburn's defence in the Post Office case² was very brilliant. There was nothing to say, but he, by no means, said nothing, for all that.

EXETER,

Holy Week, April 4, 1849.

On the whole this has been a worse Circuit for me than the two, last year, were. . . . I can hardly tell how I stand as to relative positions, but I think no better than I did—only I have acquired more confidence, am less afraid of work and speaking, and of the men opposed to me. With Karslake it is quite in vain to think of fighting on anything like equal terms. Ten or eleven years constant familiarity with the detail, the ins and outs of his profession, give him a quite incalculable superiority to any man of his standing. I do not know that in natural gifts he is superior to me—in some things, perhaps, not equal; but he has very strong sense, perfect confidence, and for a young man really *immense* knowledge.

BODMIN,

Tuesday in Holy Week, March 26, 1850.

I never doubted that under any state of circumstances the Profession of the Law would be a good provision for a

¹ The "London Union" originated in the "Corresponding Committee on Church Matters," constituted May 23, 1848. In February 1849 the society assumed the name of the London Union in Church Matters. In the following November, on the occasion of a deputation to the Bishop of London, when a letter written by Mr. Kenyon to Mr. Justice Patteson was referred to as explaining the scope and objects of the Union, it was suggested that the relations of the Bishop to the Union should in no way differ from the relations between a Bishop and a good churchman in his diocese. "His Lordship . . . agreed to recognise the Union upon this footing, and expressed his approval of it."—Report in *Guardian*, Dec. 12, 1849.

The E.C.U. was formed in 1860 out of the "Church of England Protection Society," which was established, in 1859, to replace the London Church Union and other provincial unions.

² The case of "Robbery of the Mail on the Great Western Railway" was tried at Exeter before Lord Denman, in March 1849. Mr. Cockburn addressed the jury (March 23) on behalf of the prisoners, who were found guilty and transported for fifteen years.

successful Advocate in England. What I did doubt was my own prospects of success in the Profession. Avenues are closing day by day, and I belong to that side of it in which progress will become more and more difficult. That is all. I did not at all mean either, that I was anxious to get away from you or set up for myself. I shall never go until you send me, you may rely upon it. But I do long to be *independent* in fortune. It was because I felt I should relieve myself from you *at once* that I hankered after the fleshpots of Lord C.¹ I do long to be independent . . . and it seems so *very* slow the progress up the hill, at the Bar. . . . This is what weighs with me and only this, in all my desires to get something permanent and have done with it. Yours may be the wiser policy in the end—at any rate I am quite content to try it. This, I think, will have been my best circuit altogether, which is some comfort.

Erle is very nice, I think, but his manner is, to my taste, too kind to men who are snobs, and unscrupulous and ill-conditioned to boot. I don't think he is as instructive as Cresswell, who with all his faults is, *me judice*, the best *Judge* on the Bench, take him all in all, for practical purposes.

TAUNTON, April 3, 1850.

Dodsworth's, by your general account, seems a bad case. These London clergy get an influence and position far above their deserts, and it makes them vain, and from vain men what is to be hoped? . . . But it may be "for ourselves and for our children." . . . I have no desire to go, and I do not think modern Romanism is an elevating religion, but if we cease to have "One Baptism," we may soon cease to have "One Faith, and One Lord,"—and then we *must* go whether we like it or not. But I think we ought to wait and see for a good long while.

EXETER, April 11, 1850.

I like your article in the *Guardian*² this morning very much, but I fear it is a gone case. Just only think of

¹ Lord Campbell, who had just (March 6, 1850) been appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, had offered to make J. D. Coleridge his marshal and associate. This would have enabled him to prepare himself at once for a parliamentary career, perhaps to enter Parliament. Coleridge was caught by the prospect of a certain income, and dreamt of Indian judgeships to follow. His father dissuaded him from accepting Lord Campbell's offer.

² Probably a leading article headed "What will the Bishops do? What can the Bishops do? What have the Bishops done?"—*Guardian*, April 10, 1850.

Worcester, Carlisle, Ely, Peterborough, Hereford and such chaps kneeling down and really deliberating gravely on matters as to which they don't care one single rush, and in which (to speak truth) they have not had an atom of practical belief. Don't I hear and see dear old Lichfield and you talking of these matters, and his bland and amiable cold water? The whole *Catholic* feeling of the English Episcopate is centered in Exeter and Bangor (the latter too mild to move) and Exeter's right feeling is confined to one or two isolated points. What English Bishop think you would dare to advocate Sacramental Confession, the *Sacrifice* of the Eucharist; prayers for the dead; due honour to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints; extreme unction, or half a hundred other points of the One Catholic Faith? We must not be in a hurry, I well know, and all things cannot be done any more than they can be *said* at once; but one *would* like to see a beginning. Modern Romanism will never do; it is a lying system and does not elevate; it tries the moral sense, and, perhaps, ignores *truth* as such altogether; *yet if* the Church of Rome alone among the Communions of the West teaches the whole Catholic Faith—well, these are not matters for a hasty note. Please to give my best regards to Sir William [Heathcote]. I hope you will find him better. Would that he were well, and could make himself heard on these matters. His great ability and the dignity and noble temper of his mind make him, with me at least, a most powerful person. I made three guineas yesterday in a heavy prosecution.

26 PARK CRESCENT,
March 8, 1851.

I had nothing to do in Winton; eight causes, two undefended, and none of our men with any work, so I have no right to complain at all. I suppose my two retainers may possibly bear fruit in the summer. . . .

The Judges were very pleasant and good-tempered, and, each in their way, afforded plenty of study to a man fond of "humours." The Warden said he thought Martin the most ignorant man he ever met—"he didn't even know who William of Wykeham was";¹ and a Magistrate asked

¹ Mr. Manson, in *Builders of the Law*, p. 153, gives the sequel to this story. "Baron Martin was asked what he thought of the Dean of Winchester. 'Well,' he said, 'I can't say I think much of him. He seems very deficient in a knowledge of what is going on in the world. He absolutely did not know what horse had won the last Derby.'"

Karslake if there was any horse cause coming on, Martin had been so anxious in his enquiries about John Day's training-ground at Stockbridge, and so very much wished to see it. But Crowder, Butt, and the Chief Baron were a perpetual comedy, sometimes tending to the farce. You judges never see the real fun of the thing—it is too serious a matter, I suppose, for you. Crowder was in high feather at his first special retainer. He is going special to Maidstone against Thesiger, so you can understand the slight elation and affected regret with which he gives up Exeter; but "he didn't like to refuse it."

EXETER, *March 21, 1851.*

I will write you a line before I go to dinner with the Sheriff that you may know how I have fared this week. Coleridge and Son gave me three things, but, with that exception, (they were all good briefs,) I have been briefless. Karslake has all the good business, Collier all the bad, and Lopes all the favour, and, between them, they leave little or nothing for such as me. However I do not despair. Three very heavy things have been sent to me from Cornwall, and, I daresay, I shall make more than usual there, and, if the Taunton rumour comes to anything, I shall very likely have an average circuit. Still, it is disheartening to find Devon so very costive, and, apparently, so little chance of mending. I have done to-day a thing which I hope you will not think wrong—asked Cockburn to give me the junior briefs in the mint cases at the Devon and Exeter Sessions. I thought it could do no harm to ask and he may be good-tempered enough to put £20 a year into my pocket.

EXETER.

Ash Wednesday, February 25, 1852.

I have had upon the whole a very fair sessions, having made eight guineas and had six briefs, as many as any one, I think, except young Bere, who is at present in possession of all the favour business. . . .

It must have been a moving scene at Affington, [*sic*] and I should like to have been there.¹ He [H. J. Coleridge] leaves

¹ After long deliberation Henry Coleridge determined to give up the curacy at Alphington. His determination to join the Church of Rome had not been formally communicated to his father, but the hope of his "preservation" to which Sir John Coleridge still clung, must have been faint, indeed. "To-day" [February 22, 1852, Quinquagesima] he writes in his journal, "he closes his Alphinton

in peace with every one which is a great comfort, and no one can say of him that he secedes because he did not work, or got on badly with his people. . . .

We have got a funny ministry I think. Think of Ben Dizzy Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a fourth-rate county baronet on the Colonies!¹ I suppose it must be regarded as transition till Protection is interred, and, then, the Peelites will come in.

EXETER, *March 24, 1852.*

I have had a fair share [of work] this time and have made altogether about twenty guineas—nothing approaching young Bere² or Lopes, which is, to some extent, discouraging. Yet I ought not to repine, for, by very slow degrees, I seem to be making a little way here and to be getting looked upon as a person to be trusted. I hope Cornwall will not fail me this time. Crowder has been singularly unlucky all through the Circuit, and, here, both Kinglake³ and Slade, especially the latter, have had the best of him, and he has been consequently irritable and fierce. It must be hard work for him to have man after man coming up to him fresh and rejoicing in a struggle in which all the glory is theirs if they win, and the shame not much, even if they lose. Slade has been very lucky—he has had cases that suited him and he has done them very well. We have actually had a day taken from Cornwall

ministry, and a trying day it will be for him, but I trust he will be supported." It was a far more trying day for the father, who, foreseeing that his son would not take priest's orders or remain in the Church of England, had, at one time, resolved to retire from the Bench, take orders and serve the chapel of Alphington, by way of confession of his own unswerving loyalty to the Church of his Fathers. Keble upheld him in his resolve, but his brother James and Mr. Dyson dissuaded him on the ground that he could do more good to the Church as a layman than as a clergyman. The story is told of "a gentleman, a layman, not a young man, and engaged actively in a liberal profession" in *The Life of Keble* (1874, pp. 371-373), but the "gentleman" was Sir John Taylor Coleridge himself.

¹ The Rt. Hon. Sir John Somerset Pakington (afterwards Baron Hampton), 1799-1880, was appointed Secretary for the Colonies, February 1852, on the formation of Lord Derby's first administration.

² Montague Bere (Exeter and Devon Sessions) was called to the Bar May 3, 1850. Henry C. Lopes (Lord Ludlow), special pleader on the Western Circuit, was called to the Bar January 29, 1847.

³ J. A. Kinglake, Serjeant-at-Law, Recorder of Bristol, was called to the Bar February 8, 1830.

and have, at last with difficulty, finished our work. The Western men for ever! Crowder has been dreadful. Erle talked yesterday of his "eloquent and protracted address!" Can't you fancy it coming out between his teeth? Carter,¹ too, adds seriously to the length. A larceny of *potatoes* took very near five hours to try, the other day, from his defending it. But he has made Talfourd really fierce once or twice, which is a feat, I think, no one else could achieve: he does so overflow with kindness and courtesy.

HEATH'S COURT, *April 3, 1852.*

I had nothing to do at all in Cornwall, where there were only a few prisoners. Lots of causes but I had not any. Lopes as usual far before me.

In Devonshire at last, I think, I am getting on, and my hit at Seaton² will be of great use to me. I came back this morning quite triumphant from there, having obtained a smashing verdict against a very unscrupulous opponent. They made a great fuss about my reply, which, I think, was the best thing I have ever done at the Bar, for my opponent had made me fierce, and I let out more than I ever did before. I can tell you some good things about it when we meet. The genus attorney, in such specimens as were there, was very profuse in gratulations, which may have been sincere—time will show. I enjoyed Seaton very much—grand cliffs, bright sea and good beach. I had a walk to Beer, which was delightful, and last night a long stroll about

¹ Samuel Carter, called to the Bar November 5, 1847, was the leading counsel on the Western Circuit. He attended the Devon Sessions.

² A Lunacy Commission was held at Seaton, April 1 and 2, 1852, to inquire into the state of mind of a clergyman who had resigned his living and was living at Seaton. Coleridge was retained for the petitioners, the relations of the lunatic. The jury found that the clergyman was insane and had been so for twenty-seven years, thus annulling a deed of gift made in 1844. A plea was set up by counsel on the other side that certain letters purporting to come from the lunatic were convincing proof of his sanity and business ability. "But," said Coleridge, "who could doubt that while 'the voice was Jacob's voice, the hand was the hand of Esau'—that the handwriting was the clergyman's, but that the letters were indited by a cousin who had guided his pen?" This was "the hit," the heightened phrase, the touch of emotion, which, sooner rather than later, won him name and fame.

eleven at night along the moonlit sea to the mouth of the Axe, which I shall long remember.

26 PARK CRESCENT,

July 13, 1852.

My case is put off till to-morrow (Wednesday) week when it stands first in the paper. . . .

I went to Badeley¹ to-day to pick his brain about my case and got a great deal out of him. He also told me the history of his own conversion and spoke very quietly, not at all triumphantly, about it. He said he had still many things to get over, and many feelings which were unsatisfied, but he had long been unable to communicate in the English Church, and was afraid of going on practically excommunicated. Manning he had found the most satisfactory person to talk to, because he had felt all Badeley's difficulties himself, and made allowance for them. He was quite unaltered and gave me all I wanted very kindly.

I asked Thesiger to give me Collier's appointment at sessions, when he goes, as I suppose he will, forthwith, now that he is M.P. I enclose you his answer, which is very kind, and I have written to thank him. Phillimore tells me that Bridgeman of Tavistock celebrated me to him very much, which I hope may lead to some work from him—he never gave me anything yet.

26 PARK CRESCENT,

July 15, 1852.

I have my points, I think, now pretty clear and strong, and I don't see any answer to some of them at all, but I should like to have tried them upon you, as Wordsworth used his sonnets on his wife. . . .

The Oxford election² has ended just as I hoped. Marsham

¹ Edward Lovell Badeley (died 1868), who was called to the bar in 1841, was counsel for the Bishop of Exeter in the Gorham case, December 18, 1849. He was one of the fourteen Anglicans, including Cardinal Manning, who in the summer of 1850 joined the Church of Rome.

² Parliament was dissolved July 1, 1852, on the question of the repeal of the Corn Law. Mr. Gladstone's seat at Oxford was contested by Dr. Marsham, the Warden of Merton. Marsham was put forward as a "Protestant Representative"; Mr. Gladstone, with whom most people more or less disagreed, was returned by the votes of the resident fellows because he was Mr. Gladstone, and the secret of the future was in his keeping.—See Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, 1903, i. 426, 427.

polling not much above 700, and Gladstone coming pretty close on Inglis. I hope it will give those fellows a fright as I really believe we might carry two if we worked hard and got Inglis in the wrong to begin with. He really does the University great mischief as it is, and I wish we were well rid of him.

HEATH'S COURT, *July 23, 1852.*

What my performance was like I can't honestly tell, for certain. I should say it was the best thing I have ever done at the bar; it was certainly the most exhausting, far more so than going to a Jury for twice the time. Kindersley is a delightful Judge, only, I think, a *little* slow; very kind, and courteous, and attentive, but, I almost fear, I went too fast for him, from a nervous horror of repetition; but I can't tell.

BODMIN, *August 1, 1852.*

I had nothing! My *certiorari* cases stand over till the spring. John Karslake had one civil brief and two criminal. P. Kingdon one and Lopes one, so that I had no business to complain. I don't know what to say about my position. Tanner was very eulogistic both to me and of me to Maynard, concerning the Chancery affair; and Butt told me he had heard a great deal about it. Kindersley also spoke well of it to Henry Erskine, and I got great praise from Martin in his blunt way for a chance defence¹ at Exeter. He was very civil about it in summing up, and, I was told, discoursed largely on it at the bar dinner; but one can't eat praise, and, as far as money goes, I have not had for years so poor a circuit. I consider my gains now at an end. Wells and Bristol will bring nothing, and, for the first time for five or six circuits, I shall not nearly pay my expenses. This is not pleasant, and the only thing to be set against it is that I have made a good deal more on the whole year, than at this time in 1851. I cannot say I feel at all as sanguine as you do about success, and I should still take my flight across the seas if it were not for you, supposing, that is, that I could get a place to fly to.

DUNSTER, ST. BARTHOLOMEW,
August 24, 1852.

Did you ever see the Castle here? It is really a very fine thing, and not brick as it looks at a distance, but good

¹ A man was charged with wounding a boy of two years "with intent to kill." Coleridge defended, and the prisoner, who was found guilty, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

stone. The keep is turned into a bowling-green, from which the views are magnificent. How grand the hills of Exmoor are in size and form! They stand round Holncote, like the "hills about Jerusalem," giving one a notion of freewill, and protection almost sublime.

EXETER, *March 2, 1853.*

. . . Nothing has really come of it [Committee work], nor perhaps will come of it yet, but it is pleasant to think that one's name is being mentioned, and something may turn up in time. Bere (the father) has asked me to defend the Clay Hydon¹ murderer for him, if I do not get the prosecution, which I take as a real compliment, and I hope, with all my heart, if I do have to do it, I may not disappoint him or throw away the poor fellow's life. It is a terrible thing even to think of when the consequences are life and death. But it is very civil and very kindly meant of Bere. . . . Sunday afternoon and evening I spent at Otterbourne very pleasantly. . . . Mrs. Yonge "went on" rather about Guy and finished by telling me that it had been compared to Hamlet and Don Quixote. One really does not know what to do when such things are said. It provoked me especially because I really

¹ "In the parish of Clayhidon, on the borders of Somerset and Devon, there lived a man of the name of Blackmore. He was a tax-collector." There likewise lived, in the same parish, a middle-aged agricultural labourer named Hitchcock, and a young labourer named Sparks. On a Saturday night the two labourers and Mr. Blackmore met in a village hostelry, and the latter treated the two men to some gin and beer. Mr. Blackmore left about midnight to go to his home. Excited by liquor the two men determined to follow and to rob him. The younger man was said to have been incited by the elder. The two men dogged the heels of the tax-collector, until they came to a dark spot, and then Sparks suddenly struck him, from behind, a murderous blow with a heavy stick. The poor man staggered, and fell senseless to the ground. The two men then robbed him of a small sum, and went home, leaving their victim lying in his blood in the road. The scene changes to the Crown Court of the Castle of Exeter. Hitchcock and Sparks are indicted for the wilful murder of Blackmore. When the evidence for the prosecution is concluded, a solemn hush prevails as Mr. Coleridge rises to address the jury. Commencing with a solemn monition, the learned counsel proceeds, with marvellous ingenuity, to sift the evidence, which, alas! is much too clear and damaging to be explained away. Then, in a peroration, he implores the jury not lightly to commit to the doom of death one

admire the book, more than I can say,¹ and I feel it very grand and deep indeed ; but Hamlet and Don Quixote ! What is one to say ? I saw at Hursley I. H. N. on his sentence.² I never saw a letter of his so bad in taste, and seldom one so unfair. . . . I should not myself have said exactly what you said (I mean as to substance) and I could quite understand his not agreeing or feeling pleased—he stands at a different point of sight—but I cannot think he was right to sneer and laugh. . . .

BODMIN,

Palm Sunday, 1853 [April 4].

I have *really* been as the “Mas” used to say “oppressed with business” for the last week and, in spite of the murder paying nothing, have made a good Exeter. I was so done that I have had wretched nights till last night, when nature avenged herself, and I slept till half-past ten this morning without moving, and I believe could have turned upon the other shoulder and gone off again with all the satisfaction in the world. I don’t think unless the gristle hardens into bone, and all that is worth anything in me become cold and hard, that I could ever stand real pressure. However, as it is not very likely to come, we need not speculate upon it. . . .

who had hitherto led a sober, honest, and worthy life, but who, in a moment of excess, had perpetrated the crime of which he now so bitterly repents. The last words of the young barrister, ere he resumes his seat, are the splendid words of Shakespeare, which he put into the mouth of Othello. Impressively delivered, as they are, amidst the deep silence that prevails, they produce great excitement and feeling in court :

‘Put out the light, and then—put out the light ?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister !
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me :—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning’st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.’ (Act v. scene 2.)

“ This fine speech of Mr. Coleridge’s excited much public attention ; and at once raised his reputation on the Western Circuit. Sparks was convicted and executed.”—*Devonshire Stories Retold*.

“ Poor Sparks’ last message,” so Coleridge wrote in his diary, April 5, “ was to thank me for all I had done for him.”

¹ In his diary for February 27, 1853, he writes : “ Finished Guy—the most moving book for years.”

² The libel case of *Achilli v. Newman* was tried before Mr. Justice Coleridge.

You will see about my speech I daresay in the *Times*. People were very exaggerated about it, and talked of my fortune being made, which is all gammon, for speeches don't make fortunes without connection, and, except by contrast, it was not really a good one at all. My best respects to the Baron. Tell him some remarks of his about foot-marks when he last dined with us were the best part of my speech, and Crompton honoured them with special approbation.

BATH, April 8, 1853.

. . . . I have a letter here from Copley Fielding¹ inviting us both to go and see his pictures any day this week, and I shall try to go to see them to-morrow after I get home. I wish you would write him a note and ask him to dinner. He is quite a passion of mine, I mean the man himself not his works. He is so sweet, and gentle, and so good, I would give a great deal to know more of him. . . .

WINCHESTER, July 14, 1853.

. . . Monday I was in court all day, Tuesday half the day; but John Karslake and a lot of us having nothing to do went down in the afternoon to Portsmouth, and went round the fleet lying at Spithead. We had a glorious day, bright and fresh, with wind enough to make our boat spin along without the least discomfort. Fifteen large ships lying in line of battle looked very fine; three more of them, the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Agamemnon*, and another, were also out on a cruise, so that it is a formidable squadron. One of the first-rates set sail while we were close to her, which was very beautiful. But grand as it is, and noble as the forms of the ships are, I do not think it is to compare to the army we saw together as a piece of spectacle. The sea by its own immense extent dwarfs everything upon it, and the ships lie so far apart that you do not take in their vast size and strength. However, I think it looked as if we could hold the Russians a tug, or, as our boatman expressed it, "if they come to breakfast we can give 'em plenty to eat." . . .

¹ Anthony Vandyke Copley Fielding, 1787-1855, was elected President of the Water Colour Society in 1851, and held the office till his death.

CHAPTER IX

LITERATURE AND ART

Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.

TENNYSON.

We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us.

B. JOWETT.

IN his letters to his father John Duke Coleridge is, by no means exclusively, but he is, first and foremost, a lawyer. The judge devoted his whole energies to the Bench, but his interest and his pleasure were in watching and furthering his son's career at the Bar. The *raison d'être* of the letters home is to report progress, to chronicle the beginnings of success, or to appeal for sympathy, if the "spring came slowly up that way," if briefs were rare, if Carter prospered or "Jack" Karslake shot ahead.

The judge himself had been slow to believe that fortune awaited him in the long run, and, with less learning, but with greater talent and greater luck, his son was, in his turn, at least as despondent.

He was now a husband and the father of three children,¹ and there were times when failure and

¹ Mildred Mary Coleridge, *b.* November 6, 1847; *m.* June 24, 1885. Charles Warren Adama, who died 1903: Bernard John Seymour Coleridge, *b.* August 19, 1851 (The Right Honourable Lord Coleridge, K.C.): Stephen William Buchanan Coleridge, M.A., barrister-at-law, Clerk of Assize for the South Wales Circuit, *b.* May 31, 1854.

Lord Coleridge's third son, and youngest child, Gilbert James Duke Coleridge, a barrister-at-law, now an Assistant-Master of the Crown Office, was born February 15, 1859.

poverty seemed to look him in the face. He had hesitated to ask the lady of his choice "to share a narrow lot, a life of care," and now that prospect, so he half persuaded himself, was being or about to be realised. Then and now his friends mocked, but he was in grim earnest. It was an *idée fixe*, that either luck would never come, or that, if it came, it was sure to turn, and, until he was raised to the Bench and was no longer dependent on office or practice, he was liable to these hauntings and forebodings.

Moreover he had an intense dread of debt and dependence, and to place himself and his family out of reach of money troubles was a sacred and imperative obligation. Hence it was, for reasons sound and otherwise, that, over and over again, he was tempted to exchange the chances of the great prizes of the profession for an immediate competency. In 1850 he "hankered after the fleshpots of Lord Campbell." In 1854 he all but accepted the Clerkship of Assize for the Midland Circuit. Less reluctantly, but in fear and trembling, he declined the Chief Justiceship of Calcutta in November 1858, and, at the very close of his years of office as Attorney-General, he was in a great strait as to the Judgeship of the Court of Probate and Divorce, which fell vacant in November 1872, and, again, as to the "Rolls" which were offered him in August 1873.

And, yet, even before he began to make a large income at the Bar, he was moving along the high road of preferment. In 1851 he was nominated by Lord Campbell to a revising barristership,¹ an office

¹ Barristers of less than seven years' standing were sometimes appointed to reviserships. Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1857, was criticized in the local press for violating the general rule.

which entailed a brief autumn circuit to Cheddar, Glastonbury, Bath and Wells, &c., and compelled him to visit pleasant places and to form closer ties with pleasant people. In July 1853 he was appointed Secretary to the London Commission"¹ (he had declined the post of Income Tax Special Commissioner for Ireland), which brought him under the notice of such men as George Cornewall Lewis, Henry Labouchere (Lord Taunton), etc., and procured him an honorarium of £300; and, a year later, July 1854, he was appointed by Lord Campbell, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, as he styles himself, one of the Commissioners under "an act for the settlement of claims upon and over the New Forest." This was a bigger haul, and, in January 1858, he netted £850 for New Forest—"a very pleasant sum and paid in a handsome manner." But over and above these legal windfalls there was a moderate but regular income (£200 a year) to be derived from writing reviews and articles for the London *Guardian*. He had, for many years, (certainly from 1849 onwards), under the general supervision of his friend Mountague Bernard (afterwards one of the British Commissioners who signed the treaty of Washington), taken charge of the literary department of the paper, and, occasionally, contributed a leading article on legal and other topics of the day, such as "The Court of Cassation," "The Palmer Trial," "The Authority of Counsel" (1856-1857); and, in earlier days, "The Gorham Question" (1851), "The Colonial Bishoprics Bill"

¹ "Belgrave Square, June 27, 1852. At a meeting of the Commissioners to inquire into the Corporation of the City of London, Mr. John Duke Coleridge was appointed Secretary to the Commission." H. Labouchere, J. Patteson, G. Cornewall Lewis.

(1852). Some of the reviews are generous in respect of extracts, but where the subject-matter interested and excited him, he does not hesitate to express his innermost sentiments. For instance, in a notice of *Villette* (Currer Bell was not yet revealed as Charlotte Brontë) he sees power and suspects genius, but he is repelled and offended by what he considers a lack of refinement in the minor morals and a looseness and vagueness in her attitude towards religion.

Even the best characters, those she wishes to be models of purity and grace, are represented by her as assenting to situations and adopting practices no really high-minded and virtuous person would consent to. . . . In the same spirit of self-reliance and scornful superiority to what she considers weak prejudices, are the differences in religion treated as immaterial, and Christianity itself degraded from a revealed system of doctrine to a loose sentiment or feeling, without objective truth of any kind, and released from the disagreeable trammels of any positive teaching. . . .

Pauline corresponds with a young man clandestinely for months, and Lucy Snow, the supposed writer of the story, glories in attending all kinds of worship, especially the Roman, as if it was a matter of pure indifference. . . . Lucy Snow is Jane Eyre over again: both are reflections of Currer Bell, and, though we admire the ability of these young ladies, we should respectfully decline (ungallant critics that we are) the honour of their intimate acquaintance.

Currer Bell has a style and feeling of her own: the style strong, clear, lively, sometimes powerful and eloquent, often declamatory and exaggerated: her feelings vehement and deep, but stern and masculine in their character and mode of expression.

To modern ears the censure is uncalled for and unmeaning, narrow-minded and absurd, but it is the honest expression of genuine and deep feeling. On the other hand, it is to the writer's credit that his virtuous indignation does not prevent him from recognising and praising what he can and does

perceive and admire. He is dominated by Tractarian ideals and he is tied, but not bound, by Tractarian prejudices.¹

Three other articles of greater force and pretension were written in 1853 and got him into more or less serious trouble. The first was a review of Charlotte Yonge's *Heir of Redcliffe—Christian Remembrancer*, April 1853, vol. lxxxi. pp. 33-63.

This in common with other young and ardent spirits—William Morris and the Oxford pre-Raphaelites, for instance—he greatly admired and found no difficulty in praising.

It is [he writes] a book of unmistakable genius and real literary power, a book to make men pause and think, to lift them out of themselves and above the world, and make them, unless they are hard-hearted and cold-natured, the wiser and the better for their reading. . . . "And when I rose I found myself in prayer," would be no unfitting sentence for the frame of mind in which most readers of any religious feeling would close this striking book.

None the less he was blamed by Miss Yonge's relatives (they were distant cousins of his family) for commenting on certain characteristic opinions and points of view, which only a personal knowledge of the writer would have disclosed, and at Hursley, by Mr. Keble, he was taken to task for "speaking disrespectfully of Charles I.!"²

The second was a more delicate matter. In the autumn of 1853, Matthew Arnold, who had hitherto published quasi-anonymously as "A," brought out

¹ He was not the author of the article in the *Christian Remembrancer*, April 1853, "the review which seemed to affect Miss Brontë most of all." See her letter of protest (*Bookman*, November, 1891).—*Life and Work of Charlotte Brontë*, by Mrs. Gaskell, 1900, p. 604n.

² "It would be, for instance, evidently dangerous in discussing with her the character of Charles I. to allude to Strafford or to suggest a doubt as to the perfect honesty of the Naseby letters."

an edition of his poems under his own name. "Empedocles on Etna" and "The Sick King of Bokhara" were dropped out. "The Strayed Reveller," "Tristram and Iseult" and "Mycerinus" were reprinted, and "Sohrab and Rustum" and the "Church of Brou" appear for the first time. A review of "Matt's Poems," which was written for the *Edinburgh Review*, was ultimately published in the *Christian Remembrancer* for April 1854 (vol. xxvii. pp. 310-333). On the whole it is a good piece of work, powerful and brilliant; but it is unsympathetic in tone, and, in some respects, carping and ill-judged. At first he strikes a note of praise. "We should, he says, "think little of the poetical sensibility of any one who could be blind to the loveliness and deaf to the harmony of many of the separate poems." He instances as "very beautiful" two passages in "Sohrab and Rustum"—"the eagle and his dying mate" and the conclusion (pp. 47-50, ed. 1853); and he elsewhere warmly commends "The Forsaken Merman," the "Church of Brou," and "Tristram and Iseult." But he detects in "Sohrab and Rustum" and in "Mycerinus" imitations of Milton and Wordsworth, of Tennyson and Coleridge, and points out that certain illustrations and reflections in "Sohrab and Rustum" are unacknowledged plagiarisms from M. Mohl's version of Firdousi as quoted by Sainte-Beuve in his *Causeries du Lundi*.

At the close of the article he utters a lament over the general tendency of Mr. Arnold's poems—their "accurate and picturesque delineation of the beauties of nature," and their lack of all "reference to the hand that made them," and anathematizes the prevalence of a literature, the writers of which

appear to think themselves justified in standing *ab extra* to Christianity.

We must [he concludes] sincerely apologise to Mr. Arnold for seeming to include him personally in the scope of these remarks. We have no reason to believe, and we do not in fact believe, that, except as a writer, he is obnoxious to them.

Indeed upon him, in his individual relations, it would be impertinence to observe; and we make this disclaimer in truth and sincerity only lest our words should be taken by others in a sense they were never meant to bear. As an author, however, we conceive him to be open on this score to great and grave objection. It may be, it very likely is, that according to the theory of art, and along with the study of the antique, this is the attitude which he deems it fitting that a poet should assume towards the Gospel scheme: this is the sort of counsel he should give to a baptized people. Poetry, perhaps, is to be high, distinct and apart from the turmoil of sinful life, and the everlasting conflict of our Lord and Satan. We do not the least agree with him. To us this sort of feeling appears to be as bad in art, as it is mischievous to religion and truth. The art that has no relevancy to actual life, the passing by God's truth and the facts of man's nature as if they had no existence, the art that does not seek to ennoble and purify, and help us in our life-long struggle with sin and evil, however beautiful, however outwardly serene and majestic, is false and poor and contemptible. It is not worth the serious attention of a man in earnest. All noble and true and manly Art is concerned with God's glory and man's true benefit; and we do not believe that the grave and severe artists of Mr. Arnold's favourite Greece, if they had known of the Christian revelation, and if they had believed that in it God had spoken to mankind, would have passed it by in silence and neglect, and attempted to feed the yearning hearts of their countrymen upon the miserable dregs of some Egyptian superstition, or the more refined and intellectual mistakes of the Magian philosophy. If they had known where the problem of man's existence was solved for ever, and where the guilt of man's conduct is infallibly to be found, they would have led their disciples to those glorious sources, and have raised their own loftiest strains to celebrate the virtues of the "River of Life."

It is finely put, but the sting of the article did not turn on the pontifical allocution *urbi et orbi*, but

in the charge of plagiarism from M. Mohl's version of Firdousi. In the first place there is a perfectly allowable "conveyance" of thought and language, and, secondly, Arnold did not give his friend credit for any personal acquaintance with the writings of Saint-Beuve. He believed that he had derived his knowledge of the original of certain passages solely from his own admissions, and this, as Stanley expresses it, he regarded as "a seething of the kid in the mother's milk." I have reason to believe that he was mistaken, and that Coleridge had made the discovery himself. But, even so, the zeal of the writer outran his discretion and his own kindlier feelings. He feared that his article might be too strong for friendship, but he read it to his father, who approved its tone and urged him to send it to the press. Some explanation was, I think, offered by Coleridge, and Arnold was quick to forgive and to forget the wrong. The tale might have been left untold, but it is not forgotten, and it seemed best to recall and to restate the actual facts. The following letters from Matthew Arnold and A. P. Stanley refer to the volume of poems and the review. Coleridge's reply to Stanley has not been preserved.

DERBY, *November 22, 1853.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I am just starting on a journey, but I must write one line to say how much pleasure your letter has given me.

Send anything for me to the Council Office: it will be forwarded.

I have not time to defend "Sohrab and Rustum," but Homer sows his similes very thick at times: look at the 2nd book of the *Iliad*, line 455, and on from there. Virgil does not, but his manner is different altogether.

I think it is certainly true about the Miltonic air of parts of it; but Milton is a sufficiently great master to imitate. The cranes are not taken direct from him as far as I can

remember, but the passage is, no doubt, an imitation of his manner. Sowith many others. Tennyson is another thing ; but one has him so in one's head, one cannot help imitating him sometimes : but except in the last two lines I thought I had kept him out of "Sohrab and Rustum." Mark any other places you notice, for I should wish to alter such.

Frore is (I believe) *frozen*—the German participle *gefrorenes*.

The motto is a fragment by Choerilus of Samos. I think you will end by liking "Sohrab and Rustum" best, not from any merit of mine in it, but from the incomparable beauty and nobleness of the story. I wish you would get your father to look at it in some spare half-hour.

I have just heard that *Goldwin Smith* wrote that notice of Poems by A which no doubt you saw in the *Times*.

In great haste yours,

M. ARNOLD.

So you don't agree with the preface ?

HOLYHEAD, *October 6, 1854.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

I have at last fallen in with the article on M. Arnold's Poems and carefully read it. Perhaps you have forgotten that you asked my opinion upon it, and will not care for it now. But, as you asked, I will give it as briefly as I can.

First, I will say, at once, that in its general tone I do not see anything (or hardly anything) which would be unkind in the pen of one stranger writing of another. There may be more of a patronising air—more also of an *ex cathedra* rebuke, than I should have quite liked to assume even towards an unknown author. But I learn by experience how difficult it is for a Reviewer to avoid this appearance of assumption, and I, therefore, pass on to say that I cannot forbear to add that I think the case is a good deal altered when you come to write of a friend. "His well known father" laid it down as a rule never to review the writings of a friend, and I almost think it is necessary. I have twice myself been obliged to review the works, not indeed of friends, but of old and kind acquaintances, and I have felt myself placed in so disagreeable a position that I should never do so again without great cause. Not as an author, but as a friend, therefore, I think he has good ground for complaint, because the fact of friendship adds so greatly to the severity of the charges brought against him. I cannot but think, too, that there are sharp expressions whose sharpness derives a new edge from the Reviewer's own personal knowledge of

the character with which he was dealing. At the same time I will freely admit that, after what I had heard, I was surprised to find so many expressions of candid sympathy and admiration.

But, secondly, I think that you have exposed yourself to a just attack by the manner in which you have made use of information, which, as I understand, you derived solely from him, in bringing against him a charge, as if from your own discovery, of plagiarising without acknowledgment from the two French writers on Firdousi. To me it seems that the nature of the book, the obvious fact that the story was based on a recorded narrative, the freeness with which he told you where to find the original, entirely acquit him. You might as well complain of Shakespeare's versification of Plutarch, and much more (I believe) of Tennyson's versification of the *Morte d'Arthur*. But even if the charge were well grounded, to ground it on what you would not have known but for him seems, to me, an eminent case of "Seething a kid in the mother's milk."¹ I have heard a similar complaint made with respect to the remarks on Chœrilus of Samos.² But I do not think much of that.

These are the only two important criticisms I have to offer. On the whole I agree with your estimate, though thinking that you have sometimes given a disparaging turn to what might have been stated with neutrality.

I agree with most of what you say about the imitations of *modern* authors, though I think that the passage about "the rocks" has no lineal connection with "Christabel"—I differ

¹ Apparently J. D. C. reassured Stanley with regard to "the seething the kid in the mother's milk," for Stanley's reply was in a modified and different tone.

² "And he has selected as a motto to the whole book a beautiful fragment from Chœrilus of Samos, the utterance of a repining and weary soul, coming naturally enough from a Greek in the train of Lysander but not the keynote we should have desired for the songs of a Christian Englishman at the present day."—*Art.* by J. D. C. in *Christian Remembrances*.

This is the motto:

Ἄ μάκαρ, δῶτις ἔην κείνον χρόνον ἰδρὶς δοῦλῃς
Μουσάων θεράπων, δὲ' ἀκείρατος ἦν ἐτι λειμῶν,
Νῦν δ' ὅτε πάντα δέδασται, ἔχουσι δὲ πείρατα τέχνηαι,
Ὑστατοὶ ὥστε δρομον καταλειπόμεθ—

["Yea, blessed is the servant of the Muses, who in the days of old ere the meadow was mown, was skilled in song. But, now, when all is apportioned and a bound is placed to the arts, we are left behind like stragglers who drop in at the tail-end of a race."]

with what you say of the imitation of *classical* authors, especially as regards the "Reveller."

Here you have my opinion. Forgive and forget it.

Ever yours truly,

A. P. STANLEY.

The third review—a notice in the *Guardian* (May 7, 1851), of Charles Kingsley's *Yeast*, attributed by Mrs. Kingsley (*Life*, 1877, i. 282) to "a well-known Oxford graduate, a strong partisan of the Anglican party," and, now, openly assigned to John Duke Coleridge (*Wordsworth and the Coleridges*, 1889, p. 156)—provoked a bitter controversy. The reviewer speaks highly of the descriptive powers of the author, whom he does not name, but whose identity he clearly indicates, expresses warm sympathy with his plea for social and political reform, and, then, animadvert on the looseness of his religious opinions and the immorality of his criticism of life. It was not intended to be a kindly review, and in respect of certain minor accusations it is careless, inaccurate, and unfair. With regard to graver and more offensive charges, the injustice waxes or wanes according to the predisposition of the reader.

Persons of sound mind, in these days, regard *Yeast* not only as a delightful, but as an eminently moral work, but it was written more than fifty years ago, and has helped to form opinion, and to modify prejudice. Even now it passes for a good book, mainly because it was written by Charles Kingsley. Granted his premises, the substance of Coleridge's attack was just enough, and are those who would cry out against the narrowness or unfairness of his strictures prepared to deny his premises? We may leave the imputation of unorthodoxy on one side.

It did not count for much even then, and would certainly have been allowed to pass unchallenged, but for the far more damaging imputation of an immoral tendency in the presentation of character, and the tone of the dialogue. This was the indictment :

“Doctrines, however consecrated by the faith of ages ; practices, however recommended by the lives of saints, or the authority of wise and good men, are to be despised if they interfere with what he thinks the full development of our nature, tend to check the wildest speculations of the intellects, or even to restrain (if we understand the teaching of his characters) the most entire indulgence of the passions. We are to aim at reality, but how ? Not by praying, not by fasting, not by alms-deeds, or any other of the approved methods, but by developing our nature and being real.” . . .
 “Above all, we are utterly at issue with him in an opinion which is implied throughout the volume, that a certain amount of youthful profligacy does no real and permanent harm to the character : perhaps strengthens it for a useful, and even religious life ; and that the existence of the passions is a proof that they are to be gratified.”

Again, in his counter-thrust to Kingsley's thrice-repeated *Mentiris impudentissime* [“You lie most shamelessly”] (see *Guardian*, May 21, 1851), he writes:

I must make the same answer as to my statement of his views with respect to youthful profligacy. There is the book ; there is my statement ; I assert it to be entirely just. Indeed I do not know what the whole character of the book teaches, if it does not teach this. I should be very glad to think that I was mistaken on this matter, but the author's calling me a liar fails to convince me.

Now it is, undoubtedly, true that if a reviewer thought that it was his duty to bring a charge of this kind against an author who scarcely veiled his identity, he ought to have entered into the fullest particulars, and not to have stopped short at generalities. The charge, indeed, was brought against the book as a whole and not against this or that incident, or this or that passage, but, even so, there should have been an exhaustive criticism of the presentation and estimate of character and conduct, which, in the reviewer's opinion, made for immorality. The *Guardian* was a church newspaper, and all the world knew that *Yeast* was written by the Reverend Charles Kingsley.

To this extent the review was unfair, and called for and justified a sharp remonstrance. But it is a fact that the hero, a young man who has led an immoral life, and is not very greatly troubled about the immediate past, is represented in an attractive light. He is what any young man "should wish to be"—a sportsman, a gentleman, a good fellow, and a student and philosopher to boot. He reads St. Francis de Sales, he throws turnpike gates into the river, he writes scientific monographs. As the reviewer says, his "youthful profligacy has not done him any real and permanent harm." This was not the teaching of the Anglo-Catholic revival. Newman or Keble would have felt that it was a deadly sin to idealize so miserable a sinner. The point was, not what the writer meant to imply, but what his object-lessons were likely to teach. It was evident that he had not heard the Church on these matters, but had discovered what he regarded as a more excellent way of confronting

moral problems. Lancelot Smith was, so it seemed, a repentant Don Juan in the strange disguise of a Christian Socialist, and many an ardent youth who would shut up *Don Juan* in disgust, might be lulled by the subtler fascination of *Yeast* to his own undoing. Before we condemn the reviewer, it is well to clear our minds of cant, and to realise what he is attacking. Coleridge may have been narrow-minded, but he was quite in earnest in reprobating the tone and temper of *Yeast*.

There were some blunders in the review, culpable enough, but evidently due to carelessness. Detached sentences were held up to ridicule, which a closer inspection would have shown to have been thrown out only to be refuted. It was natural that Kingsley should have supposed that these blunders were deliberate misrepresentations, but a little reflection might have convinced him that the most irresponsible reviewer does not run the risk of an easy and immediate exposure. It was, however, indifferent workmanship, and merited a severe rebuff.

Finally, it must be borne in mind that the Preface to the *Saint's Tragedy*, and *Yeast*, were not the only attacks which Kingsley had directed against some aspects of Catholicism. Here are two passages from an article entitled "Why should we fear the Romish Priests?" published in *Fraser's Magazine*, in April 1848. The writer is speaking of "our own late conversions":

Have we lost a single *second-rate* man even? One, indeed, we have lost, *first-rate* in *talents*, at least; but has not he by his later writings given the very strongest proof that to become a Romish priest is to lose, *ipso facto*, whatever moral or intellectual life he might previously have had? . . . Above all, in all their [Romish] authors, converts

or indigenous, is there not the same fearful want of *straight-forward truth*, that 'Jesuitry' which the mob may dread as a subtle poison, but which the philosopher considers as the deepest and surest symptom of moribund weakness? And, yet, these men are to convert England?"

This is all very well, but then comes the rejoinder. Strong convictions and warm feelings do not justify violent or bitter language, but, as long as men are men, when principles, or what they take for principles, are at stake, rival champions will take for their watchword, "The sword of the Lord *and* Gideon!" Well, the swords of these good knights are rust—"Their souls are with the Saints, we trust!"

The subeditorship of the *Guardian* and articles in the *Christian Remembrancer* or the *Edinburgh Review* brought grist to the mill, but there were other interests, strenuous amusements—the voluntary service of art in all its forms—architecture, sculpture, painting, and, last but not least, music—which helped to pass the time and to make the man. A great architect, William Butterfield, a greater painter, William Boxall, were close and intimate friends, constant companions and frequent correspondents. Copley Fielding (who designed a stained glass window for Mr. Keble's church at Hursley), Sir Charles Eastlake, George Richmond, Henry F. Chorley, author and critic, the corypheus of artists and musicians were included in a circle of intimate acquaintances. Of his friend John Hullah, before and after his spirited but unfortunate venture, the building and directorship of St. Martin's Hall, he was an active supporter, and generous champion both in private and in public. His diaries during the fifties and sixties are full of brief but minute records of visits to picture galleries and theatres,

of concerts at St. Martin's Hall and the Philharmonic, of the opera. I select a few specimens from the diaries of 1853 and 1858.

1853. *February 24.*—In the afternoon to the winter collection in Pall Mall. Three Turners—a wreck, a place in Yorkshire, and Plymouth, all three exquisite; the wreck in his grander and later style, the other two quiet and early; but the Yorkshire one, especially, full of grace and feeling, though the tone pitched low.

March 9.—Dinner with Boxall, very pleasant: saw a number of Sir Joshuas, engravings, sketches that is. How graceful he is, and how modern painters, *e.g.*, Grant, plagiarise from him! Boxall gave me two pretty little prints.

March 10.—Went with wife and mother to Mr. Rogers', which I think I admired more than ever, especially the Flaxman mantelpiece and statuettes, the M. Angelo model and the Duke Lorenzo, L. de Credi, Titian, Giotto, Cimabue, Rubens, a landscape, and Sir Joshua, glorious; Tintoret, in portrait, grand—altogether a delightful hour there.

May 4.—New watercolour and amateur exhibition. Jane's drawing at the last quite the best thing of the kind.

May 11.—Very kindly, Lady Crewe took Mary and me to the Opera to-night: Grisi in first act of "Norma" and the whole of "I Puritani." I cannot see any real loss of power in Grisi since I saw her sixteen years ago as Desdemona, in "Otello." She is, in some respects, even grander. Tamberlik poor, I thought. The second opera did not interest one, except Mario, who is glorious. Very late home. It is certainly a bore to be too particular. I could not feel taken with the music, except Grisi.

May 10.—Philharmonic Concert. Eroica [an especial favourite]; Beethoven's Concerto in E Flat, most lovely thing, and a symphony of Haydn's—the andante and minuet of which were both very sweet and noble.

1858. *May 24.*—Bovill very kindly let me come away to dinner and the old Philharmonic. Mozart's G Minor, and Beethoven in F symphonies . . . and two wonderful pieces, a concerto and sonata of Mendelssohn and Bach, played by Joachim. The last concert of the season, nobly played indeed.

May 31.—To the new Philharmonic, another Mozart with Rubinstein, who is good indeed.

June 26.—To the Opera—noble performance of Grisi in the Huguenots. "The woman is immortal," Mrs Browning says.

Church architecture he had known from his boyhood. His letters home from the Continent in July-August 1842 bespeak his mastery of technicalities and his attraction to the subject. One of his earliest publications is *On the Restoration of the Chancel of St. Mary the Virgin*—a paper read before the Exeter Architectural Society, Sept. 11, 1851. It was written to commemorate the piety, the perseverance and munificence of certain unnamed restorers¹ of the great church of Ottery St. Mary, and, incidentally, to extol the designer, William Butterfield. The restoration was a "famous victory." The Corporation or Governors of the Collegiate Church had resisted passively and actively, and the Vicar and the Judge's cousin, William Hart Coleridge, ex-Bishop of Barbadoes, and, now, a landowner in the parish, were at once timorous and stubborn.

But, little by little, the good work had been accomplished, and in spite of a few "reverses" in the matter of benches facing the East, reading desks and altar cloths, the pews were minished, the galleries abolished, and the interior of the church reconstructed if not restored. All this belongs to the time and the place, but the style and diction of this brochure, long since forgotten, if, indeed, it was ever known, is worth, at least, a passing comment.

The following paragraphs which I have selected for quotation recall and may almost be compared with some of the "purple patches" in Newman's *Parochial Sermons*.

¹ Sir John Taylor Coleridge, his uncle Francis George Coleridge, and other friends and relatives.

The Restoration of Two Little Side Chapels.

"I wish I could say that the Chapels were much used for their intended object. I am quite alive to the dangers of sentiment and theatricalism in religion, and I believe there is some truth in the common observation, that the English church is not demonstrative, and shrinks, especially in such matters, from publicity and display. But the English character has its bad side as well as its good, and it seems to be quite as much a weak and effeminate fear of the world's ridicule, as a noble and manly modesty, which hinders us from going simply and openly to kneel before God's Altars, or to sit and meditate in God's Churches day by day on His ways and wonders. And I am quite sure that the glorification of the English churches has been by many excellent persons carried to an unreasonable extent; its very faults and sins have been made virtues of; and we have been led to cherish in ourselves, and to rejoice in, a kind of insular religion, alike illiberal and unscriptural."

On the Majesty and Sublimity of Repose and Order.

"Think for a moment of the 'frame of the City,' Jehovah Shammah, 'The Lord is there,' which the prophet Ezekiel saw. Think of the great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of the heaven of God, revealed in vision to the Blessed Apostle. Foursquare; the length is as large as the breadth; the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. All is exact and uniform and regular. Gate answers to gate; wall to wall; foundation to foundation. Such are the great archetypes of human Churches, buildings which in some faint measure, like those heavenly ones, the glory of God doth lighten, and whereof the Lamb is the Light. Such are the celestial temples which the poor edifices of man's contriving should for ever dimly portray, and humbly imitate, till the time comes when we may see clearly that which now we can but hope for, and

All mortal being silently shall cease,
Locked in the arms of everlasting peace."¹

Another congenial but delicate and arduous task was the joint Secretaryship (with Boxall and, for a time at least, James Spedding), of a Committee formed to erect a monument to Wordsworth. The poet laureate died April 23, 1850, and, early in July,

¹ Drayton, First Eclogue (slightly altered).

Sir J. T. Coleridge began to move in the matter. The work of collecting subscriptions, and of bringing the Committee into line as to the nature of the memorial, was practically left to his son. There was not much difficulty about money. The Queen and Prince Albert subscribed fifty pounds, and, finally, a sum of at least thirteen hundred pounds was at the disposal of the Committee. There were, of course, conflicting opinions with regard to the memorial itself. The poet's nephew, Christopher Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), felt he ought to communicate (June 20, 1850), "the late poet's earnest wish that, if any monument were erected to his memory, on public grounds, it should be of a public rather than a personal character, and should contribute as much as might be to the public good." But the "late poet's earnest wish" was interpreted in a liberal spirit, and it was decided that a monument should be placed in Westminster Abbey. In a letter dated June 3, 1850, George Gilbert Scott points out that the marble monstrosities which encumber the whole of the church leave no room for "really appropriate and Christian monuments" such as "recumbent effigies," and suggests, either, a "sepulchral brass," or "monumental glass." On the other hand, Archdeacon Hare, writing from Hurstmonceux, December 27, 1850, deprecates the "revival of the project for erecting a medieval monument to Wordsworth, as turning him into Thomas the Rhymer," and refers to "Mr. Macready's valuable suggestion at our late meeting, where he reminded us of 'Baco sic sedebat.'" At last, after some little demur on the part of the Dean and Chapter, who had selected

a spot in Poets' Corner for a bust, it was decided that a marble statue of the poet seated, "or giving his contemplative character,"¹ one of four models designed by Frederick Thrupp, should be placed in the Baptistery, which has, since, been re-christened "New 'Poets' Corner.'" Many years elapsed before the statue was finished, and, as late as June 18, 1853, Coleridge was discussing with the Committee the question as to what words or letters should be inscribed on the pedestal.

It was right and proper that a life-size statue of Wordsworth should be placed in Westminster Abbey, and it is noteworthy that the moving spirit in the inception and furtherance of this noble and most "appropriate" memorial bore the name of Wordsworth's friend, and was himself, from youth to age, the interpreter of Wordsworth's message and the upholder of his genius.

The following letter from Macready acknowledges the paper on Church Architecture, and suggests alternative sites for the "statue in the Abbey."

W. C. MACREADY to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

SHERBORNE, DORSET,

June 14, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,

You have been very indulgent with my poor lecture, which indeed I hesitated to direct to you, but which I was induced to send, that it might testify to you, unworthy Member as I have been of your Committee, how constant is my faith in the teaching of that "old man eloquent," whom we unite in revering.

My apology for presuming to lecture upon poetry is in the power afforded me occasionally, by recurrence to my abandoned art, of heightening the effect of the poet's verse to the

¹ See letter of Frederick Thrupp, "Portraits of Wordsworth," by William Knight, *Wordsworthiana*, 1889, p. 55.

untutored ear, and thus, perhaps, adding to the disciples of his school.

I regret to learn that there is any difficulty about placing the Statue in the Abbey. There were two sites, which I do not think have been occupied, pointed out to me by Chantrey as available with a very little management, each of which commanded a good light: one was in the chapel, where James Watt sits; the other in Poets' Corner (by moving a little some of the present occupants) near the west projecting angle of the south transept.

I thank you very much for the paper on the Ottery St. Mary Church, which I have read with great pleasure, and which has opened out to me questions beyond those of the principles of art, which I should like very much to enter on with you in some possible meeting at Ottery St. Mary or Sherborne, though my present gloomy prospects seem to place the probability of such a meeting at a very remote distance.

I remain,

Very truly yours,

W. C. MACREADY.

CHAPTER X

THE RECORDERSHIP OF PORTSMOUTH

Does the road wind uphill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THREE men whose names occur in the following chapter were, in different ways, closely connected with John Duke Coleridge and, at various points, touched his life, Lord Iddesleigh, Sir William Heathcote, and Sir John Karslake. They died before him, and, on all three, he wrote what he was pleased to call an *Epicedion* or dirge, a record of love and honour and regret. I take them in the order of a first acquaintance. Stafford Henry Northcote, *b.* October 27, 1818, *d.* January 12, 1887, the Sir Stafford Northcote of history, who died Earl of Iddesleigh, he knew from a child. There was an hereditary friendship. Northcote's grandfather, the seventh baronet, who succeeded to the title as an infant, was a pupil of Coleridge's great-grandfather, the Vicar of Ottery, and on that notable occasion when Samuel Taylor Coleridge ran away from house and school, and lay out all night by the river Otter, it was "Sir Stafford Northcote" who heard him crying with cold and fright and carried him "in his arms for more than a quarter of a mile."¹ Sir Stafford's son

¹ *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, 1895, i. 15.

Henry, who died before his father, was a friend of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and his son Stafford Henry, the eighth baronet, was at Eton and Balliol with John Duke Coleridge, a year or two his senior both at school and college.

In 1780 the schoolmaster's sons and the young baronet, socially, stood far apart, but time and circumstance had placed the third generation almost if not quite on the same level and, apart from such considerations altogether, intimacy and friendship were taken up as a matter of course. Politics, no doubt, stood in the way of habitual intercourse and companionship. Coleridge from the first, and to the last, followed Gladstone where Gladstone led, and a time came when Northcote walked no more with his former leader and patron, but, on the whole, adhered to and supported Disraeli. In a paper, a lecture on Sir Stafford Northcote, which was read to the Exeter Literary Society, he touches on this divergence of political development only to give instances of Sir Stafford's breadth and freedom of sentiment with regard to Protection and the Federal cause in the American Civil War.

"I must pass over," he writes, "his politics *sicco pede*. At one time we thoroughly agreed, but for many years his politics and mine widely differed. Which of us changed most I really do not know; but of this I am sure, that in every change or modification of opinion he was actuated by the purest principles, and that in no single action of his life did he ever deviate for one instant from the path pointed out to him by unbending integrity and stainless honour."—*Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1888, No. 339, pp. 161-167.

Most characteristic too, are the following sentences in which he secretly contrasts the "mild reasonable-

ness" of his old friend and neighbour with his own perfervid and impetuous temperament, "egotising in tuism" as S. T. Coleridge would have interpreted the mood:

It follows, if I have placed before you even the faintest image of Sir Stafford Northcote, that he lacked one quality of the great Dr. Johnson: he was but a poor hater. I do believe, that, either by original creation, or in answer to his prayers, God had delivered him from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. . . . He thought the best he could of every one: he declined to ascribe bad motives to those at whose hands he had experienced slights and injuries which many men, which perhaps most men, would have bitterly resented. He felt these things keenly, but with a rare magnanimity he uttered no complaint, he held his peace. I believe that he forgave those who did them: he certainly made excuses for them, and, that, with no double sense of irony or sarcasm, but honestly, truly, simply. Well, they have their reward, and he has his!—*Ibidem*.

To Sir William Heathcote (*b.* May 17, 1801, *d.* August 18, 1881) Coleridge stood in a different relation. He was nearly twenty years his junior, and he looked up to him, as he did to his father, to his uncle Sir John Patteson, and to Mr. Dyson, as to his elder and better in all things.

Sir William Heathcote lived at Hursley Park; Mr. Keble was Vicar of Hursley, and to visit the parson was to be made known to the Squire. Hursley Park is near Winchester, at that time the first¹ assize town on the Western Circuit, and it was within easy reach of Portsmouth—a stately halting-place and house of refreshment for the Recorder. Sir William took a kindly interest in the son of an old friend and brother Privy Councillor, and consulted him, professionally, with regard to his private affairs,

¹ See *My Recollections of the Circuit*, by Sir T. T. Coleridge, 1859, p. 4.

and to legal matters of doubt and difficulty, which came before him as chairman of the Hampshire Quarter Sessions.

There was nothing which Coleridge would not do to assist Sir William and to win his regard—nothing, that is, but remain a sound Conservative with Liberal instincts, in practice slow to change, and of unswerving principles. His chief concern, his one genuine and generous fear in passing out of Toryism into Radicalism was the certainty that his advocacy of anything like radical reform would disappoint and grieve Sir William Heathcote. I find among Lord Coleridge's papers a single sheet printed for private circulation which contains the substance of an *In Memoriam* speech, delivered at Nobody's Club in December 1881, headed by a brief *résumé* of the principal events of Heathcote's public career.

I know only that he was educated at Winchester, and Oriel College, Oxford; that he obtained a Classical First-class; that he was Fellow of All Souls; that he was many years chairman of the Hampshire Quarter Sessions; that he sat in Parliament for his County, and, afterwards, for his University; that he was the intimate friend, to mention only some of the names which occur to me, of Mr. Keble, of Lord Eversley, of Bishop Wilberforce, of Mr. Gladstone, of Sir John Awdry, and Sir John Coleridge; and that the one great distinction which the Queen conferred upon him—a seat at the Privy Council—was conferred by the advice of Mr. Gladstone, at that time his strong political opponent, but then, as always, holding him in the greatest personal honour and affection.

I can only tell you how he seemed to me, a man much younger, of very different surroundings, differing from him in many points, political and religious; yet it is my pride and sorrowful delight that Sir William Heathcote gave me his friendship for nearly forty years, and it is not presumption to say that friendship deepened into affection. His house was open like another home; in joy, and still more in sorrow, his sympathy was always warm and ready; in trouble and difficulty his advice was always at hand. What

advice it was! What comfort and strength there was in his company! For the time, at least, he lifted one up and made one better. Inflexible integrity, stern sense of duty, stainless honour—these qualities a very slight acquaintance with Sir William Heathcote at once revealed. But he had other qualities too. He was one of the closest and keenest reasoners I ever knew.

For a man of his intellect, indeed for any man, he was wonderfully modest and shy, and of a humility which was, as I saw it, profoundly touching. Yet there was no weakness in him; not unbecomingly, not one whit more than was just, he believed in himself, in his position, in his family: he had dignity, true and inborn, with no need of self-assertion; and love and respect towards him went hand in hand. Mr. Keble once said, coming away from a long talk with him, that it was like holding intercourse with some old Christian Knight, and so it was.

I believe upon the whole the world improves. It is useless to be always looking back. But I do think that each age has its own virtues, its own type of excellence; and these do not return. We may have good things, but we shall not have the same good things. We shall have, I hope, good men, and great men, and noble men in time to come, but I do not think we shall ever see again a Sir William Heathcote. That most charming mixture of dignified self-respect with unfailing gracious courtesy to others, those manners in which frankness and refinement mingled with and set off each other, that perfect purity of thought and utterance, yet that thorough enjoyment of all that was good and racy in wit or humour—this has passed away with him. So beautiful and consistent a life in its kind we shall hardly see again. He was preserved to our time to show us of a later age a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned, high bred, highly cultivated country gentleman; and a finer type of Englishman it is hardly possible to conceive.

Sir John Burgess Karslake, 1821–1881, was the son of a solicitor, Henry Karslake, and grandson of Richard Preston, Q.C., a native of Ashburton in Devonshire. He was from 1847 till he became Solicitor-General in 1866, a member of the same circuit as John Duke Coleridge, his constant associate, his rival, and his friend.

During all these years Karslake was now a long

way, and now a little, ahead of Coleridge, and it was not till 1868, when he lost the election at Exeter, and his party went out of office, that Coleridge, who kept the seat and took office as Solicitor-General, overtook him for good and all. Before Karslake was again in office as Attorney-General, Coleridge had been raised to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, and the struggle was over. Matched against each other on circuit and at Westminster, they "took silk" on the same day (February 25, 1861). A few months later they were present at the opening of the Middle Temple Library. The Benchers walked in two by two—"Master" Coleridge, who was six foot three, alongside of "Master" Karslake, who was six foot six. I was somewhere in the crowd, and though I cannot recall their faces, I remember their tall figures and distinguished air. The later years of Karslake's life were clouded by physical and mental diseases, due to an affection of the spine, which resulted in softening of the brain. When he died, Lord Coleridge wrote a letter to the *Times* (October 10, 1881) to publicly record his admiration of Sir John Karslake and his "grief for his loss." Many years before he had written at the close of one of his diaries, perhaps for future reference, perhaps for posterity, a "pen and ink" sketch of his former rival. It is a fine and faithful portrait of a prominent and distinguished man of the time.

I suppose that this year [1874] is very likely to have seen the end of the professional career of my old friend John Karslake. It is a great grief to me to think of him as thus cut off; for I had looked, upon Cockburn's death or retirement in my lifetime, to Karslake as the fit C.J., and the one with whom it would have been delightful to me to act. It *seems* now past

hope, and I put down what I can recollect of one of the first lawyers of my time.

He was at Harrow under Longley, and left early, to begin nine or ten years' preparation for the Bar in his father's office. He was with Duval and Edge and Peacock, I know; he may have been with others also. The first time I saw him was when I was eating dinners at the Middle Temple, but, though I knew his brother Edward at Buckland's, I was never introduced to John till we met on the circuit at Winchester, in 1847. He was then, what he is now, magnificently handsome and of the most splendid, even grand personal appearance, and full of the fire and bloom of youth and high spirits. Even then he knew his profession, and even then he had a fine business. He had been two or three circuits at that time. He had a very large professional connection, and, no doubt, he was pushed into business by it very early; but his sense, his quickness, his industry, his powerful judgment, his *immense* (for a young man) knowledge of his profession enabled him to retain with universal assent and by sheer merit what he had, perhaps, been introduced to by favour. Going the Devon and Exeter Sessions and the same circuit, and being near his age and standing, I got to know him very well in those days, more intimately than afterwards, and, after many years, during which he was always increasing in power and reputation, I came, with entirely unequal powers, to be constantly opposed to him, first on the circuit, and, afterwards, in London. He didn't like this, and, justly enough, rather resented an inferior antagonist coming up under him, and it led, at one time, to what I think was an unworthy jealousy and a want of good temper and courtesy in his treatment of me. This passed away, however, and we have been good friends; though I have always liked him much more than he has me, and I have admired him heartily and thoroughly. He is a very remarkable man in many ways. A strong, self-confident, self-reliant person, fond of doing everything himself, down to very small parts of an advocate's duty, impatient of suggestion, not caring for, nor, indeed, able to avail himself of help from others. Not, I should say, an affectionate man, not considerate of other persons' feelings, not very sweet-tempered, not very sympathetic, not very generous; but upright and honourable in the highest degree, with nothing low or shabby in him—a man to whom a lie in word or in action, an indirectness in conduct, a trick in conflict, would be impossible.

He is the same in society. I should not call him genial,

though many do. For he never shows you anything of himself, but he is predominant wherever he is, manly and straightforward and powerful in all he says, and he tells a story better and has better stories to tell and more of them than almost any man I know. He has few if any intimate friends, but he is certainly the most popular man at the Bar, and has long been so.

He is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a highly cultivated man. His education was stopped too early, and he has been too busy and too fond of sport to do much in the way of reading in later life. But he has a fine taste, at least, in Land-seer engravings, he knows Chaucer very well indeed, Shelley thoroughly, and Shakespeare fairly; and, I should say, he has wanted opportunity rather than power to be a great scholar.

As an advocate and an arguer in Banc power and exhaustive industry were his great characteristics. I do not think, to adapt the old story about Themistocles, that he was first in anything, except, perhaps, in examination-in-chief. I think Mellish argued better, and Benjamin does now; Hawkins and Ballantine (when he knew his brief) cross-examined better. I don't know why I shouldn't say that I think I could make and did make better speeches than he did; but I think, in my time, there has been no one to compare to him, for an union of qualities. He was very good in everything, and, certainly, for the last ten or twelve years, if I had had £10,000 a year in peril, I think I should have chosen John Karslake as my advocate. His failings, if he had them, arose, I think, from a careless and contemptuous disregard of art or ornament. He was business always. I have heard him very fine for a few sentences, but he never took the trouble to prepare. With a keen appreciation of fun, full of humour and brimming over with good stories, he would seldom be at the pains to be amusing, and though he was sensible and vigorous and businesslike, he was, certainly, as a rule, a tiresome speaker. His voice and manner were monotonous, and his articulation so rapid as to be at times indistinct. But his whole case was always presented, and with a high-toned manliness and force which were very attractive. . . . In kindness of heart and open-handedness in distress he was princely. In short, he is a very fine fellow, an honour to his profession, and a man, on the whole, cast on a great scale. I have said nothing about his Parliamentary course, for he was in the House not much more than two years, all the time in office and under Dizzy; and, this last Parliament, he has been too ill to take much part. He cannot be said to have succeeded, but there is nothing

to show that in the end he would have failed. His perfect truth and great knowledge must have made him at all times respectfully if not admiringly listened to.

The letters to his father and to Sir William Heathcote carry on the story of Coleridge's legal career from 1854 to 1857.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

EXETER, *March* 18, 1854.

You will be glad to have a line from me, from this place, where I have had harder work and have made more money than I ever did before. I have made forty-six guineas . . . so that I shall have made on the whole far the best circuit I ever made. I had four civil briefs and every one of them from a new client. Altogether the look of things here is encouraging and gives me a little hope. Crowder succeeding to poor dear Talfourd will make a considerable opening here, and must, in the end, do me good; but not now, I think. Collier I expect in a very few years will lead our circuit. I do not believe that either Kinglake or Montague Smith *can* hold it nor do I expect that Slade will. . . . Stafford Northcote is thinking about Liskeard. He has a perfect furor for getting into Parliament now, and is thinking of coming out as a regular Liberal; at least he knows that nothing but a Liberal has a chance at Liskeard and he is prepared to try. I think this is a pity. I wish I was rich enough to think of it. It would be great luck to be in Parliament now. . . . I had a very pleasant evening at Feniton with Uncle P., the first I ever spent there in that way. He approved of what was done of the Report,¹ and I hope to-morrow to get the bulk of it out of hand, and sent to town. I hope the payment will follow soon, but I am afraid the War may incline the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be stingier than he would have been last year. . . .

EXETER, *June* 27, 1854.

. . . Jane tells me you are annoyed about the House of Commons attack² and have written to offer to resign. I don't wonder at your being annoyed. . . .

¹ The report of the London Commission was drawn up by George (afterwards Sir George) Cornewall Lewis and J. D. Coleridge.

² In the Debate on the Oxford University Bill, June 23, 1854. Mr. Mangles moved the omission of the names of Sir John Taylor

But if I had been you I should have made up my mind to this kind of thing when I took the office. . . . I don't mean to say, of course, that all this makes a blackguard attack less disagreeable, but it makes it, I think, a thing to be borne rather as a matter of course and not one that you ought to feel *hurt* or *pained* by. Still less ought it, I think, to lead you to think of giving up your position. That would be to say, in effect, that you never ought to have taken it, and that the offensive part of the attack is true, and that your opinions are such that you cannot do your duty impartially, and, as Gladstone properly said, that your whole judicial position is questionable. We have not come to that quite yet, I hope, and I earnestly trust you will not with your own hand give such an opportunity to a pack of scoundrels, nor yourself damage a reputation which is spotless if *you* don't stain it. Surely it would be unjust to your friends, to yourself, and your principles, to give way to such a miserable cry; the groundlessness of which you know quite well as far as you are concerned, and the untruth of which as far as it assumes any want of confidence in you on the part of the University or the public at large you must know quite well also. . . .

. . . I write in the dark, not knowing what has particularly wounded you. What gave *me* most serious annoyance was the tone adopted by Gladstone and Walpole and the want of gentlemanly, vigorous tone in all your defenders except (you will smile perhaps) Harry Drummond¹ and

Coleridge and Sir John Wither Awdry from the list of Commissioners. He urged that Sir John T. Coleridge "was much more than a High Churchman; and that by his antecedents . . . he had become disqualified from occupying a seat in this Commission with advantage to the country."

The grounds of his objection were that Sir J. T. C. was a partisan of the strongest description in Church and State: that he had signed an address to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford in 1843 protesting against the suspension of Dr. Pusey: that he had also signed an address calling upon the proctors of the University to place a veto upon the vote of censure brought forward against Tract XC: that in his summing-up in the libel case, *Achilli v. Newman*, he had expressed a certain sympathy and concurrence with Dr. Newman's opinions. The motion was seconded by Mr. Horsman.

¹ Henry Drummond, F.R.S., 1786-1860, was M.P. for West Surrey. He was a warm supporter and one of the founders of the "Catholic Apostolic Church."

He was against the motion and turned the proposer into ridicule. Lord John Russell, though he disclaimed sympathy with the opinion of Sir J. T. Coleridge, supported his appointment as Commissioner.

Lord John. I think both these men spoke like *gentlemen* from their different points of view, and I could meet them with warm and hearty feelings. I should be sorry just now to meet either Gladstone or Walpole. . . . I don't know any more vulgar-minded formula than to say of a man whom you know and prefer to respect that you "*don't*" for a moment believe that his known prejudices will prevent his doing his duty," &c.—to turn a rotund sentence to the effect that your friend isn't a scoundrel. I hope I would bite my tongue out of my head sooner than say such a thing. . . . Please not to do anything in a hurry. The whole thing will blow over and you will be sorry if anything makes you give up what you ought to have, and what you are essentially fit for.

PATTERDALE, September 27, 1854.

I send you a line from this place because it is likely enough I may not be able to write again for a day or two. Our kind hostess [his mother's cousin, Miss Dunlop] took us a lovely drive all down Bassenthwaite and back by Applethwaite under Skiddaw. It was a gloomy day, the only *black* bad day we had, but the drive, even so, was lovely. We enjoyed our Sunday, for the church, though not quite Horseguards in its order, was solemn and quiet, and the congregation nice and devout: the singing rather out of the common for sweetness and simplicity. Jane told you about our Wastdale expedition which was as successful as it could be; the little mist that came down on us for half an hour only damped our outer garments a bit, and, as far as it rose and fell upon the mountains, was almost an advantage, for we had seen them bright and bathed in sunlight as we passed them in the morning. Scawfell is certainly the sublimest *English* mountain by a great deal, and from Styhead Tarn I think runs a good race with Snowdon from the Bedgelert road. I think, after Scawfell, Great Gavel is the grandest, and, then, the mountains round Crummock. Saddleback is the most *beautiful*, and Skiddaw the strongest and largest-looking. I don't like Helvellyn; at least, I have failed to see him very fine from any of the points yet. Saddleback, all yesterday afternoon, as we came through the vale of St. John to this place, was perfectly lovely. You do not get his full beauty from any other road. We came here in a lovely evening. The mountains all round tinged with a yellow, and, sometimes, even rosy light, and the lake that deep solemn purple which I recollect impressing me so much, when I saw it eighteen years ago.

SALISBURY, *March 9, 1855.*

. . . Several new *Devon* things have been sent me so I have not been idle, though Wiltshire proves ungrateful, and I expect to be worked to the stumps at Exeter. Yesterday afternoon Phinn and I walked over to Longford¹ and saw the pictures. The walk is itself very charming, especially in such a bright clear day as yesterday, and some of the pictures quite unique. I never saw such Holbeins in my life. I don't know if you have seen them, but there is one of Erasmus, a still lovelier and gentler head of a friend of Erasmus, one Ægidius (a most exquisite picture), and a very large one of two men the size of life, standing at each side of a table covered with globes and various mathematical instruments, which, for colour and force, I have never seen equalled, I mean by Holbein. It is really a grand thing . . . altogether a very fine collection and *such* a steel chair given by the German free cities to the Emperor Rudolph II., a perfect miracle of delicate and fantastic work.

EXETER, *March 21, 1855.*

. . . The last three days I have been in everything at Nisi Prius and in nearly everything the other side too, and have been in incessant work from nine till ten, twelve, and seven at night respectively. . . . Thank you for your letter this morning. I hope you may be right, but, indeed, I feel depressed and anxious about myself, partly that I know my strength will never last through such work as this, even if it was to come, and that, though certainly the work improves me, I know I do it very badly and far below what people have somehow come to expect. A man is a very bad judge of his own manner, but I really do not think that now or lately I have been fairly open to the charge of being overbearing and, though I know perfectly well how jealous and envious any success makes other men, I am sure no one upon earth can say that whatever I get is not fairly and honestly come by. . . . I feel quite sure, however, that it will not last, so I need not disturb myself much about the future. There is a certain class of things which I *can* do, I know, and these I may continue to have; there is a much larger which I cannot, and, before I learn, this will be found out, and I shall cease to have them. . . .

¹ Longford Castle, near Salisbury, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, was at this time occupied by his son Viscount Folkestone.

July 13, 1855.

I have seen John Karslake and had a long talk with him. He says he should certainly not refuse it¹ himself—that £1000 a year *net* (which Sidney Gurney tells me it is), for two or three months' work, leaving London open to one is, he thinks, not to be refused. What *could* one have better? Neither a Mastership, nor a County Court Judgeship, nor, even, a Commissionership of Bankruptcy or of Insolvents would really be as good a thing. I think I should be really insane to refuse it, but I will do so, of course, if you desire it. . . .

HEATH'S COURT, July 18, 1855.

. . . As for myself I am becoming reconciled. What everybody thinks must have some foundation, and I find Uncle Pat is disposed to blame *you* for having even placed such a temptation in my way for a moment—thinking it would have been quite absurd in me to take it. *He* says you have done quite right and, in such matters, I regard him as "absolute wisdom." . . .

EXETER, July 22, 1855.

Well might John Karslake say that ours were only "light summer Judges," ten causes and twenty prisoners will occupy them up to the very last moment. And if some of the important ones out of these few on both sides had not gone off I don't know how we should have got away in time. . . . You can hardly conceive a greater contrast than these two men [Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams and Mr. Justice Crompton] are to Erle and Crowder. . . . I shall make hard on fifty guineas, which out of such a gaol and cause list is very well. Butt took me aside yesterday, and had a long and very earnest and kind talk with me, urging me by all the means in his power to go into Parliament, and saying I ought to have taken this Clerkship and gone in upon that. It is curious that I have had Parliament pressed upon me (not in reference to the Clerkship) several times lately. . . . Old Butt stared at me when I told him that I did not desire Parliament at all, and, that if I had taken the Clerkship, I should probably have gone into the country for my life.

¹ Owing to the illness of Lord Truro it fell to Mr. Justice Coleridge to go the Midland Circuit, and after he had started, the clerk of assize died. "The appointment," he writes (MS. Journal, July 14, 1855) "has come to me. I communicated it to John, begging, hoping, and advising him not to take the office. I expect he will not."

If I can get on here, well and good. I shall not regret what you have done for me; but, if I do not, Parliament will have no share in my regrets. D.V. I will never trade in politics nor sell my convictions for place or money, and, except as a trade, Parliament is no place for a man in my position. I have no mind to force myself into a set of insolent, corrupt aristocrats whom as a class (forgive me) I hate and despise with my whole soul. . . .

November 8, 1855.

. . . I have retainers come for *Spring* assizes, and my good friends Bullar and Kingdon both tell me I ought not to hurry, for that my place "cannot readily be filled" and therefore I need not disturb myself. This is consolatory if I could believe it. . . .

WINCHESTER, March 7, 1856.

. . . I have had three heavy murders to conduct two of them real capital cases, one ending in conviction and capital sentence—the first fruits of my Recordership.¹ . . .

¹ Early in August 1855 he was offered (by Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary), and accepted the Recordership of Andover, but, before he received the patent of appointment, he was promoted (August 31, 1855), to the Recordership of Portsmouth. Owing to serious illness (*vide supra*, his letter of November 8, 1855. The illness is not so named, but it appears to have been typhoid fever), he did not sit till April 11, 1856. In his charge to the Grand Jury he alludes to this enforced postponement of his duties and proceeds to deal with the question of reformatories and prison discipline :

"I am glad to find on looking through the calendar that there is but one case in which a person of tender years is indicted. I am not sufficiently acquainted with this town and county to know how far this is owing to the operation of one of the Reformatory Schools that have been established in this county. At the same time I think it unnecessary in a town which is so imperishably connected with a man from whom emanated one of the best efforts for the reformation of criminals, to advocate their advantages—indeed, instead of encouraging public feeling on this matter, it should rather be checked and tempered, for some persons are going rather too much beyond the facts of the case, and anticipating results from the alterations in the prison discipline, and from the establishment of reformatory schools, which are hardly probable. The fact is, however, that this country is still in its infancy in these matters; not only is it greatly behind the young states of North America, where, it might be said, there are many favourable circumstances to assist criminal reformation, but we are behind France, and even behind Spain, which, since the time of Howard, has been in this respect far in advance of the rest of Europe."

On no account think *now* of selling Heath's Court or letting it either. I feel that I have been too careless and inconsiderate in letting every passing feeling of dissatisfaction come to the surface and, likely enough, I may have given you reason to think that I don't care for the place and would be glad to be rid of it. . . . If ever I do get on in the law it is just the place I might hope to keep, and if you would only let me abuse the Devonshire Squires and Parsons without supposing that I mean *ex obliquo* to be discontented with H. C. I should really be as happy there as a king. Once more, pray don't give it up, nor wear to death in London harness. . . .

TAUNTON, *March 30, 1856.*

. . . I have made about £225 in all on the circuit. I believe no one has made so much. This is certainly encouraging, and I cannot avoid seeing that my position is becoming more and more a recognised and secure one. Yet I do not feel my deficiencies less, and, in some respects, I have had less opportunities this circuit than usual of doing what I can do best. Smith remains master of the situation (such as it is, *thirty-nine or forty causes in all!*), Collier next to him, then old Kinglake and then Slade. None of these men except Smith will stay long on circuit, and then will come the question of leading—but that is in the dim distance as yet! . . . I hear a very bad account of your cough. . . . I set appearances at defiance and walk through the streets in wig and gown with my wrapper round my throat. I suppose a Judge cannot do this and, if he has a cough, he suffers accordingly. Crowder has *not* given satisfaction. . . . On the contrary Channell has "won all 'earts" by his unaffected modesty and kindliness and he has been much more vigorous and firm than we expected as a Judge. He is evidently a most thorough lawyer and a very clear-headed fellow.

DORCHESTER, *July 18, 1856.*

. . . I have nothing but my one great Lyme case. . . . I think we have a capital case but it is a toss up before Martin. His treatment of Thesiger in the will cause was simply brutal, and Thesiger, standing it with perfect temper and good humour in court, exploded afterwards, at mess, considerably. In all cases he is a cross between a horse-jockey and a bargee. . . . By far the most important answer Thesiger got in cross-examination Martin had taken wrong, and it was found out only by accident. But the

manner in which he degrades the judicial office revolts me so much that I believe I am not fair. He did much worse than Denison [the *Times* reporter] chronicled at Devizes, for he went to town *vid* Chippenham, leaving Devizes at ten in the morning, on the second day of the Assizes, on the *box seat of a two-horse coach*. But he is by nature incapable of comprehending that there can be anything wrong in this. . . .

ILFRACOMBE, *August 24, 1856.*

. . . I have nearly got through Reed's book,¹ which is very pleasant reading, but is not first-rate. At least I think not. He very often appears to me entirely to misconceive or miss a point altogether. And there is that weakness which I traced in his former book; excessive and indiscriminate admiration—amiable enough, certainly, but not the temper for a critic nor the judgment of a great man. And the criticism, if not superficial, is certainly very *imperfect*, leaving out altogether much of the plays commented on and many of the greatest characters, *e.g.*, Lady Macbeth, almost entirely. And that S. T. C. nonsense irks me to see repeated, that Othello was not jealous, as if a man who murders his wife because he believes upon suspicion that she has had to do with another man was anything else—unless you choose to coin a new terminology and call it faith-desertion or some such absurd compound. It was all very well for S. T. C.² showing off his cleverness, and θέσει διαφυλάττειν [to maintain his contention]: but why should other sensible men run after him?

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

RUGBY, *September 3, 1856.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Your welcome letter reached me during the last weeks of a summer spent among the Border Hills (of course I mean the Scottish border). It greatly moved me by the friendly warmth and vivid recollections of old times. Since

¹ *Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakespeare*. By Henry Reed. London, 1856.

² "Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion. I take it to be rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle not to love her."—*Table Talk* for December 29. See too *Lectures on Shakespeare*, 1885, pp. 26, 381, 386, &c.

these times a good deal has passed over both of us, at least it has been so with me even in this unvaried life here, and it must be more so with you in your busier scene.

I, too, love poetry, and spend perhaps more time about it than is profitable. My Wordsworthian zeal is somewhat abated. Shakespeare grows though I have not the dramatic turn strong enough. Scottish song has been for some time my main haunt, especially Burns, who I think for genius only a little way below Shakespeare. The only drawback to this pleasure is poor Burns' sad unsatisfactory life, as far at least as we can judge. I hope you have long since recanted the heresies you used to speak against Scott's poetry. Your friend Spenser is too still life for me. I never could get far in him. Chaucer I liked, what I used to read, were it not for his obsolescence. But I hope to know him better if time is given.

My Oxford connection is now very thin and ready to break altogether. I am heartily glad that I was not fated, as I once wished, to fossilise there as a fellow. In all that Oxford time how pure and serene stands out the memory of dear Billingsley Seymour! One feels so in thinking of him that which Wordsworth says—"The future cannot contradict the past."

(If we have, as I half hope we may ere long, a small spot of earth and home in Scotland, it would be very pleasant to see you and Mrs. Coleridge there and to make you acquainted with my wife.)

I don't know that you ever crossed the Border, at all events I am sure there is much of Scotland you have not looked on. I should like to point out to you some of its best scenes on the Border. But I suppose the same thing draws you to Devon as me to Scotland—finding it quite enough for all your leisure-time. But, perhaps, it may not always be so with us.

I am always glad to hear now and then that you flourish at the bar. Boyle,¹ I think, told me of your severe illness. I hope that the ill effects may be wholly removed by your summer rest, and that all well-being both outward and inward may be yours.

Most sincerely yours,

J. C. SHAIRP.

¹ George David Boyle, afterwards Dean of Salisbury. See his reminiscences of J. C. Shairp, *Principal Shairp and His Friends*, 1888, pp. 56-58.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, BART.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,
September 28, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

Can you introduce me or put me in communication with the active man in your Hampshire Reformatory movement?¹ I don't want to make a fuss, and I must see my way before me before moving, but I think something might and ought to be done at Portsmouth, where my position gives me a sort of claim to be heard. The prison there is very bad; no new improvements, no discipline, or very little, being possible, although the gaoler, as far as I can see, is a sensible good kind of man. I think Portsmouth is the sort of place for a frigate like the one at Liverpool, and, at all events, I should like, even if we do nothing there, to send lads to the Reformatory in the country, and to know something of its wants and work. . . . If you are in want of a book do send for Professor Reed's *Lectures on English History*, which I have noticed in the *Guardian* this week, and which has pleased us all here extremely. I forget if you saw him when he was in England. He was a thoroughly delightful American gentleman.

Always gratefully and most affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, BART.

RINGWOOD, October 23, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I did all I could at Portsmouth to set them on having a new gaol, and to prevent them putting little boys in prison, for three months, for stealing potatoes. I suppose you are used to it and would think me weak, but the sight of the prison at Portsmouth has saddened me ever since, and I cannot get it out of my mind. There were a lot of poor little fellows there not sent by me (thank God), orphans or children of fathers with large families and small wages, untaught, uncared for, with minds unopened and bodies starved—turned out, on the loose, to pick up their living how they could—unable (so the gaoler told me) honestly to keep their souls in their bodies by their earnings, and, then, shut up and whipped because they stole. One bright little fellow,

¹ The subject had no doubt been brought to his notice by Sir Stafford Northcote, who had, recently, (April 1855), started the "Brampford Wood Reformatory" on his property at Pynes.—*Life &c., of Sir Stafford Northcote*, by Andrew Lang, 1890, i. 122-139.

whose eyes filled up at the sound of a voice which seemed to care for him, begged me to get him sent to sea—not that he liked it, he said, but that then he should not steal any more, which he knew he should do if he went back to his old life. I could not help feeling what my children would become, what I should become myself, tempted like these, and with no other helps than they have. And if it was not faithless I should put the whole thing by, in sad despair at anything ever being done to make it better. I know we must punish and inflict suffering, and, yet, we who punish are, greatly, by our neglect of those below us, the causes of the sins we visit. When one thinks of the total want of care for these poor creatures, the utter hopeless heathendom and wretchedness of mind and body in which they live and die, it seems hard to put them to more pain for being what we have made them. “Which is the Justice, which is the thief?” All this I am afraid is very young and very unpractical, but I am sure I don’t know why I write it all to you, except that I cannot get it out of my head and it is a sort of relief to have it out. I shall do what I can to get some of the poor little fellows sent to Reformatories. It may give them a chance for life. . . .

This place, where I am fixed till November, quite bears out what you have always said about the New Forest. It is dull, uninteresting country with no outline, and no wide, rich places to make up for the want of one—an endless, bleak, cold undulation, fatiguing to the eye and the imagination. Christchurch, where I went to-day for the first time, is better, richer and flatter in the valley, and the hills with better shapes. And what a church! On the whole in very fair preservation, though bepewed and begalleried *ad nauseam*—all the worse from the neatness and solidity of the pews themselves. I dare say you know it, and have looked at the fine old tombs and the beautiful Flaxman group which is there. They have just put up a really pretty monument to Shelley—a person one hardly expects to meet with in a Christian Church. The inscription is a mere record of his birth, death, &c., with a beautiful stanza from the *Adonais* utterly negative in point of religion, as indeed, it could not but be, but otherwise inoffensive. He was, certainly, a far better man than Byron, but then he was a far more open and audacious blasphemer—a sort of enthusiastic atheist, if ever there was one—though Lord Bacon says there can’t be such a thing in truth.

Always most affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

THORVERTON, *March 28, 1857.*

Many thanks for your consolatory letter which I should value more perhaps if you did *not* love me as you do. However I have heard a great deal of very strong eulogium on the performance at Exeter as a composition—only it is supposed to have been too difficult and elaborate and over the heads of the Jury. It can't be helped now. . . . I did not get to Bodmin till 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and all Thursday I was fighting a murder in which I got an acquittal. I was much better satisfied with my own performance of this, and, certainly, succeeded in a difficult case against a very strong summing up of the Judge. I came here yesterday and need not tell you how kindly I was received. I rejoiced in a quiet evening, a good night, a nice church service this morning, and a happy tranquil morning here. Even if I am hard worked at Taunton peace and quiet (comparatively) are now in sight. . . . I cannot at present think of giving up Sessions; it would never do. . . . If my life lasts, several years hence will be quite time enough to think of that. The lead of the circuit, whatever that may be worth, seems to me more open. M. Smith is a *thoroughly* competent man, but no one else is.

TAUNTON, *March 31, 1857.*

I lost a special jury by coming here by a train too late on Saturday to my clerk's great discontent. I am afraid it was rather to my own satisfaction for . . . I have been glad of the comparative quiet. On Thursday I am to defend a murder with thirty-two witnesses and have to call some of my own, so that I shall hardly get done before the evening. . . . I have been at intervals, also, revelling in the early Wordsworth, which I always keep out, and which is delightful, more and more the more I read of it. I am sore vexed at many of these elections. I regret Cobden and Bright and Roundell Palmer and Phillimore. Cardwell, too, is a loss and, altogether, this temporary triumph of Palmerston swagger and rascality is a great disgrace to us. Staff Northcote's North Devon Speeches make me furious. Conceive his praising Palmerston for his *episcopal appointments*!! and so far presuming on his audience's ignorance as to class Cranmer and Sancroft together as representatives of the same spirit!

LYNDHURST, *May 12, 1857.*

. . . We had a fair day's work yesterday [on the New Forest Commission] till 5 o'clock, and then I had a most delicious stroll on the wooded heights close by, the nightingales singing, the sun shining, the furze loading the air with sweetness and the whole country looking as if it welcomed the first west wind. The Isle of Wight gleaming in the distance and great white electrical clouds in the East gave great interest and life to it all. The Duke of Buccleuch's is a very curious and interesting claim—the only one in which the original grants, one of Henry VII. and James I., have been actually produced. But, though he is a fine fellow for a magnate, he lies like a great fog-bank upon near 10,000 acres of country, stopping shipbuilding, discouraging housebuilding, depopulating his villages, turning a fine tract of land into a chase—and not for himself, either, for he very seldom comes here, but as a bit of lordly magnificence. His agent is very civil and has asked us to go and see Beaulieu Abbey, and go down the creek in the Duke's boat—which we mean to do *after* we have settled his claim.¹

WEDMORE, *October 8, 1857.*

. . . Concerning Blackstone, of course I regret that Miss Rennell or any one did not like any word I said there or anywhere else.² But I never thought of her being there: if I had thought of it I had totally forgotten there was any connection between her and Sir W. B., and I don't, even now, know what the connection is. Nor if I had known and had remembered should I have altered the expression. One speaks and thinks of Blackstone as a writer not as a man; just as one speaks of Milton or Dryden or Swift; what *his* life may have been or Hume's or Smollett's I neither know nor care. They are public property, and it seems to me very absurd for a connection in 1857 to feel sore because speaking of a writer like Blackstone, a man says that he was this or that. . . . Beyond all this, I think the expression

¹ "To-day, after giving judgment in the Duke's case, on which we finally agreed" [there had been "a question of whether or no he was to have sheep," and the Commissioners differed] "and which had been fairly settled, we went to Beaulieu, a lovely spot at the head of a blue, salt creek—trees to the edge, and some fine old fragments."—*MS. Diary*, May 13, 1857.

² Miss Rennell, sister of Mrs. William Coleridge, the widow of the Bishop of Barbadoes, was a granddaughter of Sir William Blackstone.

quite right and it certainly was quite deliberate and intentional. What the man Blackstone may have been, as I said, I neither know nor care. I only know him as a writer from his book—which *is*, I think, a thoroughly low-minded and irreligious one. Scarce a churchman is mentioned in it without a sneer, scarce an allusion to ancient Christianity but in the worst spirit. The words I quoted were accurately quoted from Blackstone himself (they are not Hume's; Hume is to the same effect but less strong), and they are in my mind nearly enough by themselves to make out my case. But the whole matter is really too absurd. It puts me in mind of my once hearing Follett make a witness say that an old man had been *quite overcome* by seeing a sampler of his aunt who had died more than fifty years before.

CHAPTER XI

QUEEN'S COUNSEL

Laborare est orare.

ON June 5, 1858, Sir John Taylor Coleridge (in some measure through his son's intervention) was sworn of the Privy Council, and, on June 14, he retired from the Bench. He had earned and he received the fullest recognition from the Bar and from the Press of the "dignity and sustained exercise of high judicial conduct"¹ which had distinguished his public life for three-and-twenty years. Moreover, he was known to be a man of singular worth and goodness, of a "right disposition in all things." Nevertheless, in one unfortunate instance, his "judicial conduct" did not pass unchallenged. At the close of 1858, or early in 1859, John Stuart Mill published his famous treatise on *Liberty*, and in the course of his argument he makes (p. 54) the following statement: "In the year 1857, at the Summer Assizes of the County of Cornwall [Bodmin Assizes, July 30, 1857] an unfortunate man, said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life, was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment for uttering and writing on a gate some offensive words concerning Christianity." If the Judge or his son read this paragraph, they did

¹ Speech of the Attorney-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

not heed it, but in the May number of *Fraser's Magazine* (1859, vol. 59, pp. 533-537) Thomas Henry Buckle, under cover of a review of Mill's *Liberty*, took upon himself to give full particulars with regard to the "unfortunate man," to attack, by name, the Judge of Assize, and to comment on the attitude and behaviour of the Judge's son, who was counsel for the prosecution. Needless to say, in the June number of *Fraser* (vol. 59, pp. 635-645) John Duke Coleridge replied on behalf of his father and himself. He does not spare his antagonist, but does his best to flay him alive. Buckle rejoined in a pamphlet entitled *A Letter to a Gentleman respecting Pooley's Case* (London, 1859). It is temperately and strongly worded.

Buckle's story was that a Cornish well-sinker named Thomas Pooley, believed to be, and who manifestly was, wrong in his head, "wrote upon a gate a few silly words expressive of his opinion respecting the potato rot, and the Bible, and also of his hatred of Christianity"; that a clergyman lodged an information against him; that a clerical magistrate committed him to trial, and that for the writing on the gate and other rumoured blasphemies he was sentenced by Sir John Coleridge to be imprisoned for a year and nine months. He implies that the trial was improperly conducted. "He [the prisoner] had no counsel to defend him, but the son of the Judge acted as counsel to prosecute him. The father and the son performed their parts with zeal and were perfectly successful." He charges "this unjust and unrighteous judge" with passing a sentence of extreme severity upon a poor and friendless man, in a remote part of the country,

a sentence contrary to the spirit of the age, and based on a disused statute, a sentence which would not and could not have been passed "in the face of a London audience, and in the full light of the London press," a sentence to which well-bred and prosperous infidels were equally amenable, but which was inflicted with conscious impunity on a defenceless man, "the victim whose vicarious suffering was to atone for the offences of more powerful unbelievers." For his own part he would persuade the lower classes that men of letters were on their side. "Thus, indeed, would literature be the religion of liberty, and we priests of the altar, ministering her sacred rites, might feel that we act in the purest spirit of our creed when we denounce tyranny in high places, when we chastise the insolence of office, and when we vindicate the cause of Thomas Pooley against Mr. Justice Coleridge."

Coleridge replied that "'crime and criminal,' 'stony and cold heart,' 'tyranny in high places,' 'insolence of office,'" and similar expressions, "applied to a living person by way of angry vituperation," might be "the language of the priests of the altar of liberty," but was "not the language of gentlemen," and that he should not condescend to notice them. As to the charges that the trial was a concerted action between clergymen and a judge with clerical instincts, or that there was a tacit understanding between his father and himself, or that the obscurity of the man or the place afforded an occasion for prosecution—nothing but wilful or invincible ignorance could have fabricated such a tissue of absurdity and falsehood. Neither Judge nor Counsel had heard of the trial before they

arrived at Bodmin. Counsel was briefed in the usual way by the prosecuting attorney. The Judge was there to try the prisoner. The facts were these : " Pooley had been in the habit of constant writing upon walls and gates for fifteen years blasphemous and disgusting sentences. The practice had so far increased in 1857 that, frequently, on six or seven gates, in the course of a few days, sentences of a most offensive sort would be written though they were soon rubbed out by passers by." As for the " few silly words expressive of the hatred of Christianity," he did " not wish to think that Mr. Buckle could be aware of the awfully depraved malignity of the terms which Pooley employed with reference to the Blessed Person whom Christians of every shade of opinion agree in regarding as most holy"; and he gives instances of these terms—" monster," " villain," and worse. It did not, he maintained, occur to the judge or to himself that the man was insane. On the contrary, he was struck with the intelligence and acuteness of some of his remarks. He was careful to explain to the jury that the prosecution was not a prosecution of opinion, that opinion, however erroneous, if maintained with serious argument and under a sense of responsibility was as free as air, but that society and the feelings of the public must be protected from outrage and indecency.

" But here," he concludes, " the matter is at an end. Mr. Buckle says of himself, ' I speak merely as a man of letters ; I have no interest to advance ; I have no brief.' In all these respects I am differently situated. I am not a man of letters ; I have other matters to attend to, and I decline all further controversy. I have neither time nor inclination

for it. However much, for the future, Mr. Buckle may choose to exercise himself in abusive personality, he must do so without any attempt on my part to disturb his supremacy over a region where it seems very desirable he should reign alone." He adds, in a postscript to the letter, that a pamphlet had recently been placed in his hands entitled *The Case of Thomas Pooley, the Cornish Well-sinker*, by George Jacob Holyoake, and that he observed that Mr. Buckle had not only derived many of his facts from this authority, but had stated these facts in almost precisely the same language. Now, as Pooley was granted a pardon on the score of insanity in December 1857, and the pamphlet assumes that he is still in prison, it is probable that the pamphlet was issued in the autumn of 1857 and that Buckle was indebted to Holyoake¹ for almost the whole of his information with regard to Pooley and the trial at the Bodmin Assizes. The trial and the articles and the pamphlet are all forgotten, but the story has its place in a Life of Lord Coleridge. In the *Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle*, by A. H. Huth, which was published in 1880, many pages of both volumes are devoted to letters to and from correspondents on the subject. It was a matter of absorbing interest to the author of the *History of Civilisation*. "I have not," he says, "done anything in my life on which I look back with greater satisfaction than this."

¹ After the case of *Regina v. Foote* and others, was tried before Lord Coleridge in 1883, Mr. Holyoake was at pains to acknowledge that he had been to some extent mistaken with regard to the Pooley case, and bore witness "to the great service rendered by your lordship to conscientious discussion."—Letters of G. J. Holyoake to Lord Coleridge, dated July 26, August 3, 1883.

Now that the actors in this "Morality" have passed away, and can no longer be cross-examined, it is perhaps impossible to get to the bed-rock of fact. It is certain that both Mill and Buckle relied on the authority of Holyoake, who was sent on a roving commission "by the secularists" and got his facts from the gossip of the country side.

It is no less certain that Coleridge derived his knowledge of facts from his brief and the sworn testimony of the prosecution. But there are facts and facts. Some of the worst and vilest words, those, indeed, which he gives as specimens, appear to have been spoken under provocation and not "written on a gate." It is difficult to understand by what pre-occupation of feeling or attention neither Judge nor counsel guessed or perceived that the prisoner was not a responsible moral agent. His "restless manner" and "disordered countenance" might not attract attention, but the "sentences" suggest a disordered brain. The failure to detect insanity and the severity of the sentence were due to an error of judgment, brought about, in some measure, by an overmastering horror of the offence; but there was no conspiracy, no tampering with justice, no taking occasion to interfere with the liberty of speech. It is remarkable that counsel for the prosecution, as Lord Chief Justice of England, in the celebrated case of *Regina v. Foote* and others, laid down the proposition that "persecution is a very easy form of virtue." No doubt, if it had fallen to his lot to try a similar case, and he had believed the offender to be sane, he would have inflicted a reasonable penalty. But he learnt a lesson in Cornwall and

afterwards, and there would have been no scandal and no protest.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

EXETER, March 14, 1858.

. . . It is the best circuit on the whole so far I have ever made. . . . If I was disposed to be a fool I should be tempted to take silk (if I could get it) very soon. But I know it wouldn't do, and it is far better to have it come of itself, as it were, than to ask and beg for it and have it refused. Our Judges are very pleasant fellows, and very pleasant to me, personally, but Willes¹ is much the best. I think Crowder is ageing a little, and he has lost his cunning with the Juries. They "still find for Nokes when he sums up for Styles," in a way they did not when he was at the Bar. We have Lush coming special to Bodmin and Collier *hears* (but this wants confirmation) that *he*, Collier! is going special to Gloucester. When one thinks of the days of Scarlett, Campbell, Follett, and even Thesiger, this is a woeful bathos. Our causes hitherto have been truly occidental, and tried in a truly occidental manner. M. Smith is clean ahead of every one. . . .

EXETER, March 16, 1858.

. . . As I become more assured I can speak more deliberately and less loud and people listen more, though I don't think it is half as good for it is not a tithe as careful as it used to be. To-day I failed in reducing a murder to manslaughter, which I really think ought to have been reduced. But Willes replied on me (he did not the least sum up) with great vehemence, and in a case of life and death I never

¹ Sir James Shaw Willes, 1814-1872, was raised to the Common Pleas July 3, 1855. Under stress of gout and heart disease his mind gave way and he shot himself October 2, 1872.

Sir John Taylor Coleridge writes (*MS. Journal*, October 6, 1872): "He is an immense loss to the Bench and the Profession and to the country. He was a consummate lawyer, and a great jurist, a man of much general reading, and of great ability, damaged, perhaps, a little by over-refinement and subtlety and some little want of manliness and simplicity. He did not, I think, mix very much in society, and I suppose read intensely. Overwork and the Northern Circuit appear to have ruined a frame never very strong." Sir John Duke Coleridge, under date October 3, 1872, writes: "Found at the Athenæum the terrible news of the suicide of Willes. Dear fellow! he was a true friend and a great lawyer."

before heard a Judge so directly dictate a conviction as he did. You shall see the paper and tell me what you think about it. I really think it a very savage proceeding; he was very eulogistic but that was small compensation. It is the only verdict I have lost however.

6 SOUTHWICK CRESCENT,

October 26, 1858.

I write you the first letter I dispatch from my own house¹ to say that we are grubbing on in the midst of a real plague of books. . . . We cannot get them under, and till the floors are cleared of them it is of course impossible to do much. It is a sad thing to have really to plunge into life away from you, on whom I have leaned for everything so long, and God knows how it will answer! I hope for the best, but I shall be heartily glad when you are here once more, and things go on something in the old channel. . . .

3 KING'S BENCH WALK, E.C.,

November 8, 1858.

. . . If I can be independent and can go into Parliament to strike a blow now and then for what I think good and right and noble, then I wish it with all my heart. If I can't do this, if I must stand, according to Kindersley's definition, "with only a chance of sitting and a certainty of *lying*," and am to go in as a sucking lawyer to back up this or that set of men, at their bidding, I can only say it is *not* an object of ambition to me, quite sincerely, and I would rather never set foot inside the House.

And as to my opinions, why, of course, in argument and in private, I may use forms of expression which I would not use in public, and which I do not justify; but, *substantially*, I really am in the habit of meaning what I say, and it seems to me almost idle to think of sitting as a *Conservative* member in any sense. There are so many things which Conservatives generally wish to preserve which I have for years longed earnestly to destroy. . . .

. . . You won't think me without ambition: but my ambition doesn't happen to care for the things which many people care for. If Parliament never comes it will not

¹ From 1846-1858 Lord Coleridge lived with his father and mother at No. 26 Park Crescent, from October 1858 to December 1868 at No. 6 Southwick Crescent, and from 1868 to his death, June 14, 1894, at No. 1 Sussex Square.

break my heart, and unless it comes in the way I like it I had rather it stayed away. And I am quite clear that anything *like* fencing with opinions at the beginning of a career is worse than a crime—a blunder.

3 KING'S BENCH WALK, E.C.,

November 27, 1858.

The temptation of Calcutta assumed a definite shape to-day, for the A.G. took me aside, said he had heard from Bovill that I might be inclined to go, that he had never imagined I would go, but thought me of all the men who had been named by much the most fit (this was very heartily and kindly said); but he was to see Lord Stanley to-morrow, to settle it, and that if I would let him mention my name he had no doubt at all of the result. . . . It is a very great temptation, and if I acted on my own judgment I should take it. But Henry Bullar, the only professional friend I have asked, urges me much against it. You and Jane are opposed to it . . . and, in short, I suppose I shall decline. But only think of refusing such a thing at thirty-eight! It is either a very silly or a very dutiful thing to do—and I hope it is the latter. . . .

3 KING'S BENCH WALK, E.C.,

February 19, 1859.

. . . Poole's¹ case finished this afternoon. I was heard yesterday. I never to my own fancy did anything so ill, but Lushington and the Archbishop going fast asleep was very discouraging, and I felt unwell and was very much knocked up. Phillimore was good in opening but poor in reply, and I thought much too personal to the Bishop. . . . Montague Smith and Raymond² did it very sensibly and nicely, and, I think, made considerable impression. They dwelt on the locked doors, and candles, and surplice, and "Holy Father," and such things. I don't despair, however. . . .

THE ATHENÆUM, March 5, 1859.

. . . I have never read Burton through but have dipped into him and have been amused with the quaint

¹ The case of the Reverend Alfred Poole was heard at Lambeth before the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sumner) and his assessor, Dr. Lushington. Poole was appellant, the Bishop of London respondent.—See Editorial notes in the *Guardian*, February 23, 1859.

² John Raymond, of the Middle Temple, was called to the Bar May 9, 1851.

learning and shrewd talk of the old man. But I never could understand the extraordinary praises lavished on him by such a man as Johnson.¹ I think books are more entertaining now, for I have thought several books rather slow (*e.g.*, Gaudenzio di Lucca²) of which great men have said the same sort of thing which Johnson said of Burton. . . .

WESTERN CIRCUIT, DEVIZES,

March 12, 1859.

. . . I am just off to London to attend two important consultations in the Temple this afternoon. What a life we live compared with your old circuit existence! I have done *very* well here; I led in two out of the four causes, in one with a junior, in one alone—M. Smith and Jack Karslake together against me in both, and in both (they having Jupiter hostis) I won my verdicts. . . . I have no reason to complain nor did I for a moment. I have nothing but unmingled gratitude for my present position.

WESTERN CIRCUIT, BRISTOL,

April 3, 1859.

. . . I return Henry's letter and Coley's. The latter is broken off, and is chiefly a defence of himself from what I never said or meant to say. I only said this, that I thought, like all other modes of life, the missionary life had its temptations, and that its temptation was to make everything of what people call "practical results" and "hard work" and so forth. Bishop Selwyn used to say when he heard of persons turning Roman Catholics here and doubting about our church, "Let them come out here and work instead of wasting their time over controversy," a mode of speaking which always aggravates me. . . . But I never thought Coley would say such a thing and I was

¹ Johnson says that Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 1874, p. 76.

² The *Memoirs of Signor Gaudenzio di Lucca*. Taken before his confession and examination before the Fathers of the Inquisition at Bologna in Italy, making a discovery of an unknown country in the middle of vast deserts of Africa. Faithfully translated from the Italian by E. B. Gent, 1736.

Gaudenzio di Lucca was the pseudonym of S. Berington. The memoirs bear some resemblance to *Gulliver's Travels*, but the narrative lacks point and force.

really only speaking generally. But one can't discuss things with a correspondent at the Antipodes. . . .

6 SOUTHWICK CRESCENT, W.

June 2, 1859.

. . . I am also very glad you are pleased with what is done in *Fraser*.¹ It seems to me to be horridly bad and, as is always the case in such things with me, to leave unsaid all that ought to have been said. . . . Cornwall Lewis writes me kindly but drily that Buckle's is a "ranting absurd attack," but that he thinks the sentence was much too severe. . . I suspect that is the general feeling, even of kindly-disposed men, and, perhaps, considering that *no* punishment in one sense *could be* adequate, six months—a sentence to mark a real breach of the law—would have done as well as twenty-one. But there is also I think a *very* general feeling of disgust and dissent from Buckle.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to the REV. JOHN COLERIDGE
PATTESON,

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,

St. Matthew, [September 23], 1859.

MY DEAR COLEY,

I occasionally see bits of your letters, and hear, in general, how you go on, so that I seem to have a notion of your work and prospects, though, perhaps, rather of the indefinite kind. It will be 'pleasant,'¹ indeed, if you 'live, to see any harvest, having 'laboured as 'you 'have 'in the seedtime. It is so in all 'work, 'but, 'above all, 'in 'religious work,

¹ "My father is really very well, and I think thoroughly enjoys his ease. He was much annoyed at the attack upon him which Mr. Buckle made . . . it is an old story now, and, I dare say, you saw about it, but it worried him more than I expected it would." —J. D. Coleridge to J. Coleridge Patteson, St. Matthew, September 21, 1859.

"I have found," writes Sir J. T. Coleridge, MS. Journal, May 8, 1859, "it [the attack in *Fraser*] a great trial to my Christian charity, but . . . I have made many allowances for Dr. Buckle. There is an enthusiasm even in such a creed as his, and, I dare say, he thinks me a cruel hypocrite who ought to be exposed. Then his habit of thought cannot be very accurate, for, first collecting all that he believes to have been ascertained since the trial, he makes no distinction between that and the few facts which alone I knew, and makes me responsible, as if I knew them all. May God give him a better mind!"

that good men live and die in it, and see but little fruit of their labour. And it always seems to me the greatest difficulty in life, as one gets older and gains experience, to preserve enthusiasm, and retain good sense and judgment, at the same time. I suppose you have not time to read out of the way books, but, in Helps's *Conquest of America* (a most remarkable book), there is a profoundly touching account of some old Spanish priests and bishops who, quite in their old age, went forth to convert the savage races, forced on by the unquenchable flames of their charity in defiance of all earthly prudence. It seems like mockery to put literature before you, yet, if you have time, you would find that book repay you. I think it is one of the really great books of history which our times have produced. Perhaps my great interest in the subject and in all which, remotely even, connects itself with slavery, makes me a partial judge. I hope you *will* find time just to delight yourself over Tennyson's new volume, *The Idylls of the King*. The second Idyll called "Vivien" is nasty, and I wish he would not have published it. It interferes with the pure lofty tone of the rest of the volume. But, except "Vivien," the volume is really a fine work, quite the best thing, to my mind, he has done since the two volumes of 1842, and proving that we have still a great artist amongst us, worthy to rank with the great of all time. Indeed, in these days, it is quite refreshing to get to simple, old-fashioned poetry, noble thoughts, clear English and melodious verse; and it is so short that the Padre Pateson may read it while his water is boiling for such soup, or potage, or tea, or coffee, as he sustains life with of a morning, and finish it at three or four sittings.

I dare say you see the papers and wonder, as I wonder, at the ineradicable folly of people, like Poole and Bryan King, holding up great stone walls and knocking their heads against them, apparently for the rare pleasure attendant on that operation.

How any one can suppose that you can regenerate a church by rubrical observances, and make progress by out-raging prejudice passes my comprehension. And real good and truth are hindered by these things, and (a less evil but provoking), reasonable men get confounded with fools, and are supposed to mean the same things; and, often, the fools are so grossly and cruelly persecuted by partisans like Tait, that common generosity forces us into action for them, and obliges us to submit to be dragged through the mud at their tail; all which is irritating if one looks at the thing jestingly, and most depressing and heart-

breaking if one looks at it as matter of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood. I don't wonder at men reversing Hamlet's saying and flying to evils that they know not of, from a conviction that they cannot be worse and may be better than the ills they have to bear. And, as I remember saying to you once before, that kind of thing is not met by going out to Bishop Selwyn and teaching the faith to the heathen. Happy those who feel otherwise, and who are either without troubles in these matters or can find such a solution for them if they come.

God bless you, my dear Coley,

Always your very affectionate,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

THE ATHENÆUM, *Christmas Eve*, 1859.

I thank you for your dear good letter which I had this morning and all its kindly Xmas greetings. I wish we were together with all my heart, for the occasions upon which we can all meet or, even, the greater part of us, must, of necessity, become fewer and fewer as time goes on. I hope, however, we have many years yet in store of earthly love and intercourse. I know for myself that if you were not here to share it all, good fortune would lose half its pleasure for me, and life would be another thing to me altogether. . . .

3 KING'S BENCH WALK, E.C.,

Whit Monday [May 28], 1860.

. . . George Denman urged me the other day very much and very kindly to take silk. He had the object, certainly, of getting a batch made, for he has applied himself and Campbell has told him he will make him the next time he makes any, but that he will not make him alone. He told me this himself quite frankly, but was very kind and handsome in his talk, and wish that I should make the step with him. I shall make this year, probably, about £4000. In itself that would warrant silk—but my own opinion is that the time is not come for it. I am doing well in London but have no distinct and permanent hold on Guildhall yet, and I cannot better myself on circuit. I can do (with labour and sorrow) the work I have now, but I know I have not knowledge or brains for a real leader, and I think I have not physical strength for it. If the time comes that I am

pushed into lead in London, why, I must run my chance of failure—but I am yet a young junior, and I am afraid of losing what I every day wonder how I ever came to get. . . . Karslake tells me that whether I take silk or not he certainly shall not—and that he thinks it folly to throw away a rattling good business on a chance. . . .

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.

WESTERN CIRCUIT, BRISTOL,

August 19, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

. . . The serious difference in opinion between me and so many people whom I love and honour with all my heart, has made me very careless about public life. For I am sorry to say that democratic feeling and convictions only strengthen with me every year I live. I know well enough that if I came to action I should dislike and be repelled by the *men* with whom I should have to act—with many of them, at least—and I know also how good and noble many of the persons are against whom I should find myself arrayed. But it must be remembered, in fairness, that they have had blessings of birth and education which, speaking broadly, are denied to Radicals; and, when you say that the Radical cause has always had the wickedest of men on its side, I think it should be added that it has had the noblest too. It is in the nature of things that good, gentle, high-bred people full of veneration and refinement should object to change and should shrink from the contact of rough, coarse, brutal natures such as I admit are the engineers in most popular changes. But where would freedom be if Pole, Bellarmine and Falkland (beautiful and admirable as they are) had not been encountered by Ball and Luther and Cromwell? and though, certainly, I would rather have had the three first for my friends than the three last, yet, heart and soul, I am with the cause which those three names may roughly symbolize. And I think, too, that we, who are what we are by these men's means, before we judge them hardly, should remember that it is only by rough unsparing vehemence, and, it may be, by a certain coarseness and exaggeration of word and act, that governing castes can be coerced into fairness, and long-standing abuses rooted out. Savonarola (if history speaks true) made hundreds of men and women live chaste and self-denying lives; Plato's dialogues fell powerless on Athenian corruption.

And it has become part of my inmost conviction that the aristocracy is destroying our glorious England. The existence of men of rank gives occasion and opportunity for that base, tuft-hunting, subserviency which is the most disgusting characteristic of the Englishman and American. They corrupt and weaken our Government, they destroy the manliness and freedom of Society, they obstruct the path of honour and usefulness to every one who does not belong to them, or who has not some wonderful worldly gifts whereby he forces his way into their ranks. The selfishness, the insolence, the contempt for others which as a class marks them, are natural, indeed, and therefore, not matter for personal vituperation, in the case of individuals, but are, in themselves, to me, utterly detestable. And, therefore, if I ever do go into public life *Delenda est Aristocratia* would be the banner under which, as an honest man, I *must* fight. . . .

Your grateful and affectionate

J. D. COLERIDGE,

J. C. SHAIRF to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

HOUSTOWN, UPHALL, LINLITHGOWSHIRE,

October 12, 1860.

The above [*i.e.*, the date] was written some weeks since in Yorkshire, now I am once more "be North" the Tweed. I hope, however, if things go well with us that we may next spring or summer penetrate as far as London and see old friends, whom I would fain see again. For I fear I must be fast wearing out of their memory now. Only think, it is now exactly twenty years since I went up to reside at Balliol! Then, at my own first College lectures in Tait's and Woollcombe's rooms, I first made acquaintance with dear Billingsley Seymour. And, ever since, when this season comes round and reddens the Virginia Creeper, it brings with it the thought of him. For, in the Autumn of 1843, the first term he was down with illness, I remember getting a letter from him regretting his forced absence and saying, "I think I see, as I sit at my window, the creeper on the opposite hill, on which autumn's finger is beautifully impressed." Another autumn, and we heard of the end.

I hope soon to see you in London, and I should like, if you did not despise our small things and the cold Presbyterian

north, to show you St. Andrews, which is interesting for its past, if not for its present. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

J. C. SHAIRP.

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE to THE RIGHT REVEREND
BISHOP PATTESON.

HEATH'S COURT, *October 15, 1860.*

MY DEAR COLEY,

It's a very great shame that two of your letters should be still unanswered by me, at least that I have heard twice from you since I last wrote—particularly as your last letter had what I call the characteristic quality of a good letter, that it made me wish to sit down and write to you on the spot. Moreover I have a special satisfaction, now, in writing to you under the dear old title by which I have known you and loved you all your life, and thinking that a grave and right reverend man in his satin and lawn will receive it, in all probability; for I suppose this will hardly reach N.Z. till after your ordination.

I hardly know apart from personal considerations whether to be glad or sorry at your appointment. I am thoroughly glad, if it is to be, that you are the man; for I know how you will work it, and what an unsectarian view of religion you have. But it is a very strong assertion on the part of the Church of England, stronger than she has ever yet made of her right to go over all the world. Because, hitherto, the theory of a National Church, whether a good or a bad thing, has been tolerably well kept to, and we have, to no appreciable extent, claimed to push our form of Christianity beyond the limits of our nation or empire. You are, as it were, the exponent of a new claim, of a claim now first acted upon deliberately by the Church as a body. I don't quite understand it. Do the New Zealand Bishops claim to be *the* Church? Do you go forth with the Thirty-nine Articles round your neck, and bound to teach according to them; and swearing allegiance to the Queen; or, if not, who dispenses you and alters the ordination service? And this act makes union with the Westerns practically impossible, as it seems to me; and that, just at a time, too, when, by the breakdown of the temporal power of the Pope, it is just possible that God may breathe a fresh spirit into that great and, with all its faults, glorious church. I daresay this is

partly hair-splitting, and partly dreaming. I half think so myself, and, yet, I can't get as complete and satisfactory feeling about it as I should like. *Solvitur ambulando*, you will say, no doubt. D. V. you will do great good, you will not increase any schism, and, after all, things are now so out of joint that no theory will quite go on four legs. It may be so.

The two dear old Privy Councillors flourish amazingly. Your father is to all outward appearances much better than he was a year or eighteen months ago, and seems to have more real enjoyment of life, and more cheerful spirits.

My father is much as usual, and, as I tell him, during the Long Vacation he has like Lord Nelson a gazette of his own. He has been giving a lecture at Tiverton about public schools, which came, in fact, to a lecture about Eton and to the broaching of all sorts of opinions, enough to make poor old Keate and Goodall turn uneasily in their graves, and more than enough to put Tutor into a taking. He will be made answerable, of course, for the sins of his elder brother, and his elder brother suggesting that the *Fellows*!! should actually do *something* and should be *reduced* in number. I can fancy the life Tutor will lead with Plumptre and Co., can't you? He has been staying down with us and was in great force, but I could see this terrible lecture at times gave him a turn. Well, then my father goes to Exeter and makes a speech at the meeting for giving the Oxford prizes, and says that all the evidence in the Education Commission was to the effect that Inspected Schools were better than the uninspected; whereat rises Tom Acland and says that it is clear *Eton must be inspected*. Just imagine Hawtrey receiving a Government Inspector! Only just conceive the thing and laugh as I did.

I know you don't, and I hope you never will, give up reading, when you can, books of miscellaneous literature. You ought, indeed, to take more of them than other people, for more than others you keep on pouring out—and, of course, those with whom you live are chiefly pupils. By all means if you can get it read *Adam Bede*; the best thing, much, of our time, to my taste. I should say, if I were not afraid of seeming to exaggerate, the best thing since the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Also, if you can, read Andersen's *Sandhills of Jutland*. That is quite in a different way, but he and the author of *Adam Bede* are, alike, thoroughly original and utterly inimitable—which last is not true of Tennyson.

For though he is very great, other men catch his trick of style and write, for a page or two, very like him, indeed.

God bless you, my dear fellow! I know you will think of me sometimes, and it always does me good to think of you.

Your very affectionate cousin,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

I was very near being an M.P. the other day, but it has passed off again.

SIR J. T. COLERIDGE to J. D. COLERIDGE.

HEATH'S COURT, *December 30, 1860.*

I wonder whether you have read your Keble for to-day. One must be an old man, I suppose, to feel it fully, as I do. But, indeed, the recurrence of these seasons and of the termination of the year is very solemn to me, and brings feelings, to which Keble suggests the most delightful consolation. What a reality there is now in one's reflections on the approaching end, and what a blessing when one shall attain, if ever I do, to the really comfortable hope, and sure faith of a Christian as to the great change!

How many things I have put off doing indefinitely, meaning always most assuredly to do them, which now I feel never can be done! How many things which I have been used to do periodically, which I now feel a real uncertainty whether I shall ever do them again!

Oh, what would life be at its close if one had no belief in a hereafter, or no belief in an atonement!

Well, you must not be bored, if I, perhaps, a little more than was my custom, run out into these thoughts. They come from the fulness of my heart.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

WELLS, *December 31, 1860.*

Before the old year is fairly out I will write you just a line to thank you for your letter of this morning, which I had before I started, and to wish you in return a happy New Year. . . . I got here rather late and started after four o'clock for my *view* on the top of Mendip. Such a place! and seen in dim twilight set off by a drenching rain. I had to wade about in slush and got utterly soaked—my old client, the while, going on at immense length, which I was obliged meekly to submit to, because, so only, could

I get at what I wanted from him—he being very deaf and very conceited. However, the humour of the scene amused me, and taking trouble always answers in the end.

It is not much the way of English people to say out such thoughts as you describe, except to persons they do *not* care for—in books, perhaps, or journals written to be published; but, indeed, such thoughts as yours have been with me very common guests for some years past. No one, but I myself, knows how little I deserve the happiness I have, or such success as has befallen me. And every lawyer who, like you, to some extent, and like me, in far greater measure, is careless about his profession in itself, knows the heavy penalties at which even moderate success in it is purchased. There is the destruction of thought and of all cultivation of mind, and the inevitable loss of freshness and sympathy. And you have a compensating influence which I never can or shall have, I mean a real belief in and affection for the religious system in which God has cast your lot. I get no help from Anglicanism for all my deepest and strongest needs. What can a Protestant Body say to Jowett and Co. except persecute them? And it is because I see how strong rationalism is in reason, and how powerless I am without a church against it, that I am so intolerant to the Germans. But this is matter fitter for an Essay than a note. . . .

6 SOUTHWICK CRESCENT, W.,

January 13, 1861.

. . . The *Times* reported the All Souls case¹ very fairly. Nothing could have been better than Bethell. His reply was the finest and greatest thing I have ever heard at the Bar. It seems rhetorical to say so, but it is really the truth, that I not only admired the reply in itself but I sat absolutely wondering at the possibilities of the human mind. Bovill and Cairns had been nine hours between them; Bovill very good (the best thing by far I ever heard him do), Cairns to my taste nothing but clever commonplace, and very much spun out (he was more than *five* hours). Well, Bethell sat all day taking elaborate notes and there

¹ An "appeal of three of the Fellows of All Souls College, Oxford, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as visitor of the College, against the construction put by the Warden and the majority of the Fellows upon that part of the ordinance of April 1857, of the University Commissioners which relates to the qualification and the election of Fellows."—*Times*, January 9, 1861.

was a deal to answer. He spoke less than two hours, never touched or looked at a paper, did not leave one point unanswered, and poured in a perfect flood of powerful invective, besides, which electrified us. The whole speech, too, was so beautifully clear, so balanced, so well proportioned that it seemed as if it must have been composed beforehand, and, yet, we knew it could not have been. With all his affectation, he has a *very great intellect*—the greatest I ever came near or have any belief of in our profession in our time. Bovill and Cairns were *babes* to him. The Arch. slept decorously, and, this time, very impartially. Parke didn't let out much but took elaborate notes of reference to the old statutes, which Bethell called "childish trifling." My own part of the business was worse than usual and (I feel) very ineffective. It is very hard to follow a man so complete and exhaustive as Bethell—but this is not the real account of it. It was not done as it ought to have been at all. As to the result, I *hope* rather than *expect* that Parke must hold that the order of merit should be mentioned, and that *that*, at all events, should not be confidential. If we get this we get substantially all we want. But if . . . Parke finds that the great people want to keep their preserve, he will find some legal means for keeping out the intellectual low-bred poachers.

H. A. VAUGHAN JOHNSON to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

STRATHEDEN HOUSE, S.W.,

February 4, 1861.

DEAR SIR,

The Lord Chancellor desires me to inform you that, if you wish to be appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel, he will include your name in the list which he is about to submit to the Queen for H.M. Approval.¹

Believe me to remain, yours truly,

H. A. VAUGHAN JOHNSON.

¹ "February 5, 1861, Southwick Crescent.—While writing here this morning, John came in with a letter in his hand from the Chancellor's Secretary, offering him a silk gown, a most unusual compliment. After some doubt I earnestly advised his acceptance of it. He has the judgment of the Lord Chancellor on his fitness to lead in the profession, for I think it is clear that this is a selection by him, because he thinks him the sort of man whom he ought to advance to a lead."—*MS. Journal of Sir J. T. Coleridge*.

"February 5, 1861.—To Westminster this morning, where I found a letter from the Chancellor offering me a silk gown—a most em-

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to his FATHER.*

3 KING'S BENCH WALK,
Ascension Eve [May 8], 1861.

Only a line to tell you that I was received at the Bench yesterday, and had a very pleasant and cordial evening. Karslake and I walked together, and they cheered us very much in the Hall as we went by. The bench was very full (the A.G. [Sir R. Bethell] came to dinner) and every one was as kind as possible. I think I shall like the society very much. . . .

Don't *think* of coming up to dine with the Inn on my account. I mean *I* know how you love me and how pleased you would be to come, but I wouldn't have you come on any account to please *me*, though of course it *would* please me.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS COMMITTEE,
May 30, 1861.

One line to say that we had a most interesting and striking evening last night [of Nobody's Friends] at Freemason's Tavern. S. O. [Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford] was in the chair, and on the whole did the work very well. Uncle's letter and yours were both read, and it was agreed they should both be inserted in the Club book. His resignation was accepted, and you were elected in his place. It was thought he really wished it, and that it would be a pleasure to him if we must lose him to know that we had given him a successor after his own heart. I never saw such a strong and tender feeling as there was for him. . . . In fact Uncle and you were the keynotes of the evening, and, when Walpole and Heathcote, as Members for the Universities, were elected joint Vice-Presidents, they both alluded admirably to dear Uncle. It was a very full meeting, and, really, every one's heart seemed full of reverent affection for the dear old man we were losing. They drank my health as Q.C., and when I said that in that room I

barrassing offer but very kindly and handsomely intended by him. J. B. K. came to me with a similar letter. What should we do? I went home and saw my father who urged it. Hill dissuaded and Bullar and others advised it, and I determined to sleep on it."

"*February 6.*—Found J. B. K. this morning at Westminster, but not in a very hearty mood, but finally, with much doubt on my part, and dissuasion from Bovill, we took the plunge together."

"*February 25.*—Sat all day till three before Cresswell. Then home to dress and to be sworn in before the Chancellor, who was mute as a fish."—*MS. Journal of J. D. Coleridge.*

might venture to say that if it was matter of pride it was also matter of deep responsibility to be the nephew of Sir John Patteson and the son of Sir John Coleridge, the cheering was very great.

S. O. bid me communicate to you your election¹ and I said I could not undertake to give his Lordship's language—which is true, for he was very felicitous but very complimentary.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

3 KING'S BENCH WALK, E.C.,
St. Peter [June 29], 1861.

I know what a keen wrench to all your best and tenderest feelings this parting will be from the heavy sadness it brings with it to me who knew dear Uncle so much less, and have been so much less bound up with him. But "Uncle Pat"² has been part of my life ever since I was a little child, and was taught by every one to think him the model of a good man, and to care for his opinion next after yours of all men in the world. I used, I well recollect, as a child to think over the serious question which was the best and cleverest man, you or he (but it was always you or he), the notion that any one in the world could be better or cleverer than both or either never occurred to me. It wouldn't be far from the truth if I were to say it never has occurred to me yet. And, as I have told Jem [Patteson], I think the saddest thing of getting on in life is the loss of the dear *old* friends and relations who have formed part of your life all along; who *seem* to stand between you and death; and for whose sake you care for honour and success much more than for your own. We know as matter of reason that they must die, but their going is like rooting out the dearest memories of our lives. . . .

¹ "When I became his Vice-President I remember distinctly saying I would never be his successor; and now there seems personally less fitness than ever for my accepting the office. But it seemed much wished, and there was great difficulty in making any other selection. I don't expect to hold the office very long."—*MS. Journal of Sir J. T. Coleridge*, vol. xxix., p. 2.

² Sir John Patteson died June 28, 1861. His brother-in-law gives some details of his last hours, and adds: "So he passed away—my dearest, oldest friend. How soon shall I follow him? . . . I have been writing about him all day, a very imperfect sketch for the *Times*."

SIR STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE, BART., to JOHN DUKE
COLERIDGE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

July 9, 1861.

MY DEAR JOHN,

Nothing can be kinder than your note, and I need not say that it is just what I expected you to say. . . . I entirely admit that on personal grounds Palmer¹ has a higher claim to represent the University than I or any other man in England except Gladstone. When Gladstone's retirement was first announced as probable I was asked to allow myself to be named as his successor, and I positively refused on the ground that I would not oppose Palmer. I was prepared to vote for Palmer if necessary against another candidate. . . . His acceptance of office and his election for Richmond, however, seem to me entirely to alter the position of affairs. The question is no longer personal but has become political. . . . I shall have to make a considerable sacrifice in exchanging the quietest and pleasantest seat in the House (or only not a quieter one than Richmond) for a contest in which I shall be tremendously abused, and shall have to fight against many of my best friends; but under the circumstances I feel I cannot help it; and, after all, no sacrifice can be equal to that which I have had to make in opposing myself to Gladstone. I draw the broadest distinction between this case and the cases of 1853 and 1859. I supported Gladstone then and would support him again; first, because he was already our member; second, because as a Cabinet Minister he was to have a voice in the policy of the Government; third, because the Aberdeen and the Palmerston administrations were each of them then untried and were entitled to the benefit of a favourable anticipation; and, fourth, because Gladstone, if defeated, might have been left absolutely without a seat, and obliged to leave the Government. None of these considerations apply to Palmer's case. I shall say to you what I have said to Woolcombe, that I think Gladstone is exceedingly unwise in exchanging Oxford for Lancashire. At Oxford I believe him to be safe, though of course there may be contests in store for him. I do not know what his prospects in Lancashire are; but I think I see enough to be sure that he is only leaving one set of

¹ "Oxford is to be contested by S. H. N. and A. P., which is a bore. but I cannot hesitate a moment as to what I ought to do."—*MS. Journal of J. D. Coleridge*, July 11, 1861. The contest did not take place.

troubled waters for another, and that his retiring from Oxford is not likely to bring about a state of peace there. I wish it was still possible for him to reconsider the matter.

I remain always, affectionately yours,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE,
BART.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,
St. Michael [September 29], 1861.

. . . I was very near standing for Plymouth the other day when Lord Mount Edgcombe died, and had written an address which, as it pleased my father, I hope would not have displeased you. But they said I was a churchman and a lawyer—two objections which I neither could nor wished to deny or remove. I am rather sorry, for I should be glad now to be in Parliament if I could be with honour. But I cannot simply surrender church-rates for fifty seats, and I suspect that not doing so is quite sufficient to prevent a Liberal getting *one*.

Have you ever read two books of Dr. Holmes (an American) called *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, and the *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*? I think you would be exceedingly interested in them. I do not know where you can find so clear and clever, and, on the whole, so inoffensive a statement of what, for want of a better word, I suppose must be called Universalism, than in these books. And, as the creed of a very large number of able people in both hemispheres, it is well worth studying—indeed, must be studied if we are to hold our own. And Dr. Holmes writes very well, and for the most part in a very good spirit. . . .

Always yours most affectionately,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE,
BART.

IRISH OFFICE, *October 4, 1861.*

. . . Universalism, I believe, strictly means a belief that all mankind will ultimately be saved; but I used the word in a vaguer sense in referring to Dr. Holmes, who describes, in a clearer and more intelligible way than I ever saw elsewhere, the opinions held by those many persons, both here and abroad, who, though they repudiate all

ecclesiastical authority, and resolve religion into universal benevolence, yet hold, in fact, a great many Christian doctrines, in their own way, and have, in many respects, a really reverent spirit clothing itself, now and then, in very singular forms. . . .

Yours most affectionately,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to his FATHER.

HURSLEY PARK, WINCHESTER.

October 21, 1861.

. . . I hope you will not burn your letters to Grandpapa.¹ In the first place I exceedingly value *your* letters in themselves, and next I think letters from any one whomsoever written simply and to a near friend and relative and giving a picture of his life have a value independent of the writer of the composition. . . . Pass a hundred years, and the letters of such a man as you to such a person as Grandpapa will have real and true interest. Unless they are burned already on no account destroy them. I have a pride of my own, though it does not lie in caring for what a Government or a Queen can give, and I treasure the records of our family, down to our own generation, with as much pride as a Howard can have in his ancestor's tattered robes. We have culminated I believe; but that is, perhaps, the more reason why we should hold to the memories of those who have built us up.

THE ATHENÆUM, October 26, 1861.

. . . Last night I attended at the Middle Temple to arrange for the reception of the Prince on Thursday. . . . The one thing I bitterly regret is the loss of our beautiful, quiet, unpretending little squirt of a fountain—which really was, either in itself or from association, very sweet in my eyes. Our ambitious Treasurer, without authority, has destroyed it and put in its place a regular New Road composition of the vulgarest order, over which the poor little jet of water trickles in most plaintive fashion, and which, as the crowning glory of the Prince's reception, is to be illuminated by the *electric light*!! Only think of a society which entertained Charles I. and patronised Van Dyck coming to this! Karslake and I mean to move in the alternative for the destruction of the New Road abomination *or* for gold and silver fish. . . .

¹ Colonel James Coleridge of Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary.



HEATH'S COURT (NOW CHANTER'S HOUSE), OTTERY ST. MARY,
FROM THE HILL



HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY, 1829

From a Pencil Drawing by Miss Joanna Patteson

CHAPTER XII

LETTERS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS BEFORE THE WAR

O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MORE than thirty years before Lord Coleridge paid his memorable visit to the United States, at the invitation of the American Bar, he had been in the habit of corresponding, at irregular intervals, with three or four representative Americans who had brought letters of introduction to his father or other members of the family. His principal correspondents were Mr. Ellis Yarnall of Philadelphia, who has devoted a chapter of a recently published work, *Wordsworth and the Coleridges*, to a record of his intimacy with the Lord Chief Justice; Horace Binney, the younger, the distinguished son of a still more distinguished father, Joseph A. Clay and J. R. Clay, and Richard H. Dana. I find, too, among his papers numerous letters from successive American Ministers—first and foremost, James Russell Lowell; his successor, E. J. Phelps, and his successor, Mr. Robert Lincoln; also from William Evarts, General McClellan, Mr. W. P. Fishback, the author

of a genial and appreciative sketch entitled *Recollections of Lord Coleridge*, and many others. There was a kind of family connection with America, an hereditary tie. Samuel Taylor Coleridge had numbered more than one great American among his friends and devotees, and was, at one time at least, more widely read, and more highly esteemed as a philosopher and divine in the United States, than in his own country. It was natural for Americans who were men of letters, or cared for poets and poetry, to seek out the acquaintance of those who bore the name of the poets of a former generation. One of my earlier recollections is of a two or three days' visit which Professor Reed and his sister-in-law, Miss Bronson, who were drowned on the *Arctic* on their homeward voyage to America (Sept. 23), paid to my parents at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, in the summer of 1854; and the impression remains that they won the hearts of young and old. I remember, too, the suspense with regard to their fate, and my father and mother's grief when suspense gave way to the certainty of their loss.

Professor Reed and his friend Horace Binney, the younger, had already made the acquaintance of the Judge and his family at Park Crescent. I find under date June 6, 1854, a somewhat *naïf* entry in J. D. Coleridge's diary: "At breakfast this morning a nice American lawyer, one Mr. Binney, came and was very agreeable. We went together through the Temple and Lincoln's Inn to St. Martin's Hall and to All Saints, with all of which he was much struck. *I like Americans*, those I have seen at least." A year later he records the beginning of another lifelong friendship with an American:

"Mr. Ellis Yarnall came, and we walked to see Margaret Street Chapel, which he greatly admired."

Our real knowledge [writes Mr. Yarnall] of each other began in a walk from his chambers in the Temple, northward for a mile or more, by Regent Street to All Saints Church, Margaret Street, a very interesting work of Butterfield's, then nearing completion. I felt instantly at one with my new friend. Life was bright with promise before him, success had already come in his profession, and his future was assured. But it was plain that his supreme love was for literature. . . . It is plain to me that he had genius, and that his memory was remarkable, and that he had been an omnivorous reader.¹

The letters to Horace Binney the younger, and to Mr. Ellis Yarnall, which form the concluding chapter of this volume, relate to the period before the war, 1854-1859. Apart from questions of private or literary interest, the exposition of Wordsworth, or the criticism of American poetry and fiction, the letters were designed to fan the flame of anti-slavery, and to get, at first hand, trustworthy information with regard to the political upheaval which was beginning to make American politics of world-wide concern and importance. I am indebted to Mr. Charles Chauncey Binney for the use of Lord Coleridge's letters to Horace Binney the younger, and to Mr. Ellis Yarnall for the copies of letters addressed to him, and for permission to print some of his own replies. At Lord Coleridge's death Mr. Yarnall made the following entry in his journal: "I have kept every letter. I have some of them near me as I write, and as I read them, here and there, he is again before me, and I am listening to the tender and sweet tone of his voice. They

¹ *Wordsworth and the Coleridges*, 1899, pp. 145-146.

are a priceless possession." Alas! I can only make use of specimen letters, of selections, of excerpts. They would form a most interesting volume if printed side by side and by themselves. They are valuable as history, not in perspective as a picture, but as seen through a glass, and, at the same time, they present a dim but faithful reflection of the man. For he turns to these American friends the best and highest side of his nature—his love of liberty and his passion for justice.

It was, however, not only an impulse of literary "piety," the fond illusion that echoes of *Lucy Grey* or of *Christabel* might linger among the Wordsworths and the Coleridges, which led these young Americans to become the friends of John Duke Coleridge. There were legal and professional ties between great American lawyers and a young English barrister whose father was a Judge, whose Uncle was a Judge, and who was himself marked out for professional distinction, and there was, too, the still closer tie of a common interest in the ecclesiastical revival. Horace Binney the elder was a prominent episcopalian, and his son followed in his footsteps; and it can be no secret that Mr. Ellis Yarnall has, throughout his long life, adhered to and upheld the teaching of that Church which, wherever it has spread and whatever name it bears, is still, in essence, the Church of England. Literature, the Law, and the Church wove the threefold spell which drew American friends to Coleridge, and he, in turn, was drawn to them by their native and spontaneous love of liberty, by their keen enthusiasm for old things which were new to them, and by the refinement of their tastes.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.¹

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,

October 22, 1854.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

(You must let me use the familiarity of an English friend to you and drop the Mr.)—you may, perhaps, be surprised at my beginning my letter by telling you that, sad and touching as it was, it was a great, a very great relief to me to get your letter. The loss of the *Arctic* [September 27, 1854] was an inexpressible shock to us all here. I cannot tell you how it saddened us, and does still. And knowing your intimacy with Mr. Reed and his affection and his sister's for you, (you were one of the last persons we spoke of together), we were terribly afraid you had been with them. It seemed so likely you would go back together, and, as the list in the *Times* was full of "Mr. So-and-so and *Friend*," giving no name to the friend, we were full of apprehension for you. It was a positive relief, therefore, to get your letter. . . . I have sent your money to Keble, and have asked his prayers, and they will be of that kind which "availeth much." We have had lovely weather for the last few days, but, now, there is a heavy gale from the West, through the midst of which I imagine you to be ploughing your way. You will read the Psalm of this morning and, like our Charles I., will feel its beautiful application to your particular case. I have seen, somewhere, a comparison of Scripture to the eye of a portrait, which seems at the same moment bent on that of every one in a large company. So, in its great sweep, Scripture seems to include the special needs of each one who reads it, and to speak to *his* heart while it is addressing mankind. May you be glad because you are at rest, and be "brought into the haven where you would be."²

Mr. Reed's death and Miss Bronson's will be felt as a personal loss in many an English home. I suppose it would seem extravagant to say that we loved them, for

¹ Horace Binney, the younger, 1809–1870, son of Horace Binney (1780–1875, Member of Congress, and jurist), studied law with his father, and practised his profession in Philadelphia, confining himself to chamber consultations. He took a prominent part in municipal politics, was the founder of various leagues and President of the American Philosophical Society. He predeceased his father, who died in his ninety-sixth year.—*Appleton's Dictionary of American Biography*.

² Psalm cvii. 30.—Prayer Book Psalter.

we had seen them but twice or thrice, but I really think the strong and affectionate regard they had kindled is hardly too strongly described by such a word. For myself, I can truly say, I never saw two persons who on so short an acquaintance won so much of my heart. Of Mr. Reed of course I had *heard* much for years past. His high character and great abilities and the peculiar direction of his taste and studies made his *name* thoroughly familiar in England. The kindly and genial temper in which he wrote of S. T. Coleridge, and his sketch of a dear Aunt¹ of mine, who died two years ago, and his known sympathy and admiration for Wordsworth prepared us to see a person we should like very much, as it was certain, from the ability of his writing, that there would be much to admire. But I do not think I once remembered the Professor, (of course after the first interest of setting eyes on a distinguished man,) in my admiration and pleasure in talking to the friend and gentleman. He was so modest, so high-bred, and, with a most becoming shyness, so warm-hearted. I have seldom in my life met a more winning and graceful man, and his grace was the true grace that flows from goodness and gentleness of heart. Mrs. Wordsworth, whom I saw at Rydal just after Mr. Reed and Miss Bronson had finally quitted her, spoke of them just in the same way. She said of him, and I quite agreed, that he was a perfect English gentleman—an expression which includes in our insular pride everything that is admirable. You know enough of us to know that we mean by it something very excellent, and that it is almost the highest thing we ever find to say of our own best men. And I am quite sure that whatever respect and affection can find to say will be said by many, many English hearts, of that virtuous and accomplished man whom it has pleased God to take to Himself, in a way so sudden and so awful. I shall never forget him as long as I live. Miss Bronson, too, charmed us all from my mother downwards to the grandchildren, and all the ladies agree in their affectionate sorrow and regret for her loss. She was open and warm-hearted, and so ready to be pleased, and had such genial sympathies. There was besides, to us something so attractive in the picture we drew of him and his wife and sister living altogether, and the two ladies keeping watch,

¹ "The Daughter of Coleridge," *Literary World*, July 1852. See, too, Aubrey de Vere's letter as quoted in *Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, 1873, i. 48-53, and Mr. Yarnall's *Wordsworth and the Coleridges*, 1899, 105-118.

as it were, by turn over the children. Our last sight of them here I must tell you of. It was just before they finally went north to embark at Liverpool. They had been asked to stay here, and had sent no answer, and, hearing of our sorrow, they had fancied they should be in the way and, purposely, arranged so as not to do more than call. They would not even dine here, but dined at Honiton, a place about five miles off, and came a mile or two out of their way to call here in their way to Exeter, where they meant to sleep. They had a New York clergyman with them, by name, I think, Eigenbrodt, and stayed about two or three hours. We showed them our grand old church, with which they were very much pleased, and they walked about our lawn and walks for a little while, and were full of the happiness they had had, and their interest in everything they had seen. . . . It is a melancholy pleasure to me to write all this to you, and it may serve to show to you what an impression your dear friends left here, and how kindly they will be remembered. . . .

Believe me always,
Your faithful and affectionate friend,
J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

26 PARK CRESCENT,
January 23, 1855.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

I have been so unusually busy the last two months that all my correspondence has fallen into arrear, but I really cannot let your very kind letters go any longer without some sort of return. I am sure if poor Mrs. Reed found any pleasure in seeing how much her husband has been valued and appreciated here, and her sister too, it is a great pleasure to me that any words of mine should have been so felt by her. I hope the little notice of him in the *Guardian* [Nov. 11, 1854] was thought to be kind and respectful in Philadelphia. I am sure it was so intended. . . . From all I hear, from pretty good sources of information, Lord Raglan seems utterly incompetent as a General and the Duke of Newcastle as a Minister, and I am earnestly hoping to hear we have got rid of both. That it is the incompetence of our General and Minister and not the peculiar difficulties of the war which has disorganised our forces, is shown by the admirable condition of the French troops ;

and that the French troops are not, in themselves, a bit better than the English, all the battles hitherto have shown beyond dispute. We are rather grieved to see the prevailing tone of writing on your side of the water, even (Mr. Keble told me the other day) in a good church paper, which some kind but unknown American friend sends him constantly. I do not expect, as Keble seemed to do, that there will be an alliance between your Government and Russia, but the prevailing tone of American writing has a little surprised me. Is it that our assumption of superiority and ingrained self-complacency offends your people? or is there any general vague desire for Canada which just now takes the form of satisfaction at the old country getting into a scrape, as, undeniably, she has? or is there, still lingering, an incurable bitterness for the thoroughly bad and foolish way the English aristocracy provoked the colonies into the war of Independence? or is England suffering for its sins towards Ireland by the hostile feeling which the vast body of Irish are able to impart to (at least) the surface of American public opinion? It would grieve me to think war could ever be possible between our peoples, but I should like very much to know what you and persons like you, with English friends and English recollections, think about it. Your father's picture with your kind inscription under it now hangs in our dining-room, the only American among a lot of Englishmen, unless you claim Lord Lyndhurst¹ as an American. . . . Since I last wrote to you I have been to hear a man of great celebrity, who made a comparative failure in America, I mean Kossuth. I don't wonder at his failure with a shrewd and practical people. I do rather wonder at his partial success with John Bull. He has certainly the externals of an orator, a fine presence, a very sweet melodious voice, and graceful and dignified action. But the speech I heard was a very poor affair—very laboured and, yet, without connection or intelligible argument; full of egregious vanity and egotism so excessive that he disgusted a very Radical audience. Like Burke, only with a good deal more reason, he cleared the room and altogether failed to command the attention of those who stayed. I perceive by some of the Radical papers that our Radicals are getting tired of him already, and his attempt to embroil us with Austria has

¹ John Singleton Copley (Lord Lyndhurst), 1772–1863, was the son of John Singleton Copley, American historical painter, 1737–1815.

failed as much as his attempt to draw you into foreign war for his benefit. . . .

Believe me, always,
Very sincerely and affectionately yours,
J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

3 KING'S BENCH WALK,
June 27, 1855.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

I don't know when I may have another half morning to myself, so I will begin at once a few lines to you. And first let me thank you, very sincerely, for the Wordsworth which came safe to hand. I have got for you the volume which you desire, but that will leave me still in your debt. Shall I get the *Prelude* in that same shape, making an eighth volume of that same edition, which is much the prettiest which has ever been published? I prefer myself the earlier and racier editions in point of readings. Wordsworth never knew when he had done well, and, to my taste, he spoiled the flavour of some of his very finest compositions by weak additions and alterations in later life. No man ought to touch the glowing inspirations of thirty and forty with the cold and timid hand of seventy or eighty, as he was fond of doing. The only man who could alter and alter, and always for the better was my great uncle S. T. C. He preserved his youthful fire and exquisite taste without any failure to his death, and it is a very curious thing to possess as I do, in the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, published anonymously about 1790 [1798], the first copies of many of Wordsworth's and Coleridge's finest pieces. They are very different from the present versions, and, I think, without an exception Wordsworth's first thoughts and Coleridge's last thoughts are uniformly the best. I wish poor Reed had felt himself at liberty to select a *text* for Wordsworth in America. His taste I think would have been an almost infallible guide, but, I suppose, reverence for the old bard made him adopt readings (in *Lao-damia*, for instance) which, I cannot but feel persuaded, his own sense of beauty would have led him to reject. . . . I don't agree with you in depreciating its appearance. It has been very much admired by us all as a bit of printing and paper and I think its whole "get up," as we call it, is very creditable, much better, I assure you, than the London single

volume. I think I delight in him and live by him more and more every year, and I cannot help believing that you will in time come to see what I seem to see very plainly, that he is next to Milton in our literature, the fifth great name—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton being the other four.

. . . Public affairs are, with us, in a very unfortunate and disjointed state. The Crimean war goes on with a greater amount of brilliancy and success than for some months past. The exploits in the sea of Azoff have something of the old English dash and spirit about them, and have made us look up a little again. But the cholera has got into the army before Sebastapol and the siege makes slow progress. Our general seems to have no plan and no capacity, and I am afraid he is too old to improve. But for his great connexions and our aristocratic way of doing things, he could have been recalled long ago. But our home Government is in a still more piteous condition. No one has any confidence in Lord Palmerston, and no one wishes him to remain in office as far as he is concerned. At the same time, no one knows who would succeed him, and all our other parties are unequal to forming an administration. Lord Derby cannot, certainly the Radicals cannot, at least, as yet, and Gladstone and his friends by their curious and, to me, unintelligible line about the war, have put themselves very much out of the question. "The world is out of joint," our world, at least, and we have not found the man "who is born to set it right." . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE *to* HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

26 PARK CRESCENT,
January 16, 1856.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

I should have answered your last letter long ago, but it found me in bed in the midst of a second attack from a fever which nearly put an end to me in the Long Vacation. . . . It seems presumptuous to speak of Providences, but I had an instance of God's mercy which I never can forget. I came home from abroad out of order, and was obliged to go off upon special business for a couple of days, being tempted by a fee beyond the common to break my vacation. And when I came home I found a request from Freshfields,¹

¹ Freshfields and Williams, solicitors to the Bank of England.

our great London house, to go to Paris to examine witnesses under a commission on behalf of the Bank of England. Though I didn't feel well, yet the large fee and the desire to see Paris, where I have never been, tempted me to say yes, and I was just starting when I received a countermand by telegraph to say that the Bank had settled the action. I was rather disgusted at the loss of my trip to Paris at the expense of the Bank, and of the fee also; and in two days afterwards I was in bed, in a very bad fever with congestion of the brain and lungs. If I had gone to Paris, humanly speaking, I *must* have died, for I should have struggled on with my work till it was too late, and should have had no one near me to look after me, a thing essential in a bad fever. It has been a great blow to me, of course, for it came just at the time when I had made a great start in the law, and to be nearly four months out of work is a serious thing in our jealous and striving profession. You know "Troilus and Cressida"—

Emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost.

—Act iii. scene ii.

. . . I will take care that you have the two volumes of Wordsworth you desire. I ought to have sent them by Mr. Yarnall, but I forgot it, but you shall have them without fail. I am afraid, like a better man than myself, poor Reed, I cannot help you to admire Wordsworth except by pointing out what I admire myself, which I daresay he did often enough. I do not remember the time when I did not admire him, and I feel a deeper gratitude and reverence to him and a larger delight in him every year of my life. I am not prepared to defend every line nor every poem he has ever written. *Dormitat aliquando*, I admit, like *bonus Homerus*. But *Resolution* and *Independence*, *The Ode on Immortality*, *Ruth*, *The Brothers*, *Michael*, the story of Margaret in the *Excursion*, as well as the two whole books in it called *Despondency Corrected*, and *The Churchyard among the Mountains*, seem to me the very noblest poetry. *Laodamia* and *The Ode on the Power of Sound* are glorious things too, and whole masses of *The Prelude*, though that is rather a dose, I admit (in its integrity) for a non-Wordsworthian. Those poems, however, which I have mentioned (and they are but a sample) I think a

person who admires any poetry *must* admire. Noble images, fine language, majestic verse, and often profound though clear thought—what would you have more? I think what I value in him above all is the truth and manliness of his writing. If he puts a thought before you as profound, it is profound: if he paints nature, it is as one who knows nature, and has studied and comprehended what he speaks about; and there is always about him a serene self-control and dignity which arises or seems to arise from a subdued and mastered power, and which is, to me, especially impressive. I find it delightful and refreshing to turn from the vague dreaming and bombastic rank of our current literature, with its sham nature and sham thought, to this calm grand old prophet who never shrieks or howls but vests his deepest enthusiasm in the language of reserve. And now I think you must repent having set me off upon Wordsworth. While I was ill, I read over again the poems of Gray, which I had not read for a long while, and all his letters in Mitford's edition. . . . I had no notion till I read these volumes how narrowly Gray escaped being a great *man*; a great *poet* in spite of the little he has left he certainly was. His learning, taste and accomplishments were quite extraordinary; and the beauty of his character and warmth of his heart which lay hid under a rather chilling exterior are, I think, now first brought fully into view. . . . Some of your writers—Prescott, Irving, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Longfellow, and Bryant—are as well known and as much read here, I daresay, as they are with you. But I could quite imagine that there may be a whole world, and one of much beauty and interest, in your literature of which we are utterly ignorant. It is a curious thing to consider how various are the chances of a foreign reputation—*e.g.*, Shakespeare is known and read immensely on the continent, Milton and, still more, Spenser are almost unknown—Spenser, I daresay, by name, even, to many well educated Frenchmen and Germans who read English and think they know our literature. Charles Lamb, I imagine, has hardly a reader out of England and America—the most original and unique (if uniqueness admits of degrees) of all the writers of this century. . . . There are two books which I should like to possess exceedingly—*The Federalist*,¹

¹ *The Federalist*: A collection of Essays written in favour of the new Constitution as agreed upon by the Federal Convention, September 17, 1787. Two vols., New York. Printed and sold by T. and A. M'Lean, No. 41 Hanover Square. M.DCC.LXXXVIII. (Title of

and some book by a Mr. Scholcraft on the subject of American Indian History and Antiquities, which, I think, your Government or Congress had printed. *The Federalist* is, I believe, unprocurable in England, at least I have tried in vain for it. It must be a very important volume, as containing the deliberate thoughts of some of the best Americans on the theory of Government. . . . I once heard Gladstone speak most highly of *The Federalist*, and I have always wished to see it. . . .

Always, my dear Binney,

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to ELLIS YARNALL.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,

August 17, 1856.

MY DEAR YARNALL,

Our papers are, all of a sudden, full of the affairs of your country, and there has been a great deal of the sort of comment you thought might possibly be useful upon your good men who are too shy or too refined to plunge, with any good will or real energy, into the vortex of politics. I hope I did not exceed your authority by printing good portions of your last letter to me in the *Guardian*, and by adding a little of my own thunder (borrowed second-hand from you) in the leading article. But I have been thinking of you very often of late, and now that my circuit is over, and I have the first leisure I have had since I began work again this year, I trouble you with a line. My sympathies are, where I suppose yours are in this Presidential contest, with Colonel Frémont,¹ but beyond a general and vague

first edition.) *The Federalist* is a collection of fugitive pieces, or essays, written to secure the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It was published anonymously, and the authorship has been a matter of controversy. But it is known that the essayists were Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Say.

¹ "The Republican party . . . put forward as its candidate for the presidency John C. Frémont (b. 1813), a young officer who had aided in the conquest of California. He declared that neither congress nor a territorial legislature, nor any individual or association of individuals had any authority 'to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory in which the present Constitution shall be maintained.' . . . He pronounced the argument of the Ostend circular to be 'the highway-

expression of such sympathy it is, of course, not wise for an Englishman to go, at least in public. All countries, but perhaps England and America more than others, look with suspicion upon a statesman who is very popular with, or supposed to be, in any degree, aided by foreign supporters. The notion of Cornwall Lewis spending money on a foreign election is, indeed, sufficiently grotesque, and has been well ridiculed by some of the American papers; but I have no doubt the people who set the absurd report afloat judged rightly in believing that they could not injure Colonel Frémont more than by getting it credited if possible. I see it stated that the central States and Pennsylvania amongst them will readily exercise a casting vote at this election. I do sincerely hope they will exercise it on the right side.

I hope (to go to another subject) that you have not been offended (if you have read it) by what I said in the *Guardian* [August 16] of Ruskin's last volume. Perhaps the increasing arrogance of his tone and the mischief which, it seems to me, his extending influence is doing has made me unjust; but I have tried to see both sides of him and to speak with the respect which is due to him and the moderation which is due to oneself. At the same time it seems really to be a duty, as far as I can, to resist an influence which is fast becoming so very pernicious. The beauties and impulsive eloquence of his writing, which no one can admire more heartily than I do, are almost provoking, because they perpetually remind one how much good he might do, and how very different, if he was commonly humble and considerate, he might be. I should rather like to know if you read it what you thought of a controversy on the subject of "Competition" which went on a little while ago between the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. I wrote the *Guardian* articles,¹ the second of which was

man's plea that might makes right.' . . . The Democratic candidates were elected. But the strength displayed by the Republicans was beyond measure startling. . . . Parties were to be henceforth both compact and sectionalised. One more administration [Mr. Buchanan's], and then the wind sown in 1854 shall have sprung into a whirlwind."—*Division and Reunion*, by Wodrow Wilson, 1893, pp. 191-192.

¹ In a leading article in the *Guardian* (June 18, 1856), J. D. Coleridge denounced and derided a proposal that the appointment of an architect for a church at Constantinople, to commemorate the soldiers who had fallen in the Crimea, should be left to the decision of a Committee consisting of Dean Peacock, Mr. Beresford

sharper than I like to be. . . . I am neither a proprietor nor conductor, but I have a great and old standing regard for some of those who are, and the very little my profession leaves me at liberty to do in the way of writing I always, if they wish it, place at their service. . . . On this particular subject of competition I have always had a strong opinion, and should really like to know yours if you took any interest in what was written about it.

I hope in the course of this vacation to do a little paper on the *Letters of Esther Reed*, and, if I can, upon Mr. Reed's (the Professor's) last book on Shakespeare, which we all here think admirable. I look with great interest for a volume from his papers on American Literature. No man was more competent to speak or could speak better, and it is a subject on this side of the water at present very imperfectly understood. . . .

I hope also to read the book you recommended in your last letter which I have not been able to look at yet. Struggle as he may I find that an English lawyer, if he has anything to do, must not expect to get much new matter beyond his legal books. It is well if he is educated before he gets work, for he has little chance of education afterwards.

I hope to write to Mr. Binney in a day or two. My father desires his respects to you. I wish I could show you this place and church. Poor Reed was much pleased with its perfect quiet and retirement. . . .

Yours always most truly,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

Hope and three others. "Conceive," he exclaims, "Phidias or Giotto or Michael Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren sending in anonymous designs for the adjudication of five gentlemen." The *Saturday Review*, June 28, came to the rescue of the Committee, traversing the implied contention that the great artists of Greece and Italy did not compete, and smiting the leader-writer between the joints of the harness. "In one quarter, not very influential as to its Art criticism, but of some weight with 'clerical readers,' we regret to observe a hasty and ill-considered . . . opposition of the principle of competition in architecture. We allude to an article in the *Guardian*, apparently written under a narrow influence. . . . This learned person," &c. Coleridge replied in an article (July 2) headed "Competition in Architecture." He did his best to make things unpleasant for the Saturday Reviewers. The "inwardness" of the controversy was that Coleridge was known to be pro-Butterfield in his architectural views, and that Mr. Beresford Hope and others were unsound as to this *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*.

ELLIS YARNALL to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5, 1856.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Your letter gives me so much pleasure that I begin at once a reply to it. I rejoice that you feel interest in the great struggle in which we are engaged in this country. . . . You do well then to watch the present contest, and your sympathy for those of us who are struggling for the success of liberal principles is well bestowed.

I have given myself to the cause with as much ardour as I am capable of, and there are very many around me who are like minded. Here, in Philadelphia, there is a great deal to be done: we are in one sense a pro-slavery community, for the influence of the money-getting spirit is very much opposed to the love of a wise liberty. Then, too, people of Southern birth are among us and there have been marriage connections, and there is neighbourhood, a sort of border feeling. And, as you say, timid and refined men are averse to entering into what they call politics. So we have a somewhat rough material to work with, and have to rely on influencing the masses. The election will show how far a love of truth and of justice has penetrated among our people. What you have said for the cause in the *Guardian* is timely and cannot fail to have its effect. There is, of course, a jealousy as to foreign interference, but you have uttered nothing that ought to arouse this feeling. We have been amused here at the *Times* thinking it necessary to contradict the story that Cornewall Lewis had furnished £100,000 to influence our elections. The story was not for a moment believed here—indeed, scarcely any one had ever heard of it until the *Times* leader appeared here. The whole matter was of a piece with the last year's story of the expedition to be gotten up in this country for the invasion of Ireland which the *Times* gravely published. The mistake the English people make is in judging of us by a single newspaper. A man must read or, at least, look over many of our journals before he can acquaint himself with the character of our people. But I admit the *Times* is generally well informed about us. In regard to this slavery question, the South is greatly excited: they are a fiery people and are not now in a condition to listen to reason. Their leaders have told them the North is refusing them their rights, and the story is believed—just the opposite being the case. The North is contending for the simplest and most elementary right, the right to settle peaceably

in a country which has been thrown open to emigration. The Southern leaders know well that the preponderance they have hitherto had in the Government will be lost if they do not succeed in getting possession of Kansas, and they are animated, in consequence, by an intense desire to compass the end by any means. But in the fury of their zeal they have overshot the mark : the North has at length been aroused and every day increases the excitement all over the Northern States. It is the one thought night and day of multitudes of people, this presidential contest. . . . I wish you could see one of our great political meetings, the sea of upturned faces, the cries, the enthusiasm, the fun, too, which is always intermingled. The body of our people, you know, are to a certain extent educated. We have not the dull peasant class you have in England. True, we cannot claim to be an enlightened community, we Pennsylvanians. The Germans we have among us are a stolid set, slow to apprehend an idea. But the accounts which come from the interior are cheering, and Frémont's chance for the state seems really a very good one now.

This excitement of the country is I believe a healthy one. Men feel that they are contending for a principle, that they are striving to hand on to their descendants that liberty which they have themselves inherited. In opposing slavery extension they consider that they are contending for morality and religion. It is good for a people to have to battle for a noble cause and such this assuredly is.

To speak of other things, I like your criticism of Mr. Ruskin's Fourth Volume. The book is a dull one, I admit, as a whole, though there is much that is beautiful in it. You have discriminated well in your remarks on it and all that you have written is very interesting to me. Still, I find it hard to think quite as you do of Ruskin. I can judge of him only from his books, and, somehow, I feel that a man's private character, his shortcomings, ought not to influence us as to what he writes. If he sees truth but does not act up to it, so much the worse for him. We may regret that such should be the case, but prize the teaching if it is true, nevertheless. I cannot help looking back with loving remembrance to the Third Volume of *Modern Painters*, the Second of the *Stones of Venice* and the *Seven Lamps*. What English prose is there which is grander, which has in it more of true poetry? I think of Jeremy Taylor as I read, and even Jeremy was wrong sometimes—

is not to be taken without exception. I may quote against you the *Coleridgean* rule that a work of art is not to be judged by its defects. . . .

We have a charming book from Emerson, *English Traits*. I have read only about half of it, but find it very entertaining. I make no doubt it will be published with you. I read with interest, though rather hastily, the "Competition" controversy to which you allude. I shall look at it again. I rather suspected at the time that you had a hand in it. I certainly thought the *Guardian* had the best of it. Here competition is almost the rule though I have known architects who refused to compete. I wish something could be done here to stop the use of iron for street architecture. We have most odious examples of it in this city, and I believe in New York. But true principles in regard to Architecture are gradually making their way here. . . .

I have no objection at all to your using any part of my letters at any time as you did the last one. I have no time now to write to Mr. Sharpe. My regards to him and to Mr. Bernard.

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

ELLIS YARNALL.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to ELLIS YARNALL.

3 KING'S BENCH WALK,

December 15, 1856.

MY DEAR YARNALL,

I dare say you are right in saying that I owe you a letter, for I have become a busy man and was always a lazy one.

I don't know whether Binney will have shown you any portion of my last letter to him. In case he has I do not repeat all I said to him therein except this, that you cannot easily conceive the heartfelt rejoicing I had in finding that you and he had taken so strong a part for Frémont. I was sure from your former letters that you would. Perhaps I ought to have been sure of him, but after the letters I have seen from Mr. Wharton I feel sure of no one on this subject. . . . As to my own letters, you do me too much honour in printing a syllable of them, but I write to you frankly and in confidence as I know from experience that you will publish nothing which I should care to keep concealed. As to publishing *anything* (good or bad) which comes from an Englishman you must be the best judge of

its wisdom. I can have not the least objection to your letting me contribute a feather's weight to the scale of what I think truth and justice and religion. If it does you any good that it should be known that scarcely an educated or religious man in England but feels, heart and soul, with you, and looks with horror and loathing upon the slavery and slave trade (for it is a trade) of America, pray make it known. Perhaps honest opinion, if it comes not in the shape of attempted dictation, but simply as the expression of one friend's mind in England to his friend in America may be not without its weight. You will see in this week's *Guardian* a letter from a Mr. Evans¹ of Baltimore which is really amazing. Only that all this afternoon I have been worked off my legs, I think I should have exploded in the same paper upon it. The things which Mrs. Stowe makes clergymen say in her books, and which are so bad that they seem incredible, and are, in fact, disbelieved here, are asserted by Mr. Evans *bond fide*, and with a simplicity which upon a less horrible subject would be amusing. How much there is in hardihood of assertion! This wretched man has, I suppose, all his life asserted, till he really believes, that God Incarnate sanctioned fathers selling their children into prostitution, masters considering fellow men and women as beasts to breed from—denying them marriage, crushing their affections, destroying souls and bodies together. And that miserable shuffle of "Providential arrangement"—as if because the longanimity of God is infinite, all sin and wickedness were pleasing to Him! Why was it not a providential arrangement that George III. should do as he pleased with your ancestors? Or that Leo X. should sell his indulgences throughout Europe? Or that the Cities of the Plain should defile themselves with all abominations? . . . This matter takes hold of me more than I can say. I am afraid I bore all my friends to death with it, and, if I were American, I think I should never rest till I got the subject

¹ A letter written by Hugh Davey Evans, of Baltimore, published in the *Guardian*, December 10, 1856, maintains that "Slavery is an existing institution, developed in the course of God's providential government, and is now fully established. . . . There existed in the days of our Blessed Saviour a system of slavery far worse than our negro slavery really is, and, perhaps, even worse than it has been represented to be. Yet neither He, nor His Apostles, nor the successors of the Apostles, ever made any direct attack upon slavery."

properly set before my countrymen. Mr. Evans's letter makes me hopeless. It is so moderate and respectable, so perfectly self-satisfied, so utterly calm and gentleman-like and reasonable; not angry, not at all, not irritated, but severely superior to the passion and prejudice of the subject, and seeing how foolish and hot and unjust all anti-slavery people are. Well, well! It is no use to be in a passion, certainly, especially for an English lawyer who lives away from slavery and hears of it and *can* know of it only in a dim far-away kind of fashion, doing injustice, likely enough, from necessary ignorance and unnecessary laziness and apathy. I hope you saw in the midst of your conflict my little notice¹ of Mrs. Esther Reed and that you did not dislike it. I was charmed with the book, and I mean, some day or other, to get and read her husband's *Memoirs* which, if they are as well done as the wife's Memoir, must be very interesting. We know so little in this country of the characters and deeds of the men of that time, your heroic age. The truth is, it is not a pleasant study for an Englishman, and few of us who cling to the old Tory prejudices feel that we are beaten—none of us, indeed, do not feel mortified and indignant at the folly and disgrace which were the result of the counsels of our pigheaded king and his incompetent and lazy ministers. In all fights, of course, there is not an absolute monopoly of truth and virtue on one side, and the Americans, like the rest of the world, were very mixed metal; but there were some noble fellows among them, and the more I read of Washington the more he seems to me a man of whom the greatest and best nations in the world might well have been proud. By the way, do you know a curious fact about Washington and his armorial bearings—that they are the stars and stripes of your national flag? One has often heard him accused of pride and aristocratic notions and so forth, but it is curious that he should have made his arms the flag of the Union. He was of a north country family who had come from Cumberland (I think) to Northamptonshire. At all events, in a church in Northamptonshire several of his family lie buried and on all their tombstones, sure enough, are the stars and stripes to be seen to this hour. Perhaps you knew this, but when I heard it, it was new to me and seemed a curious and characteristic fact. If you care about it I daresay I could get you a proper blazoning of them.

¹ *Guardian*, November 12, 1856.

This has been a very graceful and kindly act of your Government sending home the *Resolute*, and I hope it will be met in a proper and cordial spirit. The Queen is to go on board, I understand, and to show all the attention she can to the captain and crew. Is there any chance of our seeing you once again in England? The prospect of any visit to America for me is exceedingly remote, much as I should enjoy it. The Long Vacation is the only time I have to give and I believe that is a bad time to come to America. But at present I am engaged on a commission in the New Forest, which very much shortens my only available vacation, and, next year, I expect to be in the midst of taking and furnishing a house and to have no surplus capital for pleasure of any kind. Still I live in hopes, if fogs and icebergs do not drown me on the way, of, some day, taking you and Binney by the hand in your American homes; and there is nothing (hardly even Rome itself) which I more wish to see than some of your great cities, and the magnificent lakes and rivers on which they stand. I was very much amused the other day going down on the Great Western Railway with a very pleasant American at his surprise at the *size* of things here. We crossed the Thames two or three times just beyond Reading, and he asked me what river it was. I told him the Thames. "The Thames?" he said, with a look of astonishment. I said, "Yes, you seem surprised. What surprises you?" "Well," he said, "it certainly is *very* small!" And so, I suppose, everything does look except our cities.

I know you are a great reader of Ruskin and therefore must be a great admirer of Turner. I wish you could see the grand collection of his paintings which are being now by degrees displayed to us or rather *not* displayed but hung up in the dark for us at Marlborough House. They are a grand set of pictures, some extravagant, no doubt, but all beautiful and some absolute perfection in my eyes—as far as I can see, the *ne plus ultra* of Art. Don't you think as a Ruskin-worshipper you ought to cross the Atlantic to see them? Good-bye for the present; I won't be so long without writing again. If you knew how I value your letters you would feel that they are sure of a cordial welcome whenever they come. My kindest regards to Binney when you see him.

Yours always most sincerely,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to ELLIS YARNALL,

NEW FOREST COMMISSION, RINGWOOD,
Wednesday in Holy Week [April 8], 1857.

MY DEAR YARNALL,

I take the opportunity of a spare afternoon at this place to write you a line.

I am just finishing Olmstead¹ which I have read with the greatest interest. He quite gives me the notion of a truthful man, and, though not, exactly, a picturesque or lively writer, he affords the materials for a picture, and by his literalness and abundant detail seems to set the life of the Southern States very clearly before the mind. I can't tell how others may find his work, but, to me, the whole subject of slavery, and, especially, American slavery has an absorbing and undying interest. I have seldom read any book with so much zest. I think I realised the life of Louisiana and Virginia pretty well before from other books; I mean there is less which startles and surprises me, in his details, as to those two States, but the aristocratic barbarism (for such it really is) of the Carolinas and Georgia takes me very much aback. I had no notion of such a state of society in any of the old parts of America. I imagine such a book as this, however, will have little effect even upon those who read it in the South. Our own Corn Law disputes demonstrate the futility of arguing with a dominant class against an institution to the maintenance of which they consider themselves pledged. The material prosperity of England has been enormously increased by their abolition, and the farmers and the landlords have seldom been more prosperous than now, and yet, to this very hour, amongst a large class of aristocrats the memory of Sir R. Peel is held in utter detestation, and, I suppose, nothing short of coercion, the terror of an actual outbreak, carried the abolition when it was carried. Your slaveholders have more directly and individually

¹ Frederic Law Olmstead, b. April 26, 1822, was Secretary of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, 1861-1863. He was one of the designers of the public parks of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, &c. Mr. Morley in a foot-note to his chapter on the American Civil War (*Life of Gladstone*, 1903, ii. 71) advises "the reader to turn to F. L. Olmstead's *Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom* (1861), and *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States*, 1856—as interesting a picture of the South on the eve of its catastrophe, as Arthur Young's picture of France on the eve of the revolution."

J. D. Coleridge reviewed Olmstead's work on the Slave States in the *Guardian*, June 11, 1857.

to lose by abolition than our landlords had in the case of Protection, and to tell them that in the end they will be much better off is to preach to deaf ears. However, God is God and slavery is wicked, and I never can believe but that in, His own time, He will make men see it. One way of making them see this, of course, is to convince men that it is also wasteful and impolitic. What I *don't* quite understand is the passive acquiescence of the poor whites in the slave states. Slavery injures them so very distinctly and so very much, that they must be fatuous, one would think, not to have insisted long ago on its abolition—gradual and safe if you please.

I have run on so fast and so far that I have scant room for anything else. You will rejoice I am sure in the reversal of Lushington's judgment in the St. Barnabas case by the Privy Council. I am sorry for the judgment as to the altar, and I think it was a craven judgment as to the lace on the white cloths, though this is a very unimportant matter; but I am thankful that the cross has been legalised, and the indirect effect of the judgment in sanctioning a fair amount of liberty and in discouraging Puritan intolerance may be *very* important. I hope it may not be without its effect on the Denison case.

I will write you again about other matters. But I now conclude as I began with urging you to write and tell me you will come and stay with us at Heath's Court in August.

Yours always,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

RINGWOOD,

Thursday in Holy Week, April 9, 1857.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

. . . Did I or did I not thank you for the Washington? I meant to do so, but if I did not it must have seemed very unthankful. It shall be duly honoured and treasured by me, and when you next come to England you shall see that no American could pay his portrait more unfeigned respect or treasure his handwriting with greater care. If I did not thank you when I last wrote I do so now most heartily. I have got together a few things of my own which I shall send you as you care for them, and the *Prelude*, and a volume just published of Wordsworth's earlier poems with all the first readings in it—a book to me of great literary

interest and almost without a single dull or commonplace poem in it. Do read "Laodamia" in it, and note the exquisite stanza¹ at the end, which is put into a note and which, originally, formed part of it. The ultra-Wordsworthian, I believe, does not think much of this poem. To me it is one of the noblest and most majestic compositions in our tongue. You shall have a bit of Keble's writing certainly, and I will add one or two more in which you may take an interest. . .

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

26 PARK CRESCENT,

Easter Monday [April 13], 1857.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

Having written to you but a few days ago from Ringwood I should not have troubled you so soon again but that when I came home . . . I found your books here and it would be very ungrateful to delay sending you my thanks for them. . . France and America have sacrificed each a chosen spirit at the tomb of our fine and gentle sailor Franklin. Bellot and Kane² were worthy compeers, and,

¹ The last stanza in the edition of 1815 ran thus:

" Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved !
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed ;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time,
And these frail elements—to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

See the *Earlier Poems of William Wordsworth*. . . . With Preface and Notes showing the Text as it stood in 1815. By William Johnston. London, 1857, p. 144, *note*.

In Lord Coleridge's copy of this volume there is a pencil heading to the Preface, "*Celtic*, August 19, 1883." He was then on the voyage to America. On the last page, p. 445 (a note to the "Ode"), he wrote in pencil, "New York, October 1, 1883." He had read through the volume in the "cars," and in intervals of luncheons, receptions and banquets. But, wherever he went, a volume of Wordsworth was close at hand—"near or not far off."

² J. R. Bellot, *b.* Paris, March 18, 1826—took part in the Kennedy Expedition in search of Franklin in 1851. He afterwards joined Inglesfield and disappeared August 13, 1853, probably driven by the wind into a crevasse.

E. H. Kane, American explorer, *b.* February 3, 1820; *d.* February

both of them, not at all unlike the Englishman they strove to succour. What a history it is! Superhuman heroism and great intellect apparently thrown away! And, yet, not so, in the highest sense, though practically the result is, perhaps, trifling enough. Your last contribution to our literature is amusing. Miss Bacon writing a grave book to prove that Sir W. Raleigh and Lord Bacon¹ wrote Shakespeare! and Hawthorne writing a preface to it, which, I think, is a solemn quiz, though the world in general takes it quite *au sérieux*. . . I wish I could see you, once more, either here or in America. I could find it in my heart, as Dogberry says, to inflict all my tediousness on you. Happily for you the paper declines any more.

Always yours affectionately,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

26 PARK CRESCENT,
Innocents' Day [December 28], 1857.

MY DEAR YARNALL,

My father's eldest brother,² the head of our family, an excellent hard-working clergyman in Devonshire, died quite suddenly on Christmas Day. It is a great affliction to us all, to my father most of all, for it leaves him much the oldest and, almost, the only one in his own generation, and is a severing of a lifelong affection stronger and deeper even than is the wont of brothers. To me, too, it is a very great loss. Though an old man he was young-hearted, full of life and interest, overflowing with kindly fun and humour and, yet, one of the best and noblest persons I ever knew. His approbation was a thing delightful to obtain. . . . "What will he think of this?" "I shall ask him about this." Such sentences were constantly in my mind about him, and it is a *great* sorrow to have such a friend and comfort taken from one. I am, too, sensible that I am getting past

16, 1857. He accompanied, as ship's doctor, the expeditions in search of Franklin, 1850-1852, and 1853-1855. See *Narrative of the Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*, 1854; and *Second Grinnel Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*, 1856.

¹ More than thirty years after the date of this letter, Lord Coleridge was one of the guests at a literary breakfast, when the conversation turned on this "unspeakable" controversy. It was interrupted by Coleridge gravely asking his host for—"another slice of Shakespeare"!

² The Reverend James Duke Coleridge, Rector of Thorverton, and Prebendary of Exeter.

the gristle and hardening into bone, and that it is but slowly and with difficulty that new friendships are formed in middle life. I should like you to have known my uncle ; you would be able to understand my feelings, and, besides, you would have seen a first-rate specimen of the old-fashioned clergyman. He was very active in all church work, had a stall in Exeter Cathedral, and a large living on the vale of the Exe, and, to the end of his days, there was no more vigorous parish priest and very few better preachers. Though he had been a preacher for forty years he never, even to the last, preached in the Cathedral without the building being crammed to hear him. Well, as Keble says, our store grows in Paradise, if only we can so live as to meet those who make it in that blessed country. . . .

I get but little literature now, and begin to fear I shall ossify in mind, in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Besides Charlotte Brontë, whose life I have but just accomplished, and Dr. Livingstone's *Africa*, which is very interesting, I have been taking a course of American reading. Reed's two *Lectures on the Union*¹ I am just concluding : like everything I ever read of his full of grace and right feeling and beautifully written, but I don't think they are equal to his purely literary and philosophical writings. I have, also, been reading with attention a great deal of the works of Poe, one of your most original and remarkable writers. He was a scoundrel, to be sure, and, yet, he writes with pure masculine taste and severity, and a great deal of his writing is unlike anything else. His imagination is ghastly and *uncomfortable*, to use a homely word, but he writes English so well and is so fresh and uncommon that I cannot help against my own judgment being fascinated with him. Bryant till lately I knew only in selections. I have been reading him *in extenso* with great delight. He and Poe seem to me both very much ahead of Longfellow in power and originality, though the English popularity of Longfellow is extraordinary, and the other two men have not, I think, as yet much hit our public. I want to know more of your literature and shall be very much obliged for any hints as to American reading which you will give me.

¹ *Two Lectures on the History of the American Union*, Philadelphia, 1856. A notice in the *Athenæum*, 1856, p. 1402, applauds "the noble ardour" which inspires these lectures, and the author's sympathy with his country—"almost as fervent as a prayer, in behalf of the Republic he loved and to the service of which he devoted his generous and honourable life."

I must stop, however. Don't quite give me up though I have been a very bad fellow in not writing to you. You would not if you knew what a true pleasure your friendship is to me and how highly I value it.

Yours always most truly,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

WESTERN CIRCUIT, TAUNTON,
Palm Sunday [March 28], 1858.

MY DEAR YARNALL,

I have not time for a proper answer to your letter, but I must seize a moment to say how much I thank you for telling me of your intended marriage and how heartily I congratulate you upon it. . . .

Thank you very much for the last American paper you sent me with Mr. Seward's speech¹ in it. I have read it and so have several of my friends on this circuit with the greatest pleasure. It is a noble speech, and, though like most American speaking, rather too set for English tastes, it is a speech I think which none but a very considerable man could have made. *O si sic omnes!* Of course I had often heard of him but I don't know that I ever before read (except in the brief abstracts which the *Times* furnishes) any composition of his. It gives me a very high idea of him, and makes me hope that in spite of present disadvantages a cause which has such men as him for its supporters and which is supported in such a spirit must win in the end. Meanwhile the same mail brings an account of the resumption of the slave *trade* by Louisiana. I suppose I can't see things as I ought, or that there must be many things which I can't see at all, for these measures and this system seem to me so very wicked that I can't understand how there should be two opinions about them among decent Christian men. But I will not repeat thoughts which you know too well already. Only I will say that I feel with shame and sorrow that Lord Palmerston winking at the French Emperor's proceedings the other day may have given an impulse to the evil trade which half a century will not undo again.

I am glad you like Hawthorne and that I in any way led you to him. He is the fashion *now*, but I knew him years

¹ The "irrepressible conflict" speech—in which Seward prophesied that the United States must and would, "sooner or later, become either a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labour nation."

ago when he was not the fashion, for which I plume myself a little. I will certainly, when I can, get hold of Motley and read him on your recommendation. I am not a *very* great admirer of Prescott, though he is a pleasant and interesting writer. From what you say I would imagine Motley to be a man of much greater calibre. Don't trouble yourself if it is the least inconvenient to you, but if you could bring over to me Griswold's¹ collections of American writers (there are two or three books I think—American Poets, American Female Writers and, I think, one other), and, if they are not very large and cumbersome for you, I should be much obliged. And there are two little books which I should very much like—*The Spirit Bride*, or some such title, by Maria del Occidente,² a poem much praised by Southey and Coleridge, and the American collection of Præd's³ poems (*Lillian and Other Poems* I think is the title). This last, you know, is contraband, but, as you smuggled Wordsworth for me, I daresay if you put your name on to it it will pass well enough. There is *no* collection of Præd in this country, which is really the reason why I want it. Now, you know, you're not to trouble yourself the least.

God bless you and make you and your wife happy. Excuse the haste and scrawl of this.

Yours always,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

¹ The Reverend Rufus Wilmot Griswold, D.D., 1815–1857, published, *inter alia*, *The Curiosities of American Literature, The Poets and Poetry of America*, 1842, and *The Female Poets of America*, 1848.

² Maria Brooks, 1795–1845, whom Southey called Maria del Occidente, was the daughter of a Welshman named Gowen. She passed the spring of 1831 as Southey's guest at Greta Hall. The first canto of *Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven*, was published at Boston in 1825, and the whole work in London in 1833. "The poem," writes Southey, "is, in the foundation, the story of Tobias's and Raguel's daughter. Yet it is a most original composition, highly fanciful, and passionate in the highest degree. There is a song in the last canto . . . far, very far superior to Sappho's celebrated Ode."—See Letters to Edward Moxon, April 21, 1831, and to Mrs. Bray, October 13, 1833 (*Selections from the Letters of R. Southey*, 1856, iv. 215, 361).

³ Dr. Griswold edited for Redfield, New York, a collection of Præd's *Poems*, in 1852, which was re-issued in 1856 and 1858. See Preface, p. 10, to *Poetical Works* of Winthrop Mackworth Præd, 2 vols., 1860.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,

October 5, 1858.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

. . . Your date (*Lenni*, Delaware Co.) interested me not a little. Why, my dear fellow, I used to know the *Last of the Mohicans* almost by heart when I was a boy at Eton, and your doubtful allusion to Cooper amused me not a little. I used vigorously to contend with my father that Cooper was as fine as Sir W. Scott, and used to think it mere English prejudice in him that he wouldn't admit it. He used quietly to say that when I got older I should agree with him, at which I used to fume. I don't mean to say that I do now think Cooper as great as Sir Walter or even a great man at all—but he is certainly a very clever fellow, and though I don't suppose his Red Indian is true, it is a fine consistent convention and his border-hunter is good—and I can read even his later and weaker works with a certain pleasure, and some of his earlier ones, especially the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Pioneers*, and the *Prairie*, seem still very fine to me. That is a grand scene where Uncas puts himself at the head of the Lenni Lenapes and fights Magua and the Hurons. I daresay you are right about American literature in general. All I maintain is that you hardly recognise sufficiently the few undoubted men of genius and power you have amongst you. I really think Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, and Reed first-rate writers. Longfellow, whom the English generally admire so much, I cannot abide, to speak strongly. Except a dreamy elegance and a power of adroit compilation he has nothing interesting to me.

I was heartily glad at the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph, and I thought the messages that passed between the Queen and the President very good on both sides. The Queen's unfortunately reached you in a very bald and broken shape, and I do not wonder it seemed dry and poor for the occasion. I suppose the whole of it was finally transmitted or at all events reached you in the *Times*, so you would see what the intention had been. The sudden disruption of it is certainly sufficiently mortifying but was quite to be expected. I daresay as there were many failures before a wire was laid, so many wires will have to be laid before the communication is regularly established. But it has been shown to be possible, and, now, neither old nor new world will be satisfied without it. And if there is much

steady communication I do trust war will become impossible, and the little tiffs which now and then disturb our peace will cease to happen. It delights me to find you and Yarnall and other sensible men speak as you do about the feeling towards this country. I only hope you fairly represent your people. It may not be long before the dear old island has to call on all friends of liberty to help her in a struggle for life or death. It will not come before Louis Napoleon thinks it for his interest; the moment that he does he will try his hand at us. And the Indian news still makes us uneasy. It will be years before we can do without a large European army there, and the country will be terribly strained to keep up force enough for all our wide possessions. . .

Ever affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to HORACE BINNEY, JUNIOR.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,
September 15, 1859.

MY DEAR BINNEY,

Helps says, in his new series of *Friends in Council*, that almost all letters between friends begin with excuses on the part of the writer for not having written sooner. I think, but for that observation of Helps', which I thought of when I sat down to write, I should have followed the general rule. As it is, I am nobly resolved to set custom at defiance.

Well, then, to begin at the end, we all thank you in general and I thank you in particular for introducing Mr. Clay to us.¹ He more than justified all you said of him in your letter to me. . . . We found him a thorough gentleman, full of taste and ability, and with manners delightfully genial and hearty, with just that dash of nationality which, I think, makes a man only more pleasant, by making him racy and individual. He was "a great success" here, I assure you, and the oftener he can come, and the more such men you can send us the better we shall be pleased. You are lucky fellows in Philadelphia if you have many more such to send. . . . I should like you to have been with us the other day in our Cornish tour. The land is so *old*, the people so original, the whole look of things so simple and quaint that you would have been delighted. And I have never

¹ Joseph Ashmead Clay, *d.* 1881, father of Mr. Cecil Clay, Chief Clerk of the U.S. Department of Justice.

seen the sea and the sea-coast at all as I saw it there. The serpentine formation of the Lizard is singularly beautiful in colour and texture, and the rocks are far finer than the common chalk, or red rock, or, even, limestone of our coasts. Tol Pedn Penwith,¹ a glorious cliff, and the Land's End are of the still sublimer rock granite, and we saw them under a bright sun with a stiff breeze and at high springtide, the waves coming in unbroken from you, and having a weight, dignity and majesty about them such as I could not have conceived. The granite goes down sheer into the water, from 250 to 300 feet *perpendicular*, and the great waves rose up and fell as clear as crystal, bright green in their curve, and breaking into foam, so white as to dazzle sometimes, with a boom like a cannon and always with a strength which anything less than granite or serpentine would give way before. The very spray rose in clouds slowly and statelily, not like our short and angry channel seas but (as it was) the real Ocean, the Earth's antagonist. I suppose it really does come from America, for in a little cove [Kynance Cove] about a mile from the Land's End, where there is some soft white sand, there are found specimens of a delicate purple shell known to be American and believed not to be English—at least it has never been found here except *empty*. After the Land's End we made our way to Boscastle and Tintagel, what Tennyson calls "wild Dundagil by the Cornish Sea" [*Guinevere*], a grand and most imaginative place which I had never seen. I don't know whether Arthur ever was there, but he may have been, for the ruins are of the most massive and primitive kind, and seem to grow out of the grand cliffs on which they stand. A good deal of what remains is probably Saxon, and, it may be, British, for what any one can really tell about it. I wish I had you for a summer here and could show you the heart of the West. I daresay other parts of England are more interesting: I know some are more beautiful, but there is a peculiar character about this peninsula, which you cannot find elsewhere. It is *English*, yet with a certain dash of old-world Celticism unlike England and not like Wales or Ireland. . . . I am very glad you and Mr. Binney liked what I wrote about Mr. Buckle. I had very little time to do it, for I was unusually busy, but it has been very well received, and I have had the comfort of feeling that

¹ That is the *Holed Headland in Penwith*, which derives its name from the *Funnel Rock*, a deep, well-like chasm.—Murray's *Handbook, Devon and Cornwall*, 1872, p. 462.

good has in some measure come out of it, and several persons for whose opinions I care very much, such as Arthur Stanley and Goldwin Smith, seem to think it may open people's eyes to the character of Mr. Buckle and the value of his assertions. I suppose outrageous paradox, if put forward with a certain degree of ability always has, for the time, the better of quiet and humdrum truth, and certain it is that, with many persons, Froude, Buckle, Ruskin, and such writers, seem to go down more, in proportion to the insolent audacity of their assertions, and the ignorance of their paradoxes. I wish I could think I had been able in this indirect fashion to do some little good, for it was a great bore to have to fight, and my dear father was more annoyed about it all than I liked to see him. . . .

Your very affectionate

J. D. COLERIDGE.

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to ELLIS YARNALL.

YATTON, *October 1, 1859.*

MY DEAR YARNALL,

I hope this present squabble in the far West will not alienate England and America. It would be a miserable business to go to war for such a matter. Your men seem to have been very precipitate and aggressive. I only trust neither side has by this time gone too far to recede with dignity and leave the matter either to negotiation or arbitration. I remember being much struck by what you said at my father's house in Park Crescent as to the help that America would give us if there arose real danger of our independence being lost. I believe really that Jonathan would not like to see John killed, though, may be, he wouldn't mind seeing him worried a bit; but, if Jonathan actually goes into the ring with John, I don't know what he would say if John was at the same moment assailed in the rear. However, I do pray that the wise and religious men of both nations will do their utmost to avert such a world-wide calamity as the two free nations of mankind endeavouring to injure and ruin one another to the certain ultimate injury of both. I won't believe such a thing till it actually takes place. I say nothing of the merits of the case because I don't understand them, and we might not agree. *A priori*, I always believe, like a true John Bull, that we are in the right in these things, and that the Monroe Doctrine is a sort of suppressed premise in most American reasonings on territorial questions.

To turn to a pleasanter matter, you know you sometimes say (which makes me smile) that I have, before now, shown you an American writer whom you did not know. Do let me, in truth, show you a Philadelphian gentleman whom you ought to know, but whom you do not. Binney sent me a letter of introduction by a Mr. Clay, a leading barrister amongst you, whom he spoke most warmly of and whom we were happy enough to get to our Devonshire home for a day or two. We were charmed with him and, in talking over mutual American friends, I found he did not know you except by name and reputation. It's a cool thing for an Englishman to introduce a couple of Philadelphians to each other, but, now, do get to know Mr. Clay. . . . If the Great Eastern answers and I get made a Queen's Counsel so as to have my vacation to myself, I certainly will come and look you up. I want to come in old Mr. Binney's lifetime in order to see him, and, yet, I find it difficult to leave home while my own dear father and mother live, for they cling to their children and cannot bear now they are old to lose the only time of my holiday in the year. However I must come to America some day and try the personal long-suffering of my Transatlantic friends. I want to come, too, before every bit of heart and freshness is dried out of me by the law. I get no reading now, and I understand what people mean by professional narrowness and want of education. Tennyson, however, has been a real delight to me. Of course you have read him. I think his book quite a revival of his powers of art at any rate; and art and grace have always seemed to me his characteristics rather than thought or invention. He always does best upon an old theme round which he can twine the lovely flowers of his song till, perhaps, he almost hides it in beautiful chaplets, which, yet, would have no support but for that which another has furnished to them. Noble and lofty as his new volume is, . . . it is not like Wordsworth. It does not add to one's store of thought and open, as it were, new fields to one as even the dullest and least exquisite of Wordsworth's poems always do, yet he and Longfellow (!) are supplanting Wordsworth here, and of the two I think Longfellow is the most popular. It marks a point in life that the generation now at school and college no longer look on Wordsworth and Walter Scott as contemporary—no longer feed upon them and are educated by them. I fear Dickens and Tennyson will hardly beget such a *mascula proles* as Scott and Wordsworth. But it may be that I am getting "elderly," as a man called me the other day. By the way, do you care

to have a book of Wordsworth's? I bought a few little ones with his handwriting in them, and could get you some if you care to have them. Well, it is something to be able to say "Virgilium vidi"—the next man to Milton in the noblest literature since Adam.

Always affectionately yours,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

ELLIS YARNALL to JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

PHILADELPHIA, *November 7, 1859.*

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Your letter gave me the sincerest pleasure. I am sure no one on this side of the water read with more lively interest than I did your answer to Buckle, nor could any one have felt warmer indignation that your father should have been assailed by such a man. I received the copy of your reply you sent me. . . . You will allow me to say that I know nothing of the sort in modern English literature that surpasses it. Southey's letter to William Smith and the one to Lord Byron I do not consider more successful. You had enormous provocation, and, yet, were not betrayed into language in the least degree undignified or unbecoming. I must add that it was a prodigious satisfaction to me that Buckle should thus get his deserts. . . .

I must just add that I was foolish enough to send for Buckle's rejoinder and that to me it appeared weak and *whining* to the last degree. Enough of this. Thanks for your father's "Lecture" which reached me to-day and which I have read here in my quiet country home with lively pleasure. Before me on the wall is the little print of Ottery St. Mary Church you were so good as to send me, which ever reminds me of you. I wish I could have heard the lecture; but my Park Crescent recollections are very precious to me and I will hope that yet again I may enjoy intercourse with one for whom I feel such grateful reverence. I turned to-day by accident to a letter of Southey's to your father on the occasion of his marriage. I had read it before but it was long ago.

I received a short time ago Matthew Arnold's pamphlet on the Italian Question, which seems to me the most vigorous writing on that subject we have yet had. Mr. Binney the elder's comment on it after reading my copy is this: "A charming pamphlet, reflective, full of thought, and of the

best political philosophy; full also of his father's genial heart and bold spirit."

You will wonder at my delaying to speak of the Harper's Ferry¹ matter. So much has been written on the subject that one hesitates to multiply words upon it, exciting though every detail has been. The question now is whether or no John Brown will be hung. Here at the North the sympathy with the brave old man is intense. Of course he did wrong and perhaps made up his mind to the consequences before he began. His bearing has been very fine on his trial and since. It will be a great mistake on the part of Virginia if Brown is hung. He becomes thenceforth a martyr, and there will be multitudes ready, in one way or other, to avenge him. To the old man in his present exalted condition it can matter little whether or no his life ends now, but there will be a feeling of horror throughout the North on the day of his execution, should such be his fate, which no death under legal sentence has ever before caused in this country.

Many thanks for your introduction to Mr. Clay. I had introduced myself to him, however, some weeks before receiving your letter. I had just seen your letter to Binney in which you speak of him, and knowing he was fresh from Ottery St. Mary's I could not delay a moment greeting him.

You speak of the Rydal Mount books. I had a commission

¹ "In 1859 John Brown [of Connecticut] left Kansas, and in July 1859 settled near Harper's Ferry, Virginia, with the mad purpose of effecting, if possible, a forcible liberation of slaves of the South, by provoking a general insurrection. On October 17, at the head of less than twenty followers, he seized the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and hastened to free as many negroes, and arrest as many white men as possible before making good his retreat, with an augmented following, as he hoped, to the mountains. Caught before he could withdraw by the arrival of a large force of militia, he was taken. A speedy trial followed and the inevitable execution followed on December 2. His plan had been one of the maddest folly, but his end was one of singular dignity. He endured his trial and execution with manly, even with Christian fortitude."—*Division and Reunion*, 1829-1889, by Wodrow Wilson, 1893, p. 202.

Is it necessary to remind the modern reader that one of the great war songs of the world which helped to make a nation, ran somewhat thus:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
His soul goes marching on"?

out for the purchase of a few of them. They have just reached me. Also a pair of Wordsworth's spectacles!

Believe me,

Ever yours faithfully,

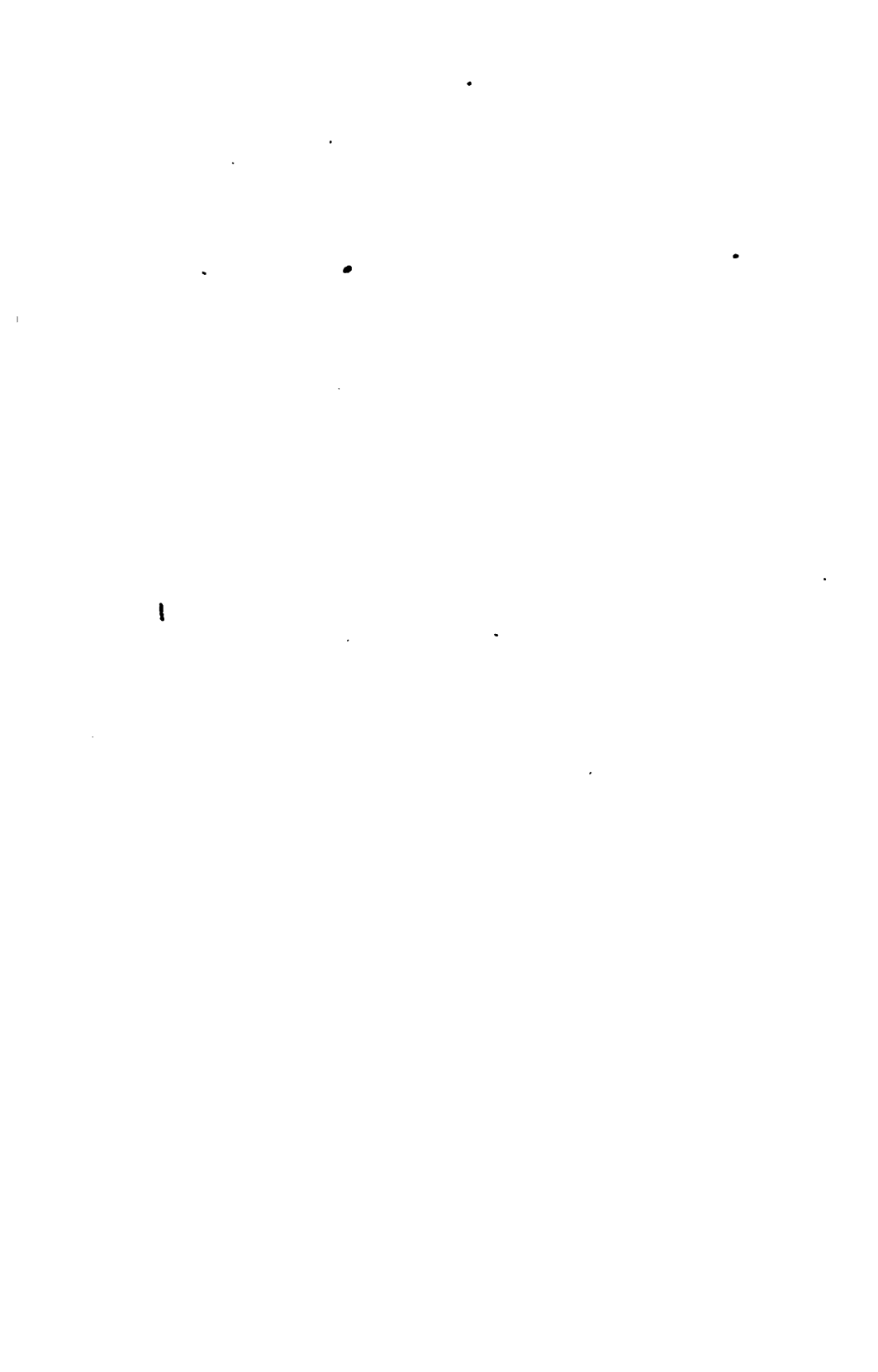
ELLIS YARNALL.

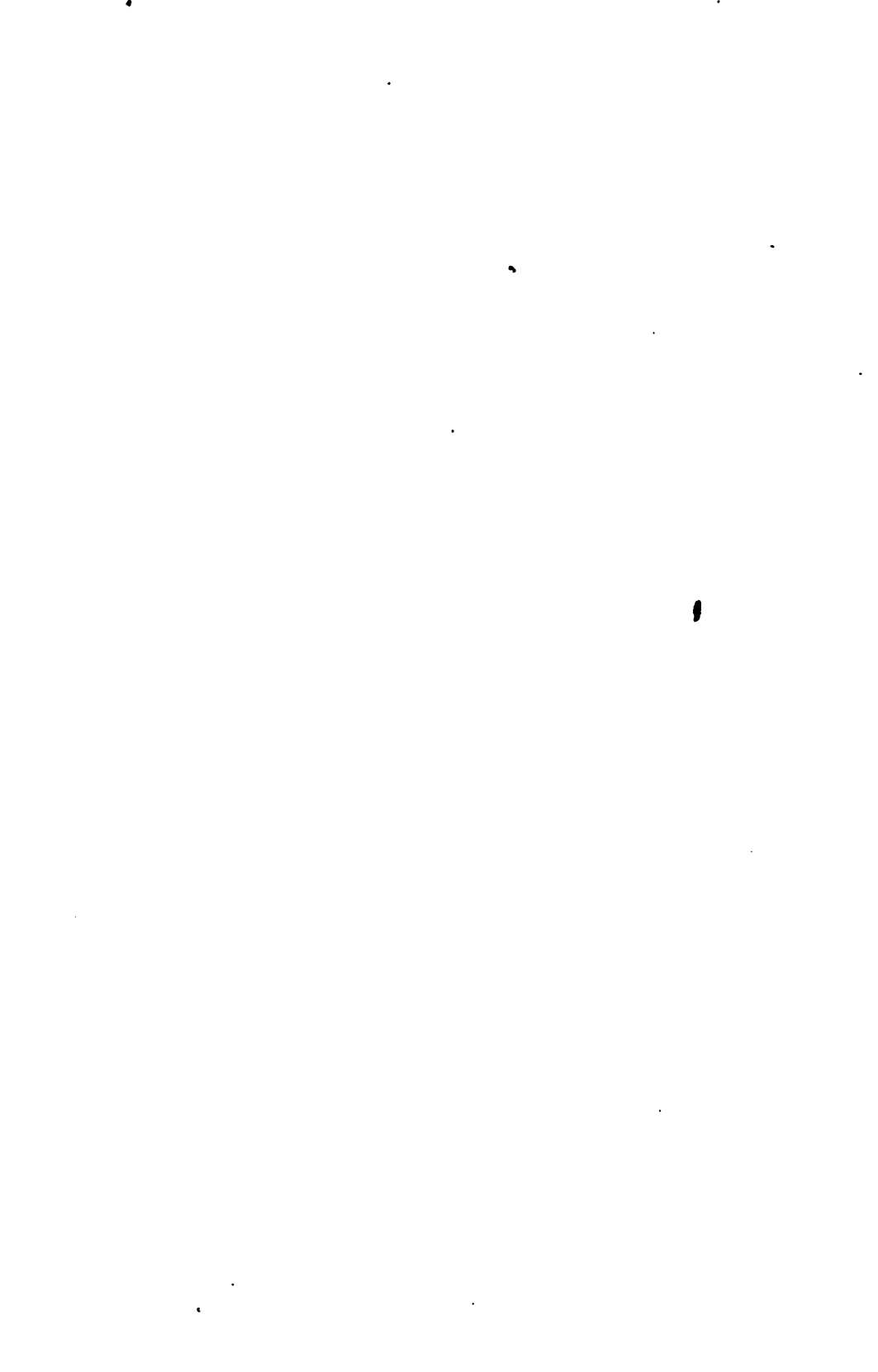
In one of the numerous speeches, which Lord Coleridge was called upon to make, when he was the guest of the American Bar in 1883, he referred to the hereditary connection between his family and certain distinguished Americans. His claim to be regarded not as a stranger but a guest-friend, may serve as an Epilogue to this chapter :

"It is true that from an early period of my life I have admired and respected this great Republic. I have never had anything to unlearn. My father was the friend of some of your great lawyers and statesmen who have gone to their account. Story, Webster and others have dined in his house and have pressed his hand. I have had the honour of seeing them. One other man—one I know not whether known in this country, but certainly profoundly respected by me and all who bear my name or know anything about him—Horace Binney, of Philadelphia—was my father's intimate friend. Therefore, I came to a land which I have been taught to respect, and my experience of it only shows how wise was the teaching I received."¹

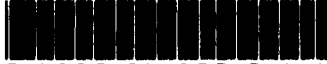
¹ Speech at the "Storr's Banquet," September 26, 1883.

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